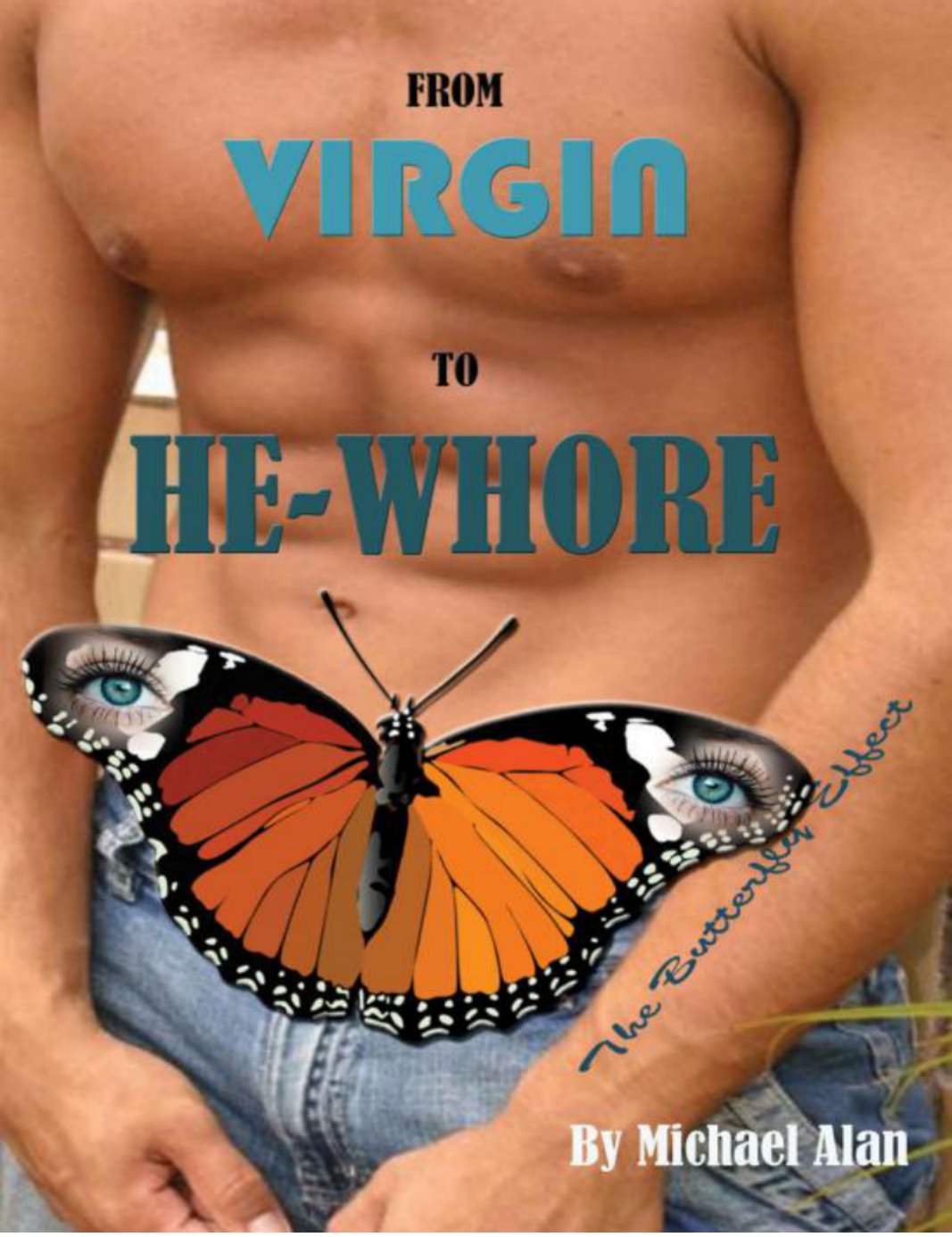
FROM

VIRGIN

TO

HE-WHORE



The Butterfly Effect

By Michael Alan

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

Annotation

An autobiographical record of an alternative erotic lifestyle, influenced greatly by the ‘butterflies’ that crossed my path along my journey.

Depending on your philosophy, our lives are but a continuum of accidental connections with others, predetermined before birth, or a journey we choose for ourselves using our intellect and morality.

Whatever, your philosophy we are changed by everyone we meet.

As a mathematician I learnt that just the single flap of a butterfly’s wings changes every aspect of our physical universe. Similarly, I believe we change with every word and action we encounter from those with whom we share our physical being.

My life began inconsequentially, with a happy home life and two loving parents. However, from my first days at school, my life was changed irreversibly after suffering physical and sexual abuse by a female teacher.

Every female ‘butterfly’ I met from that point on, shaped me into the person I am today.

My path is totally unique, just as yours is for you. However, mine may shock and upset but hopefully intrigue you as it took me down an erotic pathway few men tread.

From an innocent seven year-old to a male escort and yoni massage therapist, I trod many different steps to others. My path took me through the ultra conservative post-WW2 years in Australia; on through the youth revolution, sexual revolution and feminist revolutions of the latter 20th Century; then back into the ultra conservative years of the early decades of the 21st Century.

Along the way, I learnt much about myself and the erotic fantasy world of the female psyche.

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Michael Alan
FROM VIRGIN TO HE WHORE
THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

This book is dedicated to all the women, both Angels and Demons, who have been part of my life.

God Bless You!

CHAPTER 1

A man is not born a He Whore, he becomes one by nurture rather than nature.

The common fallacy that ALL men are whores, is a misconception that makes the life of a professional He Whore that much easier and less competitive. Most men enjoy sex, but when faced with a demand beyond their physical and emotional capabilities, they wilt.

A prime example, I often relate to those who are interested, is of an acquaintance of mine who shared my cabin aboard a nude Caribbean cruise some years ago. At the time, I had just begun publishing an international naturist magazine and in conjunction organised naturist tours. On this tour, I had 13 clients, six couples and one single male. I'll call him Mark!

Mark ran a general store in a remote aboriginal community and had little or sparse contact with white women his age. He joined my tour in the hope of 'getting his rocks off', in a big way.

On the cruise, he began to socialise with a group of swingers, with two women from the group showing a particular interest in Mark, who I might add was an attractive, healthy 30-year-old.

One night around 11pm, I was awoken as the door to our cabin swung open and there stood Mark silhouetted in the doorway by the corridor lights. I was a little alarmed by his demeanor as he seemed frozen to the spot and said nothing. When I pressed him, he answered with a shaking whisper, "I can't believe what just happened?" "What do you mean?" I questioned.

Mark gradually explained, "I had two women lying on their bed, both prone, legs spread and encouraging me to pleasure their marvelous, moist muffs. When the reality of what was required of me, I wilted and gave my apologies and slinked out…. I still can't believe what I just did???"

Mark's dilemma is not uncommon amongst many men. When confronted by the reality by their wildest dreams, the pressure to perform is extremely daunting.

I can't deny, I initially faced similar dilemmas in my early years as a male escort. I often wonder where I summoned the determination to 'push through' those situations to eventually feel comfortable and confident I could satisfy my most demanding female clients.

I am by Nature not a whore!

I'm a Baby Boomer and raised as the oldest of four boys in a stable home with two loving parents in the (then) outer Western Suburbs of Sydney. My formative years included the ultra-conservative era of 1950's Australia. Pre women's lib, pre rock and

roll, and pre hippies and sexual freedom.

Women were expected to be virginal till marriage and asexual beings. In fact, the most common feminine philosophy of the era was a to 'lay back and think of England', when faced with sexual demands from their husbands. I can remember that phrase often being repeated in movies and the media and around the neighbourhood by the mums of my many friends.

My neighbourhood was predominantly boys. In fact, in my street, out of all the homes with children there would have been 30 boys and just two lone girls. This was great for a very energetic, pre-pubescent boy as there was always street cricket, or soccer to be played every day after school.

After my two years of kindergarten, I waved goodbye to female classmates and from the age of eight I attended an all-boys primary school, then onto an all-boys high school, then onto predominantly all-male university classes. I studied Mathematics and Physics at university, which in the 1960's were 'male' subjects.

I had little to NO knowledge of females and the female psyche and I had ABSOLUTELY no knowledge of female genital physiology!

My nurturing as a sexual being began with some 'unfortunate' episodes, early in my life.

During my two years in the 'pre-primary' school, I was repeatedly molested by a female teacher in the boys' toilets. She would often come up from behind a boy standing at the urinal and hold his penis while he urinated. Amongst other 'penile gymnastics' she seemed to enjoy performing, she would 'spell' your name on the urinal wall with your stream. In hindsight, as an adult, I would wonder whether this was a form of punishment for misbehaviour. However, I eventually dismissed this possibility as I was never in trouble at school.

At the time, I also didn't comprehend the reaction of my penis becoming erect as unusual, when she held it. I knew if felt nice, but her amused reactions confused me. I sensed she was enjoying the experience but as a little boy I had no idea of what these reactions inferred. After continual molestations, I gradually became extremely confused and uncomfortable by the whole situation.

However, as a small boy you just accepted that a teacher, or any adult female, had that right to do what she wished with your body. I was used to my mother bathing and dressing me and my aunts, nurses and teenage girls who were babysitters, prodding and poking my naked body for whatever reasons.

Another repeated incident, that stuck in my childhood psyche was the punishment for 'wetting' your pants in school. The girls who had this accident could go behind the piano and change, while boys were expected to change in front of the class, facing the embarrassment of

smirks from their female classmates and our female teacher.

Because of these confronting situations, I would ‘hold on’ during school hours and race home (a 15-minute run) as fast as was physically possible to relieve myself. I often suffered from terrible bladder pains at the end of a school day.

As a child, you accept anything an adult does to you, as the ‘norm’. In that era, a child – especially a boy, had no rights, so I never mentioned any of this to my parents, or for that matter anyone else. It seemed to me that girls were ‘protected’ and could make their needs heard and respected…boys, not so!

In my childish innocence, it seemed that men did all the hard and dirty work – such as garbage collection and ‘night soil’ men. Men had to go to work every day and were sent to war to die, while women were protected and treated with respect and dignity. Mothers in my neighbourhood did work in the home, but always seemed to have ample time to relax, play tennis during the day or spend time chatting over coffee when they went shopping.

CHAPTER 2
Puberty Blues

As puberty unfolded, as a normal boy, I was confronted with the realities of sexual attraction and internal physical and emotional sexual demands. My insatiable sexual needs were at times unbearable. Through masturbation the ultimate release was exquisite, yet sadly fleeting. The never-ending frustration of attracting a similarly minded female to share these feelings was painful.

I was awkward, ignorant and naive – beyond belief – when it came to the opposite sex!

As a pre-pubescent nine-year-old boy, I did have one opportunity to 'explore' the opposite sex. One afternoon, while our mums were at their lady's tennis group, the only two girls in my neighbourhood, who were of a similar age, suggested a game of catch and strip. If you could catch someone, you could pull their pants down and see what they had. Thankfully, I was athletic, even as a kid, and won the game most times. Although in hindsight, it seemed my female friends were easier to catch than I thought they'd be. Later in life I realised the girls probably thought they had won that game. I did purposely 'lose' the game a few times just to see what the girls would do. They both giggled and pulled on my cock and played with it, then lost interest and we began the game again. Anyway, that mysterious spot between a girl's legs was momentarily revealed. Sadly, that memory and information quickly dissipated due to pre-pubescent disinterest.

My awareness of the interest females had for cocks was unfolding in me as a result a few other childhood encounters.

Although almost all the neighbourhood kids were boys, with two exceptions, a few of the boys had much older sisters. Colin, my best friend during my primary school years had an older sister Judith. There would have been a gap of six years between them. I'd occasionally end up at Colin's place after school and the routine in their home was that Judith would bath Colin before their evening meal.

I had grown with the perception that females had every right to intimacy with males and their cocks. This was borne from my experience of abuse by my female teacher a few years earlier.

Many of my friends at school assured me that it was 'normal' for their older sister, babysitter, aunty or any other female, in addition to their mothers, to bathe them. There was also normality in the play many of these older females enjoyed with their 'willy'. I therefore assumed that 'willies' were just simply fun objects.

Judith certainly seemed to enjoy playing with Colin's willy during his bath times and would make fun of it and laugh and joke with him as she played. Colin was obviously very familiar with his big sister's obsession and would laugh and play along with the fun. On one occasion he made me feel uncomfortable when he mentioned to Judith that "Michael has a big willy, sis! You should see it!" Judith turned to me and with raised eyebrows and a big smile asked me if I'd show her. I wasn't used to 'voluntary' intimacy with a stranger and just shook my head with embarrassment. Colin and Judith both laughed at my shyness. Colin then stood up naked in his bath and confronted me by saying, "What's the bid deal, Michael, it's only a willy?" In my childhood innocence, believing it seemed to be customary fun and not wanting to look silly, I nervously slipped my shorts and undies down to my ankles and showed her.

She smiled broadly and asked me to come closer to her on the edge of the bath. As I got closer she took hold of my cock in her wet hands.

By now, my shyness had eased, as Colin and I were both naked. As Judith held my cock I became as interested as she was, but for totally different reasons. I was fascinated by her reactions as much as she seemed intrigued by my cock. She had never shown any interest in me whenever I visited with Colin previously and I was gratified that an older girl was showing interest in me now.

She played with my cock and stroked it and then ran her fingernails along the shaft. However, as she touched the hood of my circumcised cock, I felt a tingle trip through me and I flinched. It was a very delicious feeling and I smiled as she did it. When she saw my reactions she kept on doing it and I felt my body reacting in a very strange way – a sensation I had never been aware of before. My willy began to grow and became stiff in her hands. Colin laughed and Judith let out a squeal of both delight and surprise, that brought their mother to the bathroom.

Her mum strolled in and asked, "What's wrong?" When she saw Judith holding my willy she gave her a quizzical look. "Michael was showing us his willy mum and it became stiff," she giggled, as she explained her outburst to her mother. Their mum then awakened something inside me, when she said, "You're going to be very popular with the girls one day, Michael," and then laughed out loud. Judith giggled along with her as she continued to stroke my cock still completely fascinated with this wonder in her hands!

The casual response of Judith's mum to my stiff cock and her easy acceptance of the intimacy her daughter was happily enjoying with it further augmented my belief that cocks were meant to be enjoyed as simple frivolous fun.

At this early age of my life there was an awakening in me that I could amuse females with my cock. As an extremely shy boy, I was enjoying this unexpected attention and also the 'notoriety' my cock was affording me.

Another experience that enchanted me not long after this enlightening episode was with a babysitter my parents hired on a semi-regular basis. Mum and dad enjoyed going to the movies every now and then. In the days before television, it was their only escape from the routine of child rearing and their tough working life.

I was ten and the eldest child in the family, I was allowed to stay up later than my brothers and could read a book or listen to the radio before going to bed. Our babysitter, Debra, would sit with me after my brothers had gone to bed and usually do her schoolwork. She would have been about five to six years older than me.

When she first started babysitting, if I went to the toilet she would sometimes stand at the doorway and watch as I stood and pissed. Again, from my experience with female teachers in the boys' toilets, although mortified, I saw nothing unusual about her interest and begrudgingly just accepted it. As I was in my own home I thought that this was simply just part of her duty as our babysitter.

Not long after she had started babysitting us, she pointed to me as I sat on the couch in our living room and laughed that my 'willy' was sticking out from my pyjamas. I was embarrassed, as I hadn't realized my cock had 'escaped'. As she said this she sat next to me and gently pulled the remainder of my cock from my pyjamas. "Would you like to play some games, Michael?" she giggled as she held my cock in her hand. I smiled back, assuming that as a female she had every right to play with my cock if she wanted to.

Colin's mother and sister's recent attitude to cocks had reaffirmed this belief, so Debra's interest didn't seem too surprising.

Even at this early age, I had a strong sense of social injustice. I was curious if this attitude was common. All the friends I had asked seemed to accept this inequity. However, to me, it still seemed very unfair the control females had over male sexuality. However, I did know that I wasn't going to change these attitudes and just had to accept them.

I'm guessing in hindsight that she was encouraged by my apparent accepting attitude to my cock being exposed for her. So she just started playing with it as I watched with interest as she played. She laughed as she stretched, squashed and rolled my cock with her hands. The feelings of her hands on my cock were nice and I smiled and laughed in accord with her as she continued her playfulness.

After a while of her playing I got 'bored' with her games and went to bed.

These games occurred a few more times during the period she was our babysitter. I'd never know when she'd want to play and just acquiesced to her request for 'playing' whenever she asked. I enjoyed it very much and would watch with glee as she intently went about her fun. I was fascinated when my cock sometimes got stiff during these games and it seemed to please Debra immensely.

However, one night something strange happened! I must have been around twelve years old when during our fun I had my first 'awareness' of, what later in life I realized was, an ejaculation.

On this occasion as she played I felt a strange but wonderful welling within my whole body and then instantly my whole body pulsated and my willy erupted and I lost my vision and my breath as my head spun and my senses exploded.

As I recovered from this 'unexpected' experience I felt totally confused and sleepy. I could tell that Debra's attitude had changed. She sat looking at me in wide-eyed amazement and embarrassment at this unexpected reaction. I was so tired that I went to bed and fell asleep almost instantly in a confused stupor.

The next time she babysat Debra showed an extraordinary interest to begin our games again. She sat very close to me and enthusiastically started rubbing my cock. However, within seconds of her touch I spurted again, this time all over her dress. She was mortified and got annoyed. She quickly took her dress off and grabbed some toilet paper and began cleaning her clothes.

I thought I had pissed on her and was totally embarrassed and went to bed. However, a few minutes after I had turned out the lights she came in and apologized for getting angry and asked if we could play again next time. Again, I didn't really understand why she felt she had to ask, as I assumed she could do what she liked with my cock, whenever she liked. However, I was very pleased that the games would continue.

Continue they did a few more times over the following six months, until my parents felt I was old enough to look after my brothers by myself.

During these remaining months I willingly experienced these innocent and exquisite pubescent emissions every time she played with me. Each time we both reacted with childish elation, for two very different reasons, but with a common enjoyment of the experience. It was these familiarities with Debra that readied me to female fascination for cock and its natural sexual reactions. She had also introduced me to self-pleasuring and I joyfully continued this fun for the rest of my life.

From all these early experiences with females either of my age, teenage and adult, I had developed a casual attitude of compliance for

any request a female might make of my body. I never told my parents about any of these encounters, as they all seemed totally normal in my naïve, embryonic world.

I had learnt in these developing years of my life that a cock can be both amusing and arousing and societal values accepted that cock should unashamedly be available to her whenever a female expressed an interest. These early attitudes would become ingrained within my psyche and would propagate many of my unique sexual experiences with women in the years to follow.

As a male or female, we can only ever view the world from our own perspective. As a male, I often wondered why male nudity was always so freely accessible. Every statue or painting of a nude male always had its genitalia intact. Yet the female equivalents were always neutered. As a naturally curious child I would examine female art forms for its genitalia – yet they were always neutered. Even to this day all female nude art forms are neutered – as a society we don't seemed to have matured that much!

My normal curiosity was inflamed and perverted by this lack of knowledge and it affected my whole life.

It seems a pity that we don't educate our males to grow with the same healthy attitude to the genitalia of the opposite sex, as females are privileged to enjoy. I'm convinced that this natural curiosity should be satisfied as it arises in a natural and unequivocal manner.

It is obvious that in the eons before reliable birth control, females did need to be protected from satisfying their normal sexual desires and unwittingly arousing a male. In those times, the only reliable way of doing this was to teach girls to be ultra-sensitive about exposing themselves. It's easy for a female to hide her genitalia and this became a 'mantra' for all women.

Sadly, the down side for this 'mantra' was that female genitalia became an unnatural mystery and gave rise to pornography, and antisocial attitudes to sex.

Women also realised that this gave them a 'power' over men. They possessed the source of the mystery that men naturally desired to understand. This power, however, perverted the natural interaction between males and females.

As a lifetime nudist, from the age of 17, I have seen how 'normal' it can be for men and women to relate and respect each other when this 'mystery' is removed. Sadly, many societal and religious influences stop this from becoming a normal way of life.

I found nudism due to an overwhelming curiosity about the opposite sex. Thankfully, I was born with a good brain and 'grounded' common sense and realised, even as a youth, that I needed to satisfy this curiosity for my own emotional wellbeing.

I was amazed how quickly my ‘curiosity’ at the time was satisfied, considering how frustratingly ignorant I was. Within 30 minutes of the ‘unveiling’ of the female form at the nudist club, I was surprised at how unexciting a vagina was. To this day, 50 years later, a vagina remains interesting and attractive to me but the sight of one has never been arousing or sexually stimulating. It all depends what else the ‘owner’ of the vagina has that is appealing to get me sexually aroused. It will quite often be her eyes, her face, her shape, even her mannerism that will ‘turn me on’…. but definitely not just her vagina.

So, I ask the question…” Why the Hell do we still cling to these outdated attitudes to female nudity?”

Women don’t go into uncontrolled raptures at the sight of much more ‘intriguing’ male genitalia, so why should we believe men are not as equally immune to such actions?

One truism I have learnt in my lifetime, is that women are much more highly sexual beings than men. Given the opportunity, women are insatiable when it comes to sex – a God given attribute that often intimidates men. It is another reason women have had this glorious attribute controlled by the physically stronger sex.

Cave men subdued their women with a club. Sophistication demanded that we use other tactics as we evolved. The most effective tactic and one that remains to this day, is that society controls female sexuality. Women are taught from birth to be demure and retiring when it comes to ‘the chase’. ‘The man is expected to make the first move’. ‘It is unladylike for a woman to do so’.

These mores and attitudes were slowly fading in the face of the post-feminist movement, but they had a long way to go!

As a male escort and nude entertainer for over 30 years in my 40’s, 50’s and 60’s I had been ‘at the coal-face’ of female sexuality. I was privy to a side of female sexuality rarely seen by men.

CHAPTER 3
The Early Days

I've always had a committed spirituality. The modern scientific conception of Creation, in my mind, can only lead to the one conclusion of a Supreme Creator. Call Him/Her, God, Yahweh, Krishna, etc., depending on your religious roots, it seems impossible that this marvelous thing we call the Universe cannot have been created by an initial Big Bang and random collision of atoms from a Singularity. There is an innate belief that all life forms have a common bond and in particular human life has a special bond. I believe that all human life is of the one spiritual being and this is what I call 'God'. Anything good or bad we do to another affects us personally – some call this Karma!

The philosophy of neuomenon and phenomenon – relating to everything – neuomenon, as opposed to that which is perceivable by human beings – phenomenon, beautifully captures the concept of something more to existence, than can be understood by humans with just five senses.

As life progressed through adolescence into adulthood, my experiences with women were few. My first sexual experience occurred with a girl I met while working at a major retail store, Waltons, during my university long vacation – the three months lull over the Xmas/New Year period. She was a 'junior' assistant with Waltons and in my clumsy way I eventually managed to ask her out to the drive-in movies. I had borrowed my dad's station sedan. Fortunately, the car had front bench seats and we could sit next to each other.

I was raised to respect women and "treat them like you'd expect someone to treat your mother," as my father told me during my one and only 'sex talk'. Well, that advice wasn't much help sitting with a girl in the front seat of a car at the drive-in movies. I did manage to put my arm around her and she had her hand on my leg. I realised later that she was as 'nervous' as me and we didn't progress much past that.

On our third date, we stopped somewhere and 'parked'. It was here that I mustered the courage to touch my first vagina. At first I thought she must have pee'd in her pants as she was very wet. That shocked me and I didn't progress past that stage and felt awkward and embarrassed for her and we never dated again.

I can vividly remember being totally fascinated by identical triplets at my nudist club, called Woodlands, which was located near Liverpool west of Sydney. They were absolutely gorgeous young

women and we would sit naked around the club's pool and chat regularly. I tried to be 'cool' and not make it obvious that I was intrigued by the fact that their vaginas were also 'identical' in appearance.

What struck me most though, was the fact that I could sit comfortably with these beautiful young women, who were my age and not be at all physically aroused by their presence.

During these years, I was also a volunteer lifesaver at Sydney's Tamarama Beach. On one Sunday, I was scheduled for an afternoon patrol on the beach. After sitting with the triplets at the nudist club in the morning I drove the 100kms into the city to do my patrol.

On this day, I had one of those 'enlightenments' that occasionally gave clarity to the jumble of thoughts that forever raced through my subconscious.

While sitting on the beach patrolling the surf AND watching the passing parade of attractive bikini clad and topless women (common on Tamarama Beach in the 1960's) I found myself distracted by some of these clothed women. WHAT THE FUCK! I can remember thinking to myself! Why am I being distracted by these clothed women, yet comfortable sitting with three gorgeous NAKED women, earlier that very same day???

My self-analysis revealed that what was arousing me was the vibrant colours of their bikinis attracting my attention to their vaginal region. Their clothing was highlighting their sexuality – not diminishing it, as was (and still is) the common 'misconception'.

Of course, women have known this for eons and spend billions upon billions of dollars on clothing that they hope will make them MORE attractive than Nature has endowed. This is a 'two-edge' sword and has a very anti-social backlash by enhancing the sexual tension between men and women. Even a burkha will have the same effect. Covering a woman's natural features, with any sort of clothing, only highlights the mystery behind them.

CHAPTER 4
Who's the Teacher?

My first real relationship was with Cheryl. I can't remember how we met, but we dated for many months and Cheryl broke my virginity. Strangely, sex didn't seem such a big deal.

My relationship with my Cheryl taught me another valuable lesson about women. Just by treating them all with respect, doesn't mean that respect will be returned.

After more than six months into our relationship, Cheryl was hospitalised for a short period. On one occasion while I was visiting her mood changed and she became teary. When I asked what was the matter, she said… "I think I'm pregnant… will you stand by me?" I answered, hesitantly, "Uh, yes! Er, of course I will!"

The drive home from the hospital that night was one of the most traumatic of my life to that point. I was still at university, had no way of supporting a family and had no money in the bank. More to the point, I definitely wasn't ready to settle down with a wife and child. BUT, decided I would 'do the right thing'. I also couldn't believe that despite all the 'careful' planning of our sex around her periods and using condoms, she had still fallen pregnant.

Thankfully, Cheryl eventually realised my anguish and reluctance and admitted she wasn't pregnant and we parted ways. She had thrown the dice and she'd lost the gamble.

I was to learn later in life how nasty some women can become when they 'throw the dice' in the game with men.

My next sexual encounter was with Jan, whom I met at university. We never got to final base, but did 'fool around' a lot. I was to realise with Jan that vaginas can get very wet. She literally gushed at my first touch. Not that I could claim any amazing control either. I'd often find it difficult not to cum after a short time of her tender touch or sucking. She certainly did seem to love sucking my cock, and I had absolutely no objections to her lustful desires.

Another situation where my sexual knowledge of the opposite sex was expanding occurred during a part time job I got by working as a 'stooge' for a Sydney hypnotist, who called himself, The Great Gregory. I was chosen from a group of more than 20 applicants for the position after a Saturday hypnotic selection process at his home in the Sydney Eastern Suburbs. I was studying for my first degree at the University of New South Wales and needed money to keep myself fed and clothed. I was earning an income as a professional footballer as well, but this little bit extra income made life that much easier.

I was required to attend all Gregory's stage shows and be amongst those willing to volunteer at the beginning of each show. Gregory would then do a cull of volunteers until he had a handful of people, one of whom would be me, left on stage to complete his show. He became a very popular stage act and we did shows at some of the major venues around Sydney. I became his most popular 'stooge' when he realized my nudist lifestyle. One of his favourite routines was to get one of his volunteers to do a strip to the music of 'The Stripper'. He would always stop the strip when his volunteer got down to his jocks. He always used males for this act!

When he realized my comfort with nudity he asked me during a full 'undress' rehearsal once whether I'd be willing to go 'The Full Monty' on stage. I knew I was generously endowed from my experiences as a nudist and when Gregory noticed my 'bounty' he was keen to utilize my extraordinary physical asset in his act. I was a little reticent, but found when he hypnotized me, I became fully relaxed and uninhibited. He had found a way of tapping into my exhibitionistic tendencies. I wasn't silly though and insisted on a higher rate of pay as a 'stooge' whenever I did a full strip, to which he happily agreed.

At every venue, Gregory would check with management to get approval for the full strip and he'd let me know when it was to be included in the show.

I can remember the first time I did the full strip was at a large popular hotel at Brighton Le Sands in Sydney's southern suburbs. This hotel had a reputation as a 'rough' venue and I was a little nervous about the reactions I'd get from the audience. Not so much because of the size of my cock, (I still had no appreciation of the reactions it would create amongst females), but more from being nude in a 'textile' environment.

As the music blared out and I got my hypnotic cue to start my strip, the audience began to clap with encouragement, not realising that a full strip was going to happen. As I got down to my jocks, women in the audience began to wildly scream and shout for me to 'get it off'.

When I finally dropped my jocks after a little teasing, the crowd went wild. I could hear the room erupt with wolf whistles, laughter and cheering. I just kept on innocently dancing as my cock and balls bounced in tune with the music.

Finally, Gregory snapped his fingers to bring me out of the hypnotic trance and I feigned total embarrassment as I stood centre stage with my hands cupping my cock and balls.

I can still distinctly remember the sight of women in the front few rows of seats with their faces lit up with huge grins and their eyes

streaming tears and totally transfixed on my groin, screaming and wetting themselves with laughter.

At that moment, something inside me snapped and as I caught the eyes of a few of these women I raised my hands in the air, wiggled my cock in their direction and laughed along with them. Gregory then quickly put a wrap around me and took me back to my seat as the room again erupted with laughter and whistles.

I could hear the 'roar of the greasepaint' ringing in my ears. A part of my psyche was being 'awakened'.

It that momentary exposure of my naked body with the female members of the audience I sensed a strange symbiotic exchange of male and female sexual energy that touched something deep within me.

After the show five women approached me as I left the stage and asked if I'd like to join them at their place for some drinks. Their erotic intent was obvious and I was more than happy to share some fun with them.

When we got to their place we sat around drinking and chatting for a while. The conversation quickly turned to the hypnotist's show at the hotel. They asked what made me get up on stage. They were skeptical when I told them I was The Great Gregory's stooge and I did this strip show a couple a times a week, week after week around Sydney. They were still disbelieving when I said I also wasn't sure whether I was hypnotized when I did these strip shows on stage in front of hundreds of people. At this they cheekily challenged whether I could do it again for them, right there and then!

We were all very merry by now and my hormones were racing being surrounded by these very agreeable and highly aroused, pretty, young women. I was also curious to see whether I had the 'balls' to pull this performance off in front of an 'intimate' audience of five fully clothed women, all of whom I was trying to impress. I still had serious doubts that women were genuinely aroused by a naked male and was innately keen to see what reaction my nakedness would have on these women.

Something inside me was bubbling so I hesitantly agreed!

They couldn't move quickly enough and eagerly found some suitable music and I began. At this all their faces lit up with delightfully lustful smiles and my juices also quickly 'kicked in'.

I put more 'Oomph' into this strip and my cock quickly became erect with the intimacy and the scent of their hormonal energy enveloping me. They were all laughing and clapping encouragement and smiling broadly at me. As I removed my last layer – my jocks, I could almost hear a collective 'thud' as their jaws dropped when they sighted the size of my freely liberated, fully erect cock. I literally grew

another foot when I was erect. With my 'extra leg' swaying solidly between my legs, I moved from one girl to the other and teased them by waggling my thumping cock and dangling balls in their faces. They all screamed with delight and laughed and smiled at me as they each reached out to try and grab hold of my cock as it bobbled in front of them. I enjoyed watching their reactions as they excitedly studied every inch of my naked body. When the music finished, I just stood fully exposed and smiling at them in the middle of the room. As I was a novice at this, I was unsure what to do next.

However, I surprised myself how comfortable I felt being totally exposed to their gaze. I had a sense that my body was exerting some 'sway' over these women.

Sensing my compliance with their erotic thoughts, they quickly gathered around me and starting fondling my erect cock and balls. They laughed and joked amongst themselves and kept studying my face, seeking approval for their impish strokes and gropes. I was totally intrigued to see how far they'd go with little encouragement. I casually put my arms around the shoulders of the two girls on either side and just laughed along with them. The more at ease I seemed with their play, the more excited and adventurous they became. I was thoroughly enjoying their attention and my arousal was now rock solid in their hot hands.

"My God, Michael, your cock is magnificent," one of them exclaimed. The others agreed with equally enthused comments.

Until this point I'd never considered my erection to be anything extraordinary. I'd never seen another man's erection so had nothing to compare mine to. Although I had realised that flaccid cocks came in all shapes and sizes, I thought all men were of similar size when erect. From the reactions of these women, that didn't seem to be the case.

The energy in the room now was absolutely electric and erotic. One woman, whose name I was to learn was Margo then sat me down and with the excited encouragement of the other girls, enthusiastically sucked me off till I came all over her face. I was amazed how the sight of my ejaculation changed the ambiance and levels of erotic energy in the room. These women all then moved into an even higher state of arousal and enthusiasm. As Margo satisfied her lust with my ejaculation, the others all moved in closer to happily play with my slowly deflating, oozing cock. As I slowly recovered from my climax they continued to fondle and giggle around me. Two girls sitting either side of me had taken each of my hands and moved it up under their skirts and pressed my fingers against their cunts. Oh, Lordy, I so enjoyed that feel of their wet fleshy labia and juicy cunts. What an intoxicating evening it had become.

I remained naked for the remainder of the evening as we sat

drinking and laughing and telling numerous ‘dirty’ jokes to each other. Throughout the evening as we chatted and drank, each girl would sit next to me and take her turn to fondle me in the hope of creating another ‘healthy’ cock, which they usually did. It became a bit of a personal challenge amongst them to see who could ‘get it up’ again. By this time there seemed little need for them to check with me for my permission to use my cock for their challenge as I was obviously happily intoxicated and compliant with all their attention.

I came twice more as they each joked together and played ‘rock-paper-scissors’ to see who would win the sucking rights to my engorged man-meat. Although I was drunk, I was still able to appreciate every delicious moment of their oral attention to my cock. I had never known such exquisite pleasure was possible and would never been able to elicit such enthusiastic female attention had I not been involved with The Great Gregory as a hypnotic stooge.

It was a wonderful night of pleasant, innocent sexual fun that I was happy to share with them and they were happy to enjoy. Yet, I still felt totally intrigued by their unbridled female eroticism and this interest in my body. However, it was going to take many, many more years of experiences with women to change the mindset of false behavioral attitudes ingrained in me from growing up in an ultra-conservative society.

They became my ‘groupies’ for many other stage shows around Sydney in the months that followed. They would lead the cheering from the front rows for the strip routine, which became an increasingly regular part of Gregory’s shows. We’d always end up back at one of their homes after each show and sit, drink and chat and usually play strip poker, which I always seemed to lose. I knew the game was rigged but happily played their game. Our rules for the game were that the loser had to be compliant to the wishes of the two people either side. When I ‘lost’, which was ‘always’, the two girls on either side of me would decide their ‘pleasure’.

To be fair for each girl to have a chance, we would rotate around the player who removed a layer of clothing during the game – in the style of ‘musical chairs’.

With this intense attention by two girls on my balls and cock, I always blew my wad. I was still quick to rise to the occasion, but unfortunately, also quick to cum. I was slightly embarrassed at first by this lack of control but it didn’t seem to bother any of the girls. They always applauded and wet themselves with giggles when my cock exploded. I enjoyed the orgasms and watching their happy faces light up with my ejaculations. It was win-win fun for everyone!

We’d then just sit around laughing and chatting and get drunk together, as they continued to play with their exciting new ‘toy’. The

drunker they got the more they'd compliment me on my 'beautiful big cock' and thank me for being such a 'good sport' to share it with them.

The more I shared my cock with them, the more at ease I felt at totally exposing myself while surrounded by horny women.

Despite their keenness to suck me off, they were shy young women. They might end up topless, but never lost their knickers in strip poker, so I'd always be the only one naked amongst us. This didn't seem unusual to any of us considering that I had been fully nude on stage in front of hundreds of people earlier that night. However, I could tell they were enjoying the disparity in apparel between us.

Ironically, I was still too naïve to know how to make a sexual advance on any of these girls, despite an obvious keenness amongst all of them. I felt that by focusing my attention on one of them would offend the others.

In all the shows, I did with Gregory, I never felt I was hypnotized and I believed I was just a good actor, needing work.

I eventually became Gregory's main stooge. We did a television show called The Joe Martin Show, which was a ratings winner on prime-time TV at the time. In the routine, he performed on TV, Gregory hypnotized me to go totally rigid from head to toe. He then got assistants to prop my shoulders on the back of one chair and my ankles on the back of another chair. He then stood on my tummy as I remained totally rigid supporting his full weight.

Even though I was tall and slim, I was supremely fit, strong and athletic and I never regarded this as anything I couldn't do even if not hypnotized.

However, as my erotic experiences grew, I came to wonder whether after all the hypnotic performances I had done in Gregory's shows, whether I was now performing self-hypnosis on myself to be able to do some of the 'unusual' things I was to do in the few years that followed.

During my years at Woodlands, I met many people of a vast range of backgrounds. One family I got to know quite well was that of an Anglican Priest and his wife and kids. I was rather shocked when he first mentioned that he was a priest. Up till this point in my limited life experiences, I had assumed that the Church viewed nudity as a 'sin'. "Not so!" said Father Jim, who was the priest at an Anglican Church in the Sydney Western Suburbs. "It's not our naked body that offends Christ, but the sinful ways we choose to abuse our bodies." I became good friends with his teenage daughter and we spent quite a lot of time together in the pool or pairing as mixed doubles on the miniten court, or just lazing in the sun and chatting.

Father Jim also introduced me to someone who was to play a

major part in my later years as a teacher in a Sydney city girls' Catholic college. Father John, was the Catholic priest for an inner Sydney city diocese and was also an avowed nudist. We never really spent that much time talking at the nudist club, but his presence and his beliefs proved to be an amazing coincidence and my 'enabler' for some very unique teaching courses at the girls' college.

CHAPTER 5
My First Butterfly takes wing

While a member of Woodlands Nudist club, I formed a strong friendship with a young couple who seemed to enjoy my company. Bob was a good tennis player and we had many close tussles on the tennis courts at Woodlands. He and his wife Toni were also very good volleyball players and were part of our Woodlands' premiership winning side in the Sydney A grade competition. However, it was Toni who had the greatest effect on my life to this point.

Toni was my very first 'Butterfly'.

The 'Butterfly Effect' is someone you meet who with the slightest flap of her wings changes your whole life path ahead of you and eventually shapes you completely.

She and many other women from Woodlands would meet every Thursday at the club for a tennis day and social get together. As I was studying at university at the time and as my schedule allowed me time free on a Thursday I'd join them regularly as the only male at the club on that day.

Toni took a particular 'shine' to me. She was in her early 30's and I was 19. I treated her a bit like an older sister but I sensed she had other thoughts about our friendship. However, I was an awkward and reserved young man with little experience with women and did not know whether my senses were correct or I was just enjoying a sexual fantasy.

Toni and I always sat together during the social chats and we showered together afterwards and chatted constantly. She gave me a book called 'The Harrad Experiment' by Robert Rimmer. The book details a socio-sexual experiment at a fictitious college in America. Students were paired in opposite sex couples and did everything from sleeping, bathing, toileting and studying together. The experiment intended to prove that when the barriers of sexual opposites are broken, men and women became better people in all aspects of their being.

At the time I was reading this book I was completing some units toward an external degree from the University of New England, Armidale. As part of the requisites for the degree a student had to complete a two-week intensive residential course at the university. I was surprised during my residential to discover that all the resident college accommodation at UNE was unisex including shared toilets and shower facilities. I was roomed with a young woman from Melbourne doing the same course and neither of us was overly

concerned at the rooming arrangements. We were children of our generation and it seemed reasonably natural and mature to accept this intimate situation of short-term cohabitation.

The college accommodation was all centrally heated, so as a nudist I was comfortable to go nude and sought her permission to do so within our shared arrangement. Although not a nudist herself, after only a few hours of my naked company, my roommate did the same.

Also, I wasn't concerned about the shared showers and toilets, as shared ablutions were and still are, normal in every nudist club worldwide. However, I was intrigued that the scenario as presented in the fictitious book, The Harrad Experiment, was happening in Australian universities and colleges, and I guessed even across the wider community.

This was the late 1960's and the sexual revolution was obviously integrating deep into the general community.

I loved the book as it detailed much of my beliefs about the damage that results from the artificial barriers society sets between male and female. It was one reason I was so attracted to the nudist lifestyle. I felt totally comfortable in the company of naked females and I learnt so much about them as fellow human beings on this path we call 'life'.

Toni and I discussed the book at length and she had a similar philosophy. For example, she made me feel totally comfortable watching her squat and pee whenever we were together on a walk around the club grounds and encouraged me to feel equally comfortable to pee in front of her. When I expressed my ignorance of how a woman pee'd she was totally comfortable to invite me between her legs for a truly intimate viewing as she relieved herself. She would sit on a chair peel her lips wide open and pee. I was totally fascinated with her 'plumbing' and she was amazed that I was so ignorant and admitted that she got aroused by my interest.

Toni made no secret that she was highly attracted to my well-endowed cock. She often inferred I was teasing her when my flaccid cock would slap loudly against my sweaty legs as we played tennis. When we showered together and no one else was around, she would sometimes playfully take my cock in both her hands and wash it and my balls and laugh at my coy reactions. In the spirit of equality she got me to do the same with her fanny and breasts and I was soon totally comfortable and fully enjoying this shared intimacy.

At the time the movie The Graduate, was very popular and I remember thinking after watching it that Toni was very much my 'Mrs Robinson'.

Toni had a childlike attitude to life and was very playful and totally at ease with physical intimacies between the sexes. None of the

other women at tennis ever seemed to indicate that this behaviour was unusual. On our tennis days, I'd be the only male amongst 20 or so women at the club. If there was a bit of frivolity amongst us in the showers one or two other women might join Toni in her ablutions on me. I'd sometimes have three or more sets of female hands playing with my cock and laughing as I tried my hardest to hide my shyness and feign maturity as I became more and more erect. I gradually relaxed and relished the sensations as I came to realise that these women were thoroughly enjoying the sight and feel of my cock doubling in length and girth as they played with it in their hands.

These women were typical 'Westies' from the lower socio-economic regions of Sydney and had a 'rough and tough' attitude to life. There was no 'preciousness' about their sexual behaviour either. They called a 'spade a spade' and as I became more absorbed into their friendship the more they were comfortable to express their sexual desires whenever the opportunity presented itself. On these tennis days when they got together in an 'almost' all-female and naked environment – they would often let their hair down completely.

This group had been meeting for many years and they knew each other very well and there were strong friendships amongst them. The toilets and showers were over 500 metres from the tennis courts, so before I had joined them, I was to learn that rarely did anyone make that trek if they needed to piss. At first, there was an initial reluctance to do this in front of me, so they would move out of view. Bathrooms in most nudist clubs were communal, so I had long become accustomed to using the urinals and be greeted with a cheery 'Hello!' as females came and went to their cubicles.

I certainly had no sensitivities in this regards and from my childhood abuse and pre-pubescent experiences, assumed women were totally indifferent to seeing men pee.

However, despite this familiarity in communal bathrooms, urinating outdoors was not accepted at normal nudist events. None of these women would have even contemplated such a display of a weekend with other men and children around. However, this tennis day was not 'normal' and this liberty was practiced, without reservation by most of them, on a Thursday at Woodlands.

After Toni had mentioned that she had 'inducted' me into female pissing, attitudes relaxed. Over time and after a few passion pops the alcoholic induced mood further relaxed everyone's inhibitions to virtually any sexual displays on Thursday tennis days. Gradually, they resumed their 'normal' pissing post in the garden bed, in my full view. I tried to feign a mature approach to these displays, but it was obvious, I'm sure to most of them that I was totally intrigued.

On one occasion, nearing the end of the day, one of my tennis

buddies was so tipsy that she found it difficult to even walk to the gardens. At the time only she and I were around so she just stood, parted her legs and literally gushed a pee. I was astonished at the 'flood' pouring from between her legs. I felt uncomfortable for her as she tried to sit back down and began to topple, so I moved over and helped her. She looked up at me with eyes not focusing anywhere in particular and said "Would you fuck me with your beautiful big cock, Michael?"

I tried to smile at her, but felt sorry for her condition. I told her to just sit there and I'd get her a cup of coffee from the club kitchen. When I returned a few other women had finished their game and noticed her condition and began to dress her ready to take her home.

As I approached with the cup of coffee in my hands she slurred to the women around her, "I beat you all, Michael said he'd fuck me first."

I was totally mortified! The other women could see my angst and laughed and assured me not to be embarrassed as she had been boasting about this ever since I first joined the tennis group.

I got teased many times with similar erotic taunts by my tennis buddies.

However, despite these taunts and many other eye-opening displays they never took their teasing fun to a point of completely embarrassing me and always showed affection to me afterwards to ensure I wasn't. I knew they were having fun with my innocence, but in a good-humoured way.

Coming from an all-male background, combined with my early experience of sexual abuse by a female, I was a real ignoramus when it came to women. I knew absolutely nothing about the opposite sex. From my limited experiences they seemed to control everything in life and had every right to do so. I simply assumed that these women weren't the least bit interested in me sexually. I was still convinced that women didn't think that way. They were simply teasing me for fun and I was enjoying it, so no one was getting hurt.

During one of our discussions about the book, Toni asked me about my feelings of how the young people in the 'experiment' were encouraged to be sexually free. I was still a naive young man sexually and told her that I had little experience with women but could appreciate the benefits of learning about them and their sexual pleasures from such an experiment. I soon realized that was all Toni was waiting to hear from me. In what seemed like a genuine gesture she immediately responded, "Would you like a few of us here to teach you about sex?"

I was hesitant in my reply as I didn't know what this would entail. To save my blushes she added, "We won't ever make you feel

uncomfortable and only answer the questions you want answered."

Well, part of me was cheering 'Hooray', while another part was scared stiff. I didn't want to look a fool in front of these women because of my total ignorance… and I was TOTALLY ignorant. It was only after joining Woodlands a few years earlier that I even knew WHERE a vagina was located on a woman's body and even now, I had never seen one, as every woman in those days had pubic hair.

My smiles gave Toni her answer. I think she saw me as a piece of pubescent putty ready for her to mold into a man.

Toni, I was learning, had a 'devilish' streak to her nature and enjoyed teasing me without hurting my feelings. She could see an opportunity to take this young male and enjoy both sexual and emotional pleasures in teaching him the ways of women.

This was the late 1960's and the sexual revolution was in full swing. It would be a full decade before the feminist movement eventually corrupted the idealism and significance of this wonderful revolution.

CHAPTER 6
Lessons Begin

My lessons began immediately that Thursday afternoon. As most of the women were playing tennis, Toni gathered together a few of the women sitting around for this rare opportunity to experiment with the sexuality of an embryonic and enthusiastic male. They sat me down and asked me what I wanted to learn. I mentioned my absolute ignorance about vaginas and a few other simple things about the female body.

They decided on my behalf that 'Females 101' was to be my specialist subject!

At the time a 'housewife' was the common occupation for most women. Few women worked outside the home, so midweek get-togethers like this Thursday ladies tennis club were common in society.

However, as a result women had quite a lot of time on their hands through the day to get bored while the kids were at school and as the old adage says; 'The Devil finds work for idle hands.'

All these women were extremely liberated in their thinking. Also, they had plenty of time to 'liberate' a lot of their fantasies that built up from doing repetitive domestic chores. I was soon to become a pawn in a fantasy that apparently had been bubbling amongst this group from the time I had first joined them as a young innocent male abroad in a 'sea of broads'.

Toni took my hand and proceeded to take me around to each of the ladies. As I approached, each one would edge herself forward on her seat, spread her legs wide open and then stretch her labia. Toni pointed out each part on each woman, showing me her clitoris, urethra, vaginal entrance and anus. They were all smiles as they took in my reactions. Everyone was thoroughly enjoying my retiring reactions to this extremely outrageous display and laughing out loud at their sassiness with me. I was oblivious to the fact I was the 'pawn' in their game as I was spellbound by the variations in the length of labia and the varying beautiful pink tones between the folds in their pussies.

I had never seen an exposed vagina, either in a nudist club or in any form of literature or film. I'm sure they were enjoying this lesson more than I was, mainly because they were in total control and comfortable with their shared naked camaraderie AND the fun of watching my innocent reactions.

We'd then move onto the next woman and the same lesson took

place. By the third woman Toni asked me to identify each part of that pussy, which I did with a slight bit of embarrassment. I was also concerned that my cock was now responding beyond my control and every woman there was fully aware of what was fermenting in my mind.

As I moved onto the fifth lady, she tipped some of her drink down over her pussy before stretching her lips. When she opened her fanny it fizzed and popped with the effervescence of the fluids. The next two women did the same with everyone laughing out loud with each tipple.

The popular drink for ladies at the time was Pink Porphory Pearl sparkling champagne. However, its common name was 'passion pop' and on this day I could well see how it got this name.

By the last delightful example of feminine charms I had examined and identified, my cork was well and truly ready to pop.

As she still had hold of my hand, I thought Toni was going to take me back to my seat, but instead lead me out in front of this naked gathering of my twat teachers. "Do you know what we do with this?" as she pointed to my now banana shaped, fully engorged, ruby red cock. I had no idea what was coming. I was genuinely both highly embarrassed at my exposed erect manhood and concerned that I was causing offense. These women were all way older than me, much more experienced and sexually mature. I was totally at their mercy.

"You know that an erection is frowned upon at this nudist club, don't you Michael?" she announced for all to hear. Uh, Oh! I thought, I'm about to be kicked out of Woodlands for my uncontrollable behaviour.

"Who's up first?" Toni then announced. As she said this one woman jumped forward, went down on her knees in front of me and started sucking and squeezing my cock to the cheers and laughter at my stunned reaction.

What in the hell is going on, I thought to myself. This would never happen on a weekend at this club with other men and kids around. However, on Thursday's ladies tennis day it seemed it was 'anything goes'. In today's jargon these women would have been called 'cougars' and I was their meaty prey.

Within less than a minute of this cock-sucking delight, I popped my cork in front of every woman gathered before me. Although they had initiated this fun, I was uneasy about my very intimate display and weak at the knees from my explosive orgasm. I had shared this private experience with my hypnotic 'groupies' in a shared alcohol induced euphoria. However, I had never done this cold sober in front of such a large audience before. This was something I normally did in secret in my bedroom when no one else was around. Now here I was

exploding before a group of naked females… My God, where was my shame?

My cum flew everywhere and there were globs and globs to go around. As my knees buckled, Toni put her arms around me to ease me back into my seat. Everyone was laughing and joking as Toni announced, “Michael, you have now been officially inducted as an honoured member of the Thursday ladies’ tennis club – welcome and thanks for being such a good sport!” Everyone again cheered and they each came over and either kissed me on the cheeks or stroked my now spent cock, or both!

“But be warned,” Toni whispered in my ear as I collapsed into my chair, “Erections are only welcome on Thursdays at Woodlands and every time you transgress you will be suitably punished by one of us again!”

Even in my semi consciousness, I was totally confused. Was this a threat of punishment or a promise? Although, I guessed she was joking, it was made clear to me that I did need to control my arousals and only expose an erection for appropriate moments whenever I was at the club.

Here began my first lessons in female fantasies and sexual predilections!

As I gathered myself, we sat and chatted and laughed and drank some more wine. My cock had now returned to its friendly flaccid state and I was relaxing and felt much more comfortable as the alcohol had its effects. As other women trickled back from their tennis games, the volume of chatter increased as word of my ‘induction’ spread. There were a few women annoyed that they had missed the fun, but Toni seemed to be able to pacify them with a wink and a nod.

As the afternoon wore on and conversations wound down, most of the women packed up and left so to be there when their kids got home from school.

Toni didn’t have any children and we were finally alone. It was still warm and I was feeling very tipsy after consuming a full bottle of ‘passion pop’ on my own. These were the days before random breath testing, so drinking and driving wasn’t a major concern for most people.

As I sat propped against a tree, Toni laid on her back with her head on my tummy and we relaxed together enjoying what remained of the afternoon sun. She then rolled over on one side and began playing with my cock and balls, as she had done a few times before. It was a familiarity she had well established with my genitals that I had come to highly anticipate and enjoy. However, this time I wondered whether she was about to test my erection control mechanisms.

Almost always this idle playing never had any effect on my

arousal as it seemed like Toni was doing nothing more than 'doodling with my doodle'. However, after the earlier lesson on vaginas, my induction ceremony and the erotic discussions that filled the remainder of the day, my libido was fully charged and I again became fully erect. To my surprise Toni seemed well pleased by my reactions and rolled onto her tummy and started sucking my cock and squeezing my balls. Within a few minutes I came in her mouth and started to apologize profusely. "I'm so, so sorry Toni, I didn't mean to do that!" I babbled amidst my recovery stupor from my ejaculation.

"Don't be sorry, Michael, it's very natural and I enjoyed it," she sighed as cum and her saliva oozed from the corners of her mouth. "If you like we can do it again?" she said with an ever-widening smile beaming across her face.

I didn't know what to say, and didn't need to, as Toni immediately started devouring my cock and sucking and licking every inch of my half-mast shaft. Within a few minutes more I was fully erect again and a few minutes after that, I had blown another full load deep down her throat. Toni just kept on playing with my cock as it gradually lost most of its vigor. She then started licking my balls and then sucked on both of them. One by one she fully absorbed both of them into her mouth. I could feel her tongue rolling my balls around in her mouth and I thought I was going to pass out with exquisite pleasure. I then fell into an uncontrollable sleep for what seemed an hour. As I woke and recovered myself only a few minutes later I said to her, "My God, I've never felt that, ever, before in my life."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it Michael, so did I." She smiled. "You are becoming a man!"

I found her admission hard to believe. How could she enjoy sucking my cock and swallowing my cum? I'd never imagined a woman could enjoy such a thing and I suspected she was only saying it to make me feel better. In subsequent lessons of Females 101, I was to learn that this activity was a very favourite pastime for many women. On more than a few occasions in the showers I was asked to volunteer my cock for duty by some of my tennis playmates. Over the ensuing weeks I became more than happy to oblige any of my tennis buddies who showed an inkling for cock and cum.

I'd always 'pop' for Toni after everyone had left in the afternoon. She was seemingly insatiable for my cock and cum and my thirst to satisfy her passion pops grew with each passing Thursday.

During one of our intimate afternoon liaisons together, Toni had asked me if I knew how big my cock was? I laughed thinking she was joking, but she persisted saying, "No! I'm serious! Most women here have commented on your cock and were curious about your size.

As I had no idea, she suggested we measure it. Toni did a little

dressmaking for some friends and grabbed a sewing tape measure from her car.

She measured my cock flaccid – “six inches!” she noted, then started sucking on my cock till I was fully erect and measured again. “Hmm! nine and a quarter inches, that’s impressive Michael.”

I then confided in Toni my awkwardness with the size of my cock and the attention it had generated from teenage girls when I was a kid. I was basically a shy young man and the obvious interest my cock was now getting from the women at Woodlands was causing me some unease. She was initially shocked at my feelings and hadn’t realised I had such concerns. She then said something to me that changed my whole perspective about my cock.

“You do have a big cock, Michael, but it’s not too big – It’s ‘just right’!” She laughed. “I’m going to call you the guy with the Goldilocks cock – because it is fucking perfect!” She then became serious and looked me square in the eyes as she took hold of my cock in both hands and said. “Every man in this club would die to have a beautiful cock like this Michael. Stand tall and be proud of this delightful asset you are blessed to possess. I won’t name names, but I can also tell you that, besides myself, there are many women here who would be very keen to enjoy every inch of your asset, on a regular basis. Most women will pretend indifference, but secretly they are lustfully admiring your body, Michael.”

This simple and honest appraisal changed my whole outlook on my body. However, I didn’t realise it at the time but the nickname ‘Goldlocks cock’ was to prove to be both a blessing and burden for me throughout the rest of my life. As a blessing, it unlocked many sexual experiences I would otherwise never have enjoyed. But often it proved a burden that would objectify my body and trivialize my manhood and pressure me to do some silly things that I’d regret afterwards.

In one way, however, it had also put a few more pieces into the puzzle surrounding the attraction my childhood abuser had shown toward me over other boys standing at the urinal those many years prior. If it was her fascination with my ample cock attracting her and not my misbehavior or lack of worth, then that began to make a little more sense.

Toni, my Mrs Robinson, had taken this shy, limp boy’s putty of prick and molded him a prouder, more perpendicular profile. The emerging young man attached to the other end of this rousing erection was slowly appreciating its potential to please. In the process he was gaining more and more confidence to share his ‘generously sized’ manhood meat with those who expressed a prick predilection.

CHAPTER 7
My Education Hots Up

The weekend following my 'induction ceremony' at the Thursday ladies tennis club, I was playing tennis with Toni and Bob as if nothing had happened. Bob asked me curiously, "did you enjoy your tennis on Thursday Michael?" I didn't know what he knew and just answered, "Yes!"

I later found out that they had an open relationship and I was simply a plaything for Toni that Bob was happy for her to enjoy.

I was doubly amazed how the demeanor of these women changed when the weekends rolled around. They became mothers and wives and their Thursday eroticism was buried beneath this conservative exterior. We all still greeted each other and chatted while out walking or showering together, but the unbridled passions were hidden.

The Thursday ladies tennis club didn't happen during school holidays, so on the Thursday before school broke-up we would have a special end of term celebration. Toni suggested some entertainment for the end of Term One and playfully volunteered me as a special treat. By now I had been accepted as 'one of the girls' and was included in all their raunchy chat. It had also become an expectation by all the women that I'd happily satisfy any request for cock sucking in the showers. I was their 'toy' boy! I knew it and enjoyed the attention they showered on me. I behaved myself, was considerate of club rules and didn't pop my cock in general company, but saved it for when it was 'called upon'.

However, all rules were suspended for the end of term party. Toni asked me if I would be happy to be part of the entertainment. Her question excited the comedian in me. "Many of the ladies have been practicing a strip tease routine and we want Goldilocks cock to judge the best stripper. However, you won't have to say anything… we are going to judge the winner by the responses of your cock. Are you up for the role?" she giggled.

I was always keen to try something new and I was always keen to be in front of an audience and readily agreed. All I had to do was sit and enjoy my wine as a parade of beautiful naked women titillated my senses and let nature take its course 'down below'. How 'hard' could that be?

So, there I was propped up on a stool on one side of the 'stage', with my legs spread wide apart, facing toward the audience with my flaccid cock dangling between my legs as each lady did her routine. The change in 'angle of dangle' and the extra inches of growth in my

cock would be the judging barometer. To keep the competition as even as possible they all had to strip to the same song – 'The Stripper'. I was very familiar with this song from my days as a hypnotist's stooge, but no one here knew that.

One by one they paraded across in front of me and removed every last stitch of clothing to the mock cheers and whistles of their tennis pals. I was truly aroused by some of their performances, especially the women who knew my weakness for pussy. Those who managed to give me a 'bird's eye' view of their crack as they bent over in front of me or spread their legs during their routine, elicited the most favourable response from my cock.

Ten women stripped, but number six was a clear winner. She was the only one who had shaved her twat and she had the most glamorous labia that dangled freely between her legs as she stretched and bent in front of me. My cock did twitch quite a bit for her routine and everyone could see the difference in my reactions. I was not a very good judge as my cock was only reacting to the way she taunted me with her shaved twat and not her stripping routine, but who cared anyway. It was purely fun!

She was awarded the prize… a bottle of passion pop!

However, my role in the entertainment hadn't finished. Toni came back up to me and smiled as she said, "You're now the main act Michael!" "Uh!" I mumbled.

"Bring your stool out in front and sit yourself down facing everyone!"

Everyone, except me knew what was coming. This had been as well planned as the stripping performances I had just enjoyed.

Toni then announced to everyone that "Papa Bear and his Goldilocks cock will now entertain us!" There were cheers and whistles and shouts rang out from the gathering of naked women, "Grin and bare it Michael!"… "Put your best FOOT forward Michael!"

I gave a wave and laugh and as I sat down, Number Six stripper appeared from the crowd of naked women and knelt in front of me and started caressing my cock. Apparently, this was to be her 'main' prize for winning the stripping contest. The Stripper music began again and she began to perform the most delicious fellatio skills on me and soon had me fully erect.

I now had a sense that I had gone into a metaphorical team huddle with my tennis buddies. With our arms wrapped around each other's shoulders we had decided to share some uncensored fun this afternoon and to 'Hell' with conventions and role models. With me at one end and my cohorts with cunts at the other end of my erect manhood, we had bound together for some erotic, orgasmic, team-building delights.

AND, I was well and truly up for this fun!

All my tennis pals were now sitting and watching this performance as they enjoyed their lunch of sandwiches and 'passion pop'. Cheers and woops and woo hoo's slipped out between mouthfuls while they enjoyed Number Six's skills as she enjoyed nibbling on my nob.

"Remember girls, what happens at tennis stays at tennis," Toni shouted amongst the cheers.

As expected I popped my cork for Number Six amidst even louder cheers and laughter.

"Can you go again Michael?" Toni asked me as Number Six melted back into the sweaty crowd of boobs, pubes and smiling faces. I knew, she knew that I could lose my load down her throat and yet still manage a second cum in our 'afternoon delights'. The rest of the group had assumed that the show was over. They were delighted that I was comfortable enough to entertain them with my orgasm and began to settle back down for a leisurely lunch.

However, I was enjoying myself immensely as the 'main act' and boasted "Yeah, sure!" My initial shyness of exposing my orgasmic pleasures in front of women was fast disappearing as their responses indicated their equal pleasure at watching me cum. This was a real turn-on for me – these women loved to watch me cum – and I love to cum for them – who'd have thought?

I was reveling in the realization that my body's natural sexual reactions could stir such passion and excited energy in women.

My response surprised and at the same time delighted my audience of tipsy women. The alcohol consumed and my genital gymnastics had changed these normally happy-go-lucky ladies' to a wild collection of excitable oestrogen fueled females. The change in me from shy-man to showman reinvigorated their taste for more male orgasms. Their lessons in Females 101 had created a man and one that had them totally enchanted.

What aroused them most was that they had facilitated and were now witnessing within this masculine chrysalis before them, a teenager emerge as a butterfly and take his first exciting flight into manhood.

So Toni doused my cock and balls with passion pop and gave my 'toys' a tidy up.

I hadn't realised that there had been a runner up in the stripping contest. Apparently, my cock's reactions had been carefully scrutinized during the performances and a clear second place had been decided.

Number Eight seemed delighted by this unexpected award. She bounced forward and began the same rousing routine on my cock.

I have to add at 19 I was at the very peak of my virility, although my ability to control it was sadly lacking.

Within a few more minutes, Number Eight had me erect and the cheers intensified. A few minutes more and I had popped my cock a second time. This time all over Number Eight's bobbing boobs. She turned to our audience, wiped a few drops of cum from her boobs and licked it from her fingers. The ladies were now all fully aroused and loving the show. However, I was wilting!

"Third placegetter please, step up!" Toni announced. I began to laugh out loud along with the whole group at Toni's apparent tease at my expense. "Yeah right!" I thought to myself.

However, to everyone's surprise Number Two stepped out, doused down my manhood with the popular refreshment and then took her prize in her mouth with glee. She had me erect not long after. My balls were beginning to ache, but I could feel them stirring in a very familiar way. Number Two took all that remained of my load straight down her throat and poked her tongue out at the crowd with my ejaculate running down her chin, to prove I had cum.

"Unbelievable Michael, you're a champion and fucking good sport," someone from the crowd shouted. I was becoming quite familiar with the term 'good sport' and it would become a term I would hear more and more often over ensuing years. I was elated at my popularity as a 'stud' performer. What young man in his sexual prime wouldn't be?

I was feeling very cheeky and very spunky by this time, especially with half a bottle of passion pop now bubbling in my gut. Even though I had absolutely no 'pop' left in my balls, I stood up and shouted the challenge, "Come on your losers, who's still hungry for some man-meat!" I wiggled my hips and gave them all a visual 'Turkey slap' with six inches of man-meat as a curtain call to the performance, with my very drained, dangly bits.

We all again broke out in tears of laughter and shouts of 'you fucking beauty', 'you're the man' and similar platitudes rang out. It was all good fun and enjoyed in the right spirit. There was no suggestion of disparagement in my comments and in this particularly unique nudist environment, we all accepted that genitals were just another part of our bodies to share some fun with together.

Everyone clapped and cheered and thanked me for my efforts to entertain. "You're gonna need a whole school term to recover from this party Michael. I hope you're UP for our term two break-up." Someone laughed.

I grabbed a glass of passion pop and joined in with the chatter and became absorbed back into the company of my tennis buddies again as 'just one of the girls'. However, I was glowing inside at how

well I had used my sexuality to entertain and please my female friends.

Toni's butterfly wings were helping to ferment a desire within me to further explore this apparent talent I had.

I sensed a strange sexual symbiosis between my female tennis buddies and myself that mirrored my feelings with the female members of the audience, that developed during my hypnotic strip shows for The Great Gregory.

There was an excitement and edginess to this exchange of sexuality between us that triggered so many feelings within me.

The initial casual reactions of the Woodies women to my naked gymnastics were progressively being replaced by a rapacious yearning for more of my man-meat. However, at the same time my initial indifference to my outrageous exposure was occasionally replaced by an inner concern of being abused by their enflaming desires.

Was I demeaning myself by casually offering so much of my body to the opposite sex during these displays?

This introspective question was to arise many more times over the next few years when I found myself in similar situations.

Over the remainder of the year Toni became my mentor for the Female 101 course and gave me many personal lessons on how to attract and please women. I think she enjoyed the challenge and the pleasures I could satisfy, for her active libido.

She asked if I'd like to learn how to give cunnilingus to a woman. She had to first explain what 'cunnilingus' was. When I understood I said 'Yes!' with a resounding emphasis.

At the end of each Thursday's tennis when everyone else had gone Toni introduced me to her 'cunt'. She and the others all called their vaginas 'cunt' and thought nothing of the term. I became more accustomed to using the term also.

Toni took me through the many sensitivities of her cunt and would give me plenty of feedback as I licked and sucked and fingered each nook and cranny.

After the first few weeks, I mentioned to her that I was having trouble with her pubic hair. I had always shaved my pubic hair, which, I came to realise, was a major attraction amongst the Thursday tennis ladies group and asked if she would be willing to shave hers. She didn't hesitate and the following week was totally bare 'down there'. I told her honestly that her cunt looked spectacular clean shaved – and it did! To my eye her cunt was very, very beautiful. She however, didn't seem convinced of my enthusiasm, but accepted it. It was now my turn to return her generous appraisals.

From this time I apparently became reasonably adept at cunnilingus, judging by Toni's reactions and feedback. I loved the

taste, touch and smell of her cunt and could sense an insatiable hunger to ‘eat more pussy’ growing deep within me.

CHAPTER 8
Muff sandwich anyone?

Each following Thursdays I was given another lesson in Females 101, either by Toni or some of the other ladies, depending on how playful they were feeling at the time. When my taste for twats became common knowledge amongst the tennis ladies I began to get more and more requests to savour others.

On one Thursday, I could sense that female hormones had risen a notch from their usual levels. I came to appreciate that the mood at Thursday tennis days would change considerably from week to week. Some days I would sense an awkwardness, even bitchiness in the air amongst my tennis buddies. On these days I kept my head low and just played tennis. On other days the mood would swing sensually and at times highly erotically.

Over time as my experience amongst groups of women increased I came to realise that in a collective of females, heightened erotic moods coincided with a change in seasons, especially during autumn and spring.

On this day in question it was early autumn and just after our Easter break. There was a crispness in the air that signaled the end to the oppressive summer heat. The sky was crystal clear and a slight sensual breeze caressed our bodies as we played tennis. Just the weather alone generated eroticism.

The mood amongst my tennis buddies was very upbeat and risqué and sexist comments were more prevalent than normal. As usual my balls always came in for jocular mention on the tennis court. However, on this day the comments were much more specific and witty. I took a hard smash from one of my opponents straight into my balls and I slightly doubled up with the pain. There was an immediate outbreak of giggles and comments such as “I’m happy to rub them for you Michael!” However, my tennis partner for this game, Julie, was quick to respond and said, ‘Don’t worry, I’ll kiss them better,” and came over and bent down and planted a sloppy kiss on the tip of my cock to the raucous laughter of everyone playing or sitting around watching.

As we left the tennis court for our lunch break, Julie whispered in my ear that she was very horny and asked whether I’d enjoy a ‘muff sandwich’ from her ‘lunchbox’? She could tell immediately from my smiling response that I was UP for this delicious invitation. Julie was in her mid 40’s and my mother’s age. However, she had an amazing body and extremely attractive. She took my hand as we walked.

She led me to the pool area, a discrete distance from the lunch area and set herself up on a pool chair and intimated this was to be the venue for my luscious labia lunch. As I sat down between her legs I looked around to see if this unusual meal was going to cause any offence for the crowd over under the trees. There were some curious looks on some faces as they strained to see what was going on behind the pool fencing. However, when awareness dawned there were broad grins of encouragement. By now I was extremely horny and this delightful luncheon invitation before me overpowered any concerns for discretion. So, I spread her hairy muff, dived in and began my beautiful buffet.

Although my mouth was full, my ears were pricked and I could faintly hear some of the comments coming from our lunching buddies. There was an obvious increase in the giggles and risqué banter amongst them.

In this hothouse of rising rampant female pheromones I was beginning to feel the need to entertain. Toni had given me some good basic instruction on how to pleasure a cunt, but I was still a raw beginner. My technique was very much 'trial and error'. So, I consciously made overt licking gestures up and down the length of her crack and then concentrated my attention on her clit. Her loud raptures of delight initially surprised me but I kept going. She then began to groan and arch her back as she prepared to orgasm.

I could tell Julie's orgasmic reactions had now attracted the full attention of everyone. Some had moved over to the pool fencing and were giggling as they watched intently and continued to suck on their passion pop and munch their sandwiches.

I didn't know it at the time, but Julie had ejaculated when she orgasmed. I was surprised by the rush of fluids from her cunt, but just assumed she must have pee'd herself. I had her fluids running down my chest and over my now fully erect cock and balls. It must have been a highly erotic sight to the other ladies as I sat there smiling and staring attentively at Julie's now very wet cunt as she continued to pulse with orgasmic delight.

Things really hotted up from here.

After I had finished enjoying my liquid lunch from Julie's 'lunch box', our spectators dispersed back to the lunch area. Julie composed herself and took my hand and began to lead me back to the others. I hesitated as my cock was still fully erect and was now dripping pre-cum. She laughed at my hesitancy, looked at my straining manhood and said, "Don't worry, they'll love it!"

As we joined the group there was a round of cheers and whistles. I could tell that everyone's eyes were focused on my cock and I was slightly concerned about the overt exposure of my huge erection,

remembering Toni's warning at my induction. Julie did a mock curtsy and then sat down. As I was about to sit, Toni took my hand and announced with a cheeky laugh, "Michael still looks a little hungry, does anyone else have a muff sandwich she'd like to share?" I had admitted to Toni during my cunnilingus training how much I wanted to 'eat more pussy', so I guessed she was taking this opportunity to continue my 'education'.

Following Toni's broadcast invitation, Sandy eagerly spread her legs, raised one hand and with the other pointed at her cunt and extended an invitation for me to sup on her luscious liquid luncheon box.

Everyone cracked up! I quickly realized by the reactions that this was a planned tease for my behalf and I smiled and waved as if to accept the tease.

However, I could play this game too and as these ladies were beginning to realize, I loved an audience. So, with a flutter of 'butterflies' in my gut and hesitant testosterone energy coursing through my body, I let go of Toni's hand and moved over to Sandy and sat down in front of her. She was slightly stunned as this hadn't been part of the 'conspiracy'. However, I didn't budge and spunkily looked straight into her eyes as my cock maintained its vertical profile from between my crossed legs. Everyone began to laugh and clap for Sandy to join in with the fun.

She looked at me and then smiled and I could tell she was willing.

Amidst a chorus of gasps, whistles and cheers, I spread Sandy's legs and took a quick look around and smiled at my audience and then nose-dived into another delicious muff sandwich.

This was meant to be more of a 'performance' meal, but Sandy did enjoy it.

After enjoying my second sexy serving, Toni came over to me as I regained my composure and proudly watched my luncheon buddy and her pulsing cunt relax before my eyes, following my oral stimulation.

What a buzz! Two muff meals! I was beside myself with erotic energy. I was so highly aroused, as every woman could plainly see from my engorged manhood.

Toni knelt beside me and giggled as she asked "Are you still hungry?"

I laughed and despite still feeling as though I could have gone on to devour every lunchbox there, I indicated I knew the fun had finished.

However, there was still an excited erotic chatter in the air as we all resumed our seats and talked openly. I had been totally absorbed into this group of women and their discussions were never appended, in any way, by my presence. I was asked what I found appealing about

cunnilingus. It was a question I found hard to answer. There also seemed to be an attitude amongst each of them that they felt cunts were ugly. It was a major reason, it seemed, why most had retained their hairy pubic bush despite the pervasive emerging fashion for pubic depilation. I believe it was their subconscious way of hiding, what they deemed an unattractive part of their body.

I tried my best in my limited immature vocabulary to explain what I found appealing. In all honesty, I could appreciate their view that a cunt wasn't aesthetically appealing. Some cunts had an unpleasant taste and aroma, but that still didn't diminish my curiosity about them. I had to admit to these women that my background and experiences were very different from most men, so I probably wasn't the best person to answer their question. I had an intense and I assumed, abnormal interest, triggered by this background. Also, I didn't disclose to them my abuse as a child, as at this stage of my life I still didn't know how to process these feelings inside me.

As part of my education in Females 101, they openly chatted and laughed amongst themselves about their sensations during sex, their fantasies, lusts and unrequited desires with their husbands or boyfriends. I sat absolutely riveted by their openness. I had never heard this stuff before from a woman. They had become so involved in their shared admissions that all attention had been diverted away from my still fully aroused cock. This also intrigued and educated me about females.

On this delectable day the tennis eventually resumed as if nothing unusual had happened amongst the women who had been, giggling, drinking, perving and gossiping around me.

As the tennis continued, the eroticism diffused. I played another game of tennis before the end of the day, but my erection would momentarily flag then reappear as my mind reviewed all I had done and witnessed that day. The sight of me trying to play a serious game of tennis with my 'extra leg' swinging around in front of me and slapping loudly on my tummy and thighs, caused much hilarity.

I was still finding it hard to believe that women would enjoy this… but I was learning!

That intense concentration of female hormonal energy that occurred on this delightful autumn day never built to such a level again that year. However, there were the occasional times that more intimate touching occurred between myself and one or two of my tennis buddies. This usually happened as we were showering together. Any other women in the bathroom at the time might either feign disinterest, while most usually smiled as they watched and showered.

At our school term break-up parties it was always arranged that I'd be required to include an eye-popping orgasm, incorporated in

some way in the fun. I never ceased to be amazed at the enchantment these women had at watching me ejaculate. I was affectionately assured after numerous fun 'performances', by my much more experienced female buddies, that my propelling 'power plays' were extremely remarkable and rare for a male, from the men they'd known.

As the youngest person and only male amongst this group, I guessed my virility was something that revived memories of their younger days of dating.

They could obviously tell from my bewildered reactions to their cheers, claps and whistles, that I didn't fully appreciate the entertainment value of this ejaculatory capability. From their enthused and open feedback, I was encouraged to be proud of how this amazing capacity, in the right circumstances, could please women. Their caring and considered feedback gave me some early awareness of how this innate gift increased arousal levels in an enthused and appreciative female audience – an ability that proved to be a real bonus in a later career.

In these days before effective birth control there was never a serious thought from these women that any of them would fuck me. It was always just simple innocent fun and shared sensuality between these very liberated ladies and myself. However, it was only later in life I realized the health risks I was taking by being so 'liberal' in my cunnilingus 'classes'. I was naive, not only about women, but also about the possibilities of sexual disease. I did know that it was possible to 'catch nasties' by intercourse, but never realized that oral sex carried as much risk. Thankfully, I was lucky!

Toni and the others taught me more about how to communicate with women than any other subject in the syllabus for Females 101. Up till this time, I viewed women as highly attractive beings who seemed to be from another planet, but with whom I had nothing other than sex in common. The times Toni would play with my cock while we chatted opened me up to how easy it was to talk to a woman and to naturally enjoy the conversation. I often became unaware of her attention to my cock as my mind focused more on her and our chatting.

However, Toni and these lovely ladies had taken a boy and fashioned him into a young man who now had an emerging understanding of female fantasies and desires.

The cub was becoming a tiger and there was no going back.

I completed my university degree at the end of that year and began my teaching career the following year, so my visits to the Thursday ladies tennis club sadly ended.

My tennis skills hadn't improved much during the year, but my

ignorance of female sexuality had diminished.

CHAPTER 9
Butterfly #2 Flies in

As a young man I enjoyed many social experiences with the opposite sex at various nudist venues and now another female was to shape the path of my life from that point onwards.

I was attending an annual nudist convention, along with some members from Woodlands, including Toni and Bob. These conventions were held in the Christmas / New Year period each year. This particular year the convention was held at a club called Heritage which is located in the Georges' River canyon near Campbelltown, west of Sydney. In those times, the Georges River was a pristine waterway with beautiful sandy stretches of beach intertwined with rocky outcrops along its reaches.

We were greeted by two teenage girls as we entered the club. The girls were asked to write our first names on our chest, so that conventioneers could greet each other through the day. I was labeled by Juliette, a beautiful 18 year-old lass. Our eyes spoke spades as we stood face to face while she wrote on my chest with her perfectly shaped boobs just inches from me. Her 14 year-old younger sister, whose name I was to one day learn was Michelle, was assisting her with the names. I didn't notice Michelle at the time as my attention was transfixed on Juliette. Michelle, (Shelly) was eventually to become the next of my 'Butterflys' and totally change my life.

As swimming and other sporting events concluded we all sat down on the sand for lunch. I was sitting with Toni and Bob when Juliette came over and asked me if I'd like to go for a paddle in the club's canoe.

Her parents were sitting nearby and seemed happy for the two of us to paddle up river, out of sight, naked together. With Toni's encouragement, I shyly agreed. "Enjoy yourself," Toni winked as we headed off. I was still a very unsophisticated young man, with limited experience with the opposite sex my age.

The canoe was comfortable enough for two people, and Juliette sat facing me at the bow, while I paddled at the stern. The only comfortable way to sit in the craft was with legs crossed open and our genitals totally exposed to each other's curious gaze. I tried to feign nonchalance to Juliette's fascinating and fully shaved pussy. However, her intoxicating beauty, the isolation of our pristine surroundings and the sun shining down on us, warmed every inch of our anatomy. As I paddled, I could feel myself 'stirring' and attempted to shuffle to relieve any embarrassment. Unfortunately, it was to no avail, as my

cock began its inevitable stretch to full extension and proud rise in the warmth of the sun.

I noticed Juliette's smile broaden with each growing inch in my cock and then detected a shimmering ooze from between her legs as her pussy began its inevitable reaction to this very natural human experience.

We looked at each other with broad grins and without a word Juliette shuffled toward me and then slowly bent forward to take my emerging manhood in her mouth. 'Struth, do all women like to suck cock?' I chuckled to myself. I was beginning to think this was the 'normal' way women greeted the men they liked. I was also hoping I'd get to return the favour to Juliette's cunt.

It didn't take me long to feel my balls begin their tight preparation for ejaculation. I tried to warn Juliette by taking her head in my hands to ease her away and 'protect' her from my imminent orgasmic gush. She resisted and took my hands off her head then slid her lips further down my rigid shaft and sucked harder on my engorged cock. At this I passed any hope of saving my embarrassment and pumped every ounce of cum deep into her throat. She gagged a little and came up smiling and frothing at the mouth with a combination of semen and her saliva. She wiped the excess fluids from her mouth, washed her hands over the side of the canoe and then went back down on my still pulsating cock and licked the tender tip clean of my oozing juices.

We both spontaneously let out a nervous laugh and fell into the crystal-clear water and splashed about in glee and then came together in the water for a delicious embrace of our two naked bodies. I can still remember the warmth of her breasts squashed against my chest and my cock tucked neatly between her thighs.

Although there was no penetration this experience was to prove another 'awakening' of my sensual spirit and an understanding of the shared joy of sex between a man and woman.

My experiences in dating women continued with Trixie, a Dutch lass whom I met during my years while coaching a women's soccer team. Trixie was one of the stars in the team.

We dated for many months and would often enjoy some great sex together. It wouldn't be unusual for us to be out on a drive together and just stop somewhere isolated and lay down a blanket on the grass and fuck each other silly. Trixie's unrestrained enthusiasm for sex continued my 'education' on the intensity of female sexuality and desires.

This was enhanced by the reactions I got from my female students at my first teaching appointment – a co-ed school. I was a popular teacher but more so with my female students, who seemed to show me

more attention than was normal for other teachers. Considering at 20 and teaching students up to 18 years of age, I certainly enjoyed their attention, but was very careful not to cross that 'invisible' line between student and teacher.

I was sorely tested once, when two of my, very physically mature, 16 year-old female students, knocked on my door at home one weekend and invited me to 'go down to the creek' with them. They were both members of my soccer team and had shown a regular interest in me at football training and would hang around chatting with me, while I packed everything away, after all the other girls had gone home. The majority of my team included adult friends and family of the girls from the school.

Also, in the dressing shed while discussing pre-game tactics and team selection at games or getting changed after the match, they were amongst the few young women who would initially get undressed while I was in there. These two were always 'front and centre' and in my direct vision while changing and never shy about their nudity. The older women, never showed any concerns for discretion while changing, but the other young girls in the team who were more conservative would wait for me to leave. My disinterest toward the nudity, eventually made the whole team comfortable with my presence in the dressing sheds and as the season progressed, all of them would get changed, albeit some just down to their knickers, while we discussed game tactics.

Also, during training, it wasn't unusual for me to come in personal contact with the girls while practicing skills and on more than one occasion I would feel some seemingly 'accidental' yet very personal contact with my genital area and these two girls were often involved. There were always apologetic giggles but I was certainly aroused by their behaviour.

It was patently obvious by their front door 'invitation' that Saturday morning, what was on the minds of these two 16 year-olds. In hindsight, I'm glad my father's words echoed through my psyche and I 'reluctantly' told them I had other plans and couldn't go. My 20 year-old hormones were racing through me and I was annoyed with myself at the time for passing up such an erotic opportunity. But reason prevailed and by the afternoon after a 'healthy' session of shared masturbation with one of my female housemates, my frustrations were eased and I realised how fortunate I was to have made that decision.

CHAPTER 10
Masturbation 101

Within a few weeks of moving into a house near the school with two female housemates, we became comfortable with our shared nakedness and erotic orgasmic displays.

Although not nudists prior to our cohabitation, they were very liberated females, keen to explore their sexuality, as I was to discover over the two years we shared together. Suzanna was the original lease holder and she had advertised in the local paper for two housemates to share. Bev was the first to answer and the two girls then decided that they'd prefer a male to complement their household.

Suzanna was a teacher at the local primary school and Bev was a research scientist at the nearby agricultural research facility. This was the early 1970's and we were all children of the sexual revolution. I was younger than both girls by a couple of years, but our sexual maturity was very similar.

Suzanna, was the eldest of five sisters and was a blond, slightly overweight, but still very attractive young woman. She had a turned eye that sometimes would distract you as you talked to her. Bev, was an only child, with dark hair, slim and also very attractive. She had a constant nervous energy that I suspect bubbled as a result of her intelligence. Both girls were self-assured and outwardly confident in their demeanor. However, despite their exterior poise, like me, they were extremely naive about the opposite sex. We had an understanding that there would be no physical intimacy between us as this would disrupt the dynamics in the house.

This was the era of 'Free Love', the 'Swinging' Sixties', 'Make Love Not War' and 'If it Feels Good, Do It!' Sexual gregarianism was the philosophy of the day. As 'mature' adults the three of us had a belief that our shared cohabitation offered the opportunity to share our sexuality in an open and honest arrangement. Also, without the opportunity to learn about the opposite sex from any other source – there was no internet, or accessible porn – intimate sharing was an obvious opportunity for sexual discovery.

Woodstock had just happened just 12 months earlier and the music echoing throughout our home simply magnified our sexual philosophy.

One morning prior to this weekend, while showering as I got ready for work, Suzanna knocked on the door asking if she could come in as she was in a hurry and had to leave for work. I had no objections, but was surprised to see her casually sit on the toilet and

pee. She just smiled, wiped herself and left.

I had often wondered why we always seemed to be running out of toilet paper. When I watched how much tissue she used, the mystery was solved.

Once Suzanna had broken this barrier of 'intimacy' it became a regular occurrence for either girl to just stroll in, without knocking, and do her makeup or pee or just stand and chat to me as I completed my showering. We unconsciously instigated a routine that we only closed the bathroom door when we needed 'discrete toileting or period privacy'. This relaxed bathroom etiquette became the mantra for the house.

Within weeks of this 'open door' policy our familiarity grew exponentially. Not having a brother, Suzanna was keen to experience living with a member of the opposite sex of similar age, as was I for similar reasons. She always showed great interest in the 'stirrings' in my groin whenever we were sitting and chatting and in her forthright manner would sometimes feel my cock and balls as they moved. As I grew more comfortable with her touching, I allowed her more freedom and would often give her feedback on how her touching affected my senses. Bev soon joined in with a similar relaxed manner.

We sometimes shared our evening meal together and would continue chatting long after dinner over a glass of wine or two or three. Our conversations had no bounds. Both girls were ardent feminists and I often disagreed, not so much with their philosophy, but with the way it was being implemented in society at the time. In our friendly, alcohol induced discussions we'd happily agree to disagree. However, many of our discussions would eventually turn to sex. If the climate was conducive we'd often all get naked once we got home from work, so our discussions were very open, both physically and intellectually.

We gradually became extremely relaxed about our bodies and developed a real personal connection, as friends. In fact, Suzanna asked me to shave her pubic hair after my many descriptions of how nice I felt to be shaved. The following day, Bev asked me to 'do her' as well, such was the relaxed frivolity we shared.

On rare occasions, when I assumed I had privacy in the house, I'd sometimes masturbate while in the shower. However, one day while self-pleasuring in the shower I had a 'sixth sense' that someone else was in the bathroom. I turned and was shocked to see Bev standing there naked and staring at me as I pleasured myself.

I immediately stopped and apologized to her as I attempted to gather my self-esteem. She laughed and said, "Don't stop on my account, I was enjoying myself too."

I smiled, thinking she was simply joking, but she became

adamant, “No, I really mean it, don’t stop! I’ve always been curious to watch a man masturbate. If you’re not too embarrassed, I’d really like to watch!”

This kind of statement from either girl had become common in the house. They were both keen to exert their feminist philosophy of affirmative action when it came to relationships with both their occasional boyfriends and myself.

However, I was still relatively naive, but following Bev’s enthusiastic reassurance I turned to face her and slowly started up again. As her face became more and more flushed, my self-pleasuring became more and more enthusiastic. I couldn’t help smiling as I relished the correlation between my actions and her facial reactions. Eventually, I could feel my balls tightening to produce their usual consequence.

Her eyes widened, as my cock grew larger and larger. I then took a slight step backwards as my cum exploded toward her and sprayed over the glass barrier between us. Almost immediately we both laughed and she then casually moved toward me and pulled the shower screen back and took hold of my erect cock. “Hmm! very n’ ner’ nice!” she off-handedly commented in a squeaky stutter and then strolled out of the bathroom.

I gathered myself and toweled off and then walked into the kitchen, where both girls were standing and chatting next to the sink. Suzanna had just got home and was progressively getting undressed, while both Bev and I were naked.

They both looked at me as I entered and then smiled at each other and turned and reflected the same smiles at me. As was usual after an ejaculation, my sexual energy was minimal, however, my cock was still semi-erect. I had become unconcerned about my ‘masculinity’ as the girls had repeatedly assured me to feel comfortable with such displays.

Bev had obviously told Suzanna about what had just happened and Suzanna had apparently become slightly agitated that she had missed the performance.

Noticing my semi engorged state, Suzanna asked in her usual mischievous voice whether I could give a ‘repeat performance’ for her? I could tell from her body language, that although slightly joking, she was voicing a deep desire. Suzanna would often tease me about the movements in my cock as we sat and watched television together.

Over the months that followed, I was to learn that both girls had an inherent curiosity about cocks, that they had been conditioned to suppress. Now in this situation, that curiosity was exploding, much like my cock was to do regularly for their enjoyment from then on.

Although ‘spent’, my hormones were again racing at this

invitation. I hesitantly agreed, not sure whether I'd be able to 'perform' as adequately again, or simply embarrass myself in the attempt.

We all moved to the outside verandah, where the sun would stream in all through the day. It was a lovely environment that overlooked the gardens and farmland beyond our back fence. The house we rented was on a small allotment from a large farm. The owners lived next door in a larger house that was well screened by voluminous shrubbery.

I sat with the afternoon sun streaming in over the lower half of my body and warming my spent balls and my face shaded by the verandah awning. The two girls took up positions in two chairs facing me and within reach. Close enough to touch me, if they so desired.

I laughed at our small 'circle of trust' and they laughed back. By now Suzanna had stripped and both girls were naked also.

I looked into their faces and quizzically asked what they wanted me to do? I was hesitant as I wasn't sure what they saw as erotic and what might embarrass them (and subsequently me). Although a secretive exhibitionist, I was also still a very shy young man.

In a flippant tone, Bev suggested that I do what I had just done for her. "Don't feel embarrassed, Michael," Suzanna assured me. Then in an impassive feminist voice added. "We'd like to just watch and learn how a man masturbates." Despite her normal self-assuredness, Suzanna could not hide her ardent curiosity as she asked me this favour.

The erotic atmosphere and the relaxed environment and their keen interest soon had me aroused again and I produced another nine inches of cock and another orgasm.

"That was very – educational!' Suzanna smiled with a pause to emphasize her last word. She then reached out, wrapped her hand around the tip of my cock and slowly 'massaged' my hood while looking directly into my eyes. Her eyes were blazing wide as she settled back into her chair!

We all laughed again and Suzanna said, "If you're willing, we'd be happy to share this experience with you, whenever you feel the urge, Michael."

So, it was decided that the back balcony would become my 'wanking space'. Whenever the mood took me, morning, noon or night, I'd wander out to the relief room, as it became known. If they felt inclined either one or both girls would follow and watch me cum. Their erotic invitation had aroused every fibre in my psyche and over the next few weeks I seemed to be in the wanking room most afternoons and sometimes multiple times over a weekend.

Both girls became keen occasional onlookers at these frequent

‘command performances’.

Women are not natural adventurers or leaders. However, once a man establishes a ‘safe’ situation, women will follow, often enthusiastically. This was the case with the relief room. Eventually, as they were intently watching a performance they both began to stroke their clitoris. I was totally amazed when this happened, as up till then I didn’t even realise that women masturbated.

The ‘Bible’ for female sexuality at the time was the Kinsey Report (‘Sexual Behavior in the Human Female’), where it was reported that only 10% of women masturbate. So, the common misconception was that female masturbation was highly unusual. However, these girls weren’t two people to follow fallacies and they eventually became just as enthusiastic about using the relief room as I was.

We all thought it was wonderful that we all had a similar belief – that wanking can be a fun, shared activity. Eventually, initial shyness quickly dissipated and we were totally relaxed sharing this ‘personal’ experience.

From these frequent sessions, I discovered how much women appreciated watching a man ejaculate as I did watching them cum. Initially I thought I was being considerate to catch my cum in my fist as I spurted. However, I was told in no uncertain terms that the girls enjoyed watching my cock explode and to let my cum be ‘free’ and spray over the balcony.

I loved watching my housemate’s faces change as they gradually reached their climaxes. I was also intrigued and fascinated to watch their different techniques as they pleasured themselves.

In the years that followed, I was to learn so much more about female masturbation techniques and the subtle individual differences in these techniques.

I don’t know how the two girls felt, but I needed my every ounce of resolution to sometimes resist mounting either of them

But at the same time, we agreed we would help each other out should our sexual frustrations become overpowering and endanger our reason. It was accepted that in these circumstances we could be honest and ask someone to share a masturbation session together. This afforded us the opportunity to enjoy sexual pleasure with the opposite sex without penetration. We all saw it as a simple, yet effective agreement!

In hindsight, we were all very ‘yuppy’ young adults, full of our own idealisms and assumed maturity. So, an arrangement such as this ‘masturbation agreement’ was accepted as a sign of incredible maturity.

CHAPTER 11
You're a Good Sport Sir

At the end-of-year celebrations for Year 12 students, I was the only teacher invited to the student get-together after the formal ceremony. I was only two years older than them and we had enjoyed a relaxed yet 'proper' teacher/student relationship throughout the year.

The night for the celebrations was very cool and so an empty 40-gallon drum was used as a makeshift fireplace. We all stood around keeping warm as we talked and drank on into the night. I realized that my glass was never getting empty. Students kept filling it up throughout the whole evening.

I eventually realized I needed to pee and noticed everyone simply took a few steps away from the fire and relieved themselves in the bushes, which I did too. As I released my cock from my jeans, I heard a female voice beside me call "Hi sir!" Gracie was one of my Year 12 students and was squatting beside me. We laughed at the 'unusual' situation, went on peeing and then rejoined the party. However, I did notice that Gracie did a 'double-take' when she saw the length of cock extending from my jeans. She giggled as she pee'd, when she realised I had noticed her interest in my cock.

As the night wore on, I could feel my head starting to spin.

As I chatted to some of my students, I noticed that the girls I was talking too kept looking down and giggling. I followed their gaze down to notice my fly was open and a hand holding my cock.

The party was held outside in the backyard of a country house and it was semi dark and only the fire illuminated the night and with the warmth of the fire I could not feel my cock and balls were 'outside' my jeans so I was obliviously exposed.

In my dazed stupor I seemingly had forgot to do up the zipper on my fly after my last pee. I rarely wore jocks, so as I shuffled around while chatting to these girls, a few inches of my cock had apparently 'escaped' from my jeans. Knowing there was more of my cock than met the eye, Gracie obviously could not resist the temptation presenting itself. It became relatively easy for her to simply release the remainder of my cock and balls from my jeans, without me being aware.

She was now happily standing next to me with a huge grin, holding my cock as she continued drinking with her other hand and chatting and giggling with the other girls around us. I turned to look at her with a curious glazy gaze and she just smiled back, waiting for my response. She then winked as if to seek approval to continue. I was

feeling euphoric and just smiled back at her. After my numerous 'hypnotic' strip routines and the Thursday tennis ladies tuition, I had become well-adjusted to female interest in my cock, so thought little of this playfulness. Besides these young women were all now 'of-age' and able to vote, drink and drive a car and mature enough to appreciate this unexpected erotic opportunity.

As the evening turned into early morning and most of the partygoers were either leaving or falling in a drunken state where they had stood, I began to notice that the numbers of girls surrounding me had steadily increased. They encircled me in a tight group and were chatting excitedly about the size of my cock.

They were happily playing with my cock and squeezing and sharing my balls around amongst each other. Their bodies shielded their fun from the few partygoers left. At this stage I didn't care and much less feel the need to do anything about it. This situation was beginning to resemble one of my secret fantasies and I was trying to sober myself up as much as I could so that I could appreciate it better.

I could feel myself getting very erect as this rotation of soft warm hands caressed every inch of my genitals. I had heard some vague whispers such as "Wow you really do have a beautiful big cock sir!" or "Thanks for being such a GOOD SPORT, sir!" resounding in my ears as I laughed with them. In my stupefied state, I put my arms around their shoulders, partly for support for my inebriation but also from what were now the effects of the flood of erotic sensations racing through my head and affecting my balance. This seemed to indicate to them my further compliance with their familiarity and their fondling and giggles intensified.

They didn't seem to be as drunk as I was so in my seemingly agreeable state it was a case for these girls leaving school to enjoy this rare opportunity for intimacy with their ex-teacher while they could.

As they gathered ever closer around me, my nostrils filled with their perfumes and pheromones. I happily watched four or five girls share my cock and squeeze my balls. The feel of their soft hands and playful explorations released an exquisite flow of sensations through my body. But as the next two girls stepped forward to take their turn, I could feel a rush of cum bubbling from deep down inside my very tight balls. I stumbled backwards with my two shoulder supporting girls and pointed my cock straight up. My ejaculation flew high and came down in a splatter all over the encircling girls.

They squealed with delight and laughed as they rubbed my cum from their faces and clothing. Their giggles continued as I felt my legs buckle from the loss of my composure. With my arms still around the shoulders of the girls on either side who were supporting my weight they sat me down on the ground. They then all sat down around me

and continued chatting as if nothing had happened.

I watched bemused as two girls used tissues to clean cum from my cock and then tuck my tackle back into my jeans. I was very groggy but managed to smile and laugh in appreciation. They all leant over and gave me a kiss on the cheek and said thanks for the fun I had shared with them.

The following day after the party a group of girls knocked on my door late in the afternoon. I was still recuperating in bed and hadn't realized my housemate had let them in. I was naked as I came out to see who was at the door – we all thought nothing of answering the door sans clothes. My housemate was also naked and chatting to them as I stumbled into them in my lounge room. They didn't seem at all perturbed by my housemate's nudity or mine and were all smiles. One girl stood up and sheepishly said, "We're sorry sir, I hope we didn't embarrass you last night? We were all a bit tipsy and couldn't resist the temptation." I told them I wasn't in the least bit annoyed or embarrassed. "As you saw, I obviously enjoyed your attention," I joked. They all let out a relieved laugh and thanked me profusely 'for being such a good sport'.

However, I was intrigued to know whose idea it was to initiate their fun with my cock? Some of these girls were in my Year 12 mathematics class, but many of them I didn't teach. Such a brazen action did seem most unusual for these 'normally' shy young women.

Gracie, shyly admitted it was her idea. "My mum plays tennis at Woodlands and had told me your nickname was 'Goldilocks'!" she said as she looked at me with a 'knowing' smile. I could tell by their reactions that the other girls were obviously also very familiar with my nickname. I raised my eyebrows at her and just smiled. 'Enough said', I thought to myself.

I suggested, however, that we keep the previous night's episode a secret between us all and they happily agreed.

When they left my two housemates were curious to know what that was all about. The three of us in the house regularly shared everything about our sex lives together and they both laughed till they embarrassingly wet themselves.

They obviously knew I was a nudist, but I had never mentioned the 'very' unusual happenings during the Thursday tennis days. I doubted anyone who was familiar, or not, with nudist clubs would have had a difficult time believing what happened on those days. When I told them just a few things, they were genuinely shocked but also aroused.

Every now and then through the rest of the weekend, as we passed each other they'd each grab hold of my cock and say 'thanks Goldilocks for being such a good sport' and we'd start laughing again.

It was genuinely funny how apologetic the girls had been for their unbridled curiosity and their enthusiasm for enjoying their teacher's 'jollies'.

The 'relief room' also taught me well about moral resoluteness. An ability that was to prove invaluable in the immediate years that were to follow in my next teaching appointment at a girls' college.

As had become a common practice, I shared a couple of my self-pleasuring episodes with them over that weekend following the Year 12 Farewell. I gradually and thankfully released the pent-up sexual energy that had developed from the previous few days of physical interaction, both with them and my students!

Although, I had been sharing regular intimate displays of my bounty with females over the previous few years, up till this point, I'd only ever had one sexual contact in my life and that was with my girlfriend, Cheryl. I'd been their plaything, but had no idea how to take the 'next step' and get a woman into bed. This was still the era when men made the first steps and women just waited for that move. So, despite all the attention to my cock I was receiving, I wasn't getting laid.

CHAPTER 12
Let's Party

The Christmas following the Year 12 Farewell, we held a Christmas Eve party at our house. It was a cool night, so I had lit the open log fire that featured in our lounge room, to increase the Yule Tide spirit at the party. The ambiance and the festivities on that night created an interesting evening of fun. I had invited a few of the older girls from my women's football team and a couple of friends from Woodlands. There was a real mix of personalities that included some of Suzanna's feminist friends and Bev's research buddies.

As the night wore on, Suzanna in her inimitable style had constantly chatted about my nickname and there were numerous taunts and laughter about 'size doesn't matter' and similar comments. Inevitably, I was pressured to 'produce my goods' to satisfy everyone of how I got my nickname. This was one of those 'burden' situations that my 'Goldilocks' nickname caused me.

I didn't know many of the people at the party and I was still basically a shy person. However, the pressure continued until it seemed I had no alternative other than look a wimp.

When Suzanna noticed me softening to the challenge, she encouraged me to get up on the table in the middle of the room so everyone could see. Amidst cheers, whistles and shouts of 'get it off, get it off', I dropped my pants and clambered up on the table.

Once I was centre stage, my hormones and the showman kicked in. I began to dance to Rolf Harris' hit song 'Jake the Peg', bouncing my bauble bounty in time with the music and the whole room fell about laughing. I looked over at the girls from my football team and they were 'beside themselves' with laughter. I had seen them naked many times in the dressing sheds at footy but this was the first time they had seen me.

As I gained more and more confidence with the popularity of my performance, Suzanna shouted encouragingly, "Show everyone your 'extra leg', Michael."

I momentarily caught her eye to see if she was serious or teasing. She was dead serious and smiled back at me with reassurance and a glint in her eyes! Bev, then joined in and giggled, "Go on Michael, show them what a gorgeous Goldilocks cock looks like."

The two girls had teased me infrequently about my nickname in the weeks following the schoolgirls' apology.

I had a sense that all their male and female friends had also heard about my cock, so this wasn't going to be a shock to anyone!

However, this was the very first time I had become erect in front of other men and that daunted me a little.

As I bounced around, my cock began its inevitable climb north and before 'Jake the Peg' had finished, my 'extra leg' had appeared – 'diddle–iddle–iddle-um!'

There were squeals, gushes and giggles and astonished comments and finally everyone was clapping and cheering – 'You're a GOOD SPORT Michael', rang out from a female voice somewhere in the room!

I climbed down from my 'stage' and began to mingle as the hilarity settled. As I had just been totally 'starkers' and fully erect in front of this group, I didn't bother putting my pants back on as it seemed a futile attempt at 'textile' dignity.

My football girls all gathered around, teasing me with my 'Goldilocks' nickname and my 'extra leg'. "How come you never shared that with us before Michael?" they taunted. As we mingled, chatted and continued drinking, they felt at total liberty to touch and play with my very accessible piece of man-meat dangling invitingly in front of them. As I had always had the advantage over them in the past regarding naked exposure in the footy change rooms, I felt I could have no objections to them now enjoying some retribution of balance in the equation.

Gradually, as the heat in the room intensified with the open fire and the cluster of hot bodies, others began to get naked also. All the men and most of the women were eventually totally naked. Only a few women retained their knickers. They were all Suzanna's feminist friends, which seemed totally ironic to me at the time.

As was common amongst feminists, they're great idealists, but poor realists.

The party raged on into the early hours of the morning and by dawn, Christmas Day, I had somehow fucked two players, Samantha and Helen, from my footy team. I woke with them both totally naked on either side of me and as I stirred they woke as well. We all looked at each other and smiled with slight embarrassment.

"Looks like we've had an early Christmas present from Goldilocks," Sam giggled to Helen.

I thought to myself, 'I've been laid – at last! Merry Christmas Michael!'

Both girls were older sisters of schoolgirls in the team and were just a year younger than me. Samantha went on later in her football career to captain the Australian Women's soccer team, the 'Matildas' and played in the Women's World Cup.

They both became regular visitors to my home.

I loved threesomes!

Both girls were highly sexual and loved cock. They seemed little interested in each other and concentrated all their aroused energy on me, which I didn't mind at all. They were happy to share the one condom, so there was no pause in our fucking fun as I moved willingly from one to the other.

We agreed to keep our threesome fun a secret from the other girls in the football team, so as not to cause any friction or sense of favouritism with team selections. Thankfully, both girls were my star players so this never became an issue.

Whenever I was encouraged to 'perform' for groups such as our Christmas party or female gatherings, I'd always use my intuition to ensure I wouldn't offend. I always prided myself on my ability to gauge group sensitivities and usually 'got it right'. At this party there was an overwhelming support for me to expose 'Goldilocks' and hence I felt no hesitation to entertain.

However, in groups where I wasn't booked as an entertainer, such as casual parties such as this, there would always be one or two women who would 'feign' offence at my performance.

Over time I came to realise that there were only two reactions to my 'performances'. One was enthused encouragement and reception the other was distain or feigned embarrassment. At this party a few of Suzanna's feminist friends confronted me as I mingled naked with our guests.

"Where is your self-respect for your body, Michael?" was the general gist of their affront and I was always happy to debate this question. My logic was that the human body is not offensive and any uneasiness was a result of a person's inability to rationalize their own feelings around nudity and their perception that being naked is sexually arousing. This concept in itself told me much about people. Inherent with this reaction is that person's own reactions to nudity. They were aroused by the sight of a naked male and lacked the maturity to deal with these feelings.

After an attempt at debate with these women in this noisy crowded room proved futile, I offered them an invitation to meet at another time to continue the debate and they were all keen to do so.

Suzanna invited the three girls and a few more of her friends back after work two days later for the debate. Suzanna and I agreed that I should purposely greet them naked to initiate the debate. Not unexpectedly all the women remained clothed. Although Suzanna and I didn't agree on some topics we were united on the benefits and sensual pleasures of nudity.

We shared some intense, but civil and mature discussion and there were some concessions on both sides. We eventually enjoyed some laughter and the mood became very amicable after Suzanna had

plied us all with multiple glasses of wine. However, they were still unconvinced that I wasn't sexually aroused and demeaning myself when I manifested my Goldilocks erection at the party.

Suzanna had become my implementer in the occasional sexual situations that occurred in our household. As the eldest of five girls, who went to an all-girls school, she was my exact opposite 'twin'. Because of our similar backgrounds we both had an overactive sexual curiosity about the opposite sex and we were both pro-active in satisfying this curiosity.

Suzanna had an insatiable appetite to watch me become erect and masturbate. I 'fed' off her vibrant interest during these intense erotic moments and loved having her (and Bev) as my audience. She also had a sassy sense of humour and whenever the mood and chatter between her and her female houseguests became erotic she would often turn to me to produce Goldilocks to entertain or enlighten them. As a bilateral introvert-extrovert, I needed little encouragement from her to lose my inherent shyness and exhibit these 'talents'.

So once again, Suzanna became the facilitator in this debate and suggested I prove that I could be erect, yet not aroused, once again there and then. I had often demonstrated this facet to her and Bev as we sat and chatted. Occasionally as we talked I'd get an involuntary erection, yet my mood and manner varied little, which often fascinated both women. If they 'pushed' me, I'd manufacture an erection at will to demonstrate its vagaries.

The obvious skepticism emanating from this group was the only impetus I needed. So as I joked, laughed and chatted with them I casually manifested an erection with my newly acquired muscle control to demonstrate that it wasn't always sexually driven. This intrigued them greatly and their smiles began to bloom as my nine inches of man-muscle 'innocuously' bloomed upright and proud before them!

As the conversation quickly turned to sexual arousals – both male and female – in a nudist environment, I eventually invited those who were interested to join me at Woodlands the following Sunday and experience social nudity for themselves. Four of them agreed while the other two were totally abhorred by the idea of being naked amongst other people.

I was surprised when both Suzanna and Bev joined them too, as both my housemates had never expressed an interest in social nudity before. They all were totally intrigued by the casualness of the whole environment at Woodlands and after a short while were happily playing sports or swimming and sunbaking.

By the end of the day I had six social nudist converts!

We all met back at our house for a discussion on the experience

that afternoon. As much as they were amazed by the whole experience, I was amazed at their open admission to being VERY aroused and the erotic feelings generated by the smorgasbord of exposed males. None of them had been aware of the wide variations in sizes and shapes of cocks before and this generated much mirth and laughter amongst them.

I had often suspected that women enjoyed nudism much more than men and I was now getting a pointer for these suspicions.

Many years later after much analysis of male and female reactions to nudism, I determined that nudism can be sexually arousing for both sexes. However, men are inherently aware that any physical reaction to their thoughts will be blatantly obvious. So, men quickly develop a 'by-pass' process to their thoughts and distract any visual stimulation to some other area of their cerebral cortex.

Women don't have that concern and can happily enjoy the visual stimuli of nudism and not be physically obvious, other than the occasional 'snail trail'. I became well aware of the highly aroused state many of my female partners would wish to express after a day at a nudist venue.

However, I had proved my point regarding my good-humored attitude to nudity amongst groups of enthused women.

Most of these women became occasional visitors to Woodlands from then on.

CHAPTER 13
My 'Other' Teaching Career Begins

Over the school holidays, while out shopping, I bumped into a few of the schoolgirls from the Year 12 End-of-Year party, including Gracie.

During our chat she mentioned that her mum was keen to catch up with me, whenever I had time. As I was on holidays from teaching I told her 'anytime'. "What about this afternoon, Sir?" she immediately responded. "Sure, tell her to drop around anytime," I told her.

That afternoon, I was home alone as my housemates were out. I was watching TV when the doorbell rang. I answered it, as usual, in the nude, knowing that Gracie and her mum would be calling. My housemates and I all knew when someone was due to call, so had a good idea when it was 'safe' to answer the door naked, or not.

Gracie and her mum, Carla didn't blink to see me naked, especially as Carla was a nudist also. I suspected Gracie had been to the nudist club as a kid, but never as a teenager.

Carla, was very friendly and happy to see me and started chatting about the Thursday tennis days and joked how 'boring' it had become since I stopped going.

I was to learn that Carla was a single mum and Gracie was her only child. Carla had struggled financially on a single mothers' pension and was proud of being able to bring Gracie up on her own.

After a half hour of chatting, Carla finally got to the reason for her visit. "I'm worried that Gracie, could get herself into 'trouble' with all the sexual temptations for young women these days," she said. Gracie, smiled at her mum and said, 'Oh mum, I'm sensible, you know that."

Carla looked at me with an astute knowing smile.

"Gracie and I have a very close relationship," Carla continued. "When she told me what she had done at the party, I was at first angry at her insolence to you and I told her to apologize to you.

However, as I knew you and how composed you were at the tennis days and such a 'good sport' to take all our teasing, I wasn't overly concerned that you'd be totally mortified.

However, it highlighted a worrying aspect for me and that was her raging hormones that drove her to do that and the further trouble she could get herself into."

"Mum, you worry too much," Gracie interjected.

"Maybe sweetheart, but I feel you could benefit from some special

care, if Michael agrees to what I'm about to ask him."

My ears pricked up at this point as I was feeling, up to now, as though this debate between mother and daughter had nothing to do with me.

"I know you are very comfortable with your body, Michael. You proved how composed you could be amongst a group of very horny women at Woodlands and I was so very impressed with your maturity and restraint, despite the many temptations we threw at you."

"Struth, I thought to myself, if only Carla could have sensed what was going on inside me at Woodlands amongst that group of older women, she might not have been so impressed." I still felt very immature when it came to females, although my knowledge of them was improving day by day, mixing with my housemates and the young and older women in my football team and some of my students, such as Gracie and her friends at school.

"Would you be willing to spend some time with Gracie and me to help her understand male sexuality? I'd only ask you to share whatever I feel Gracie would benefit from and what you'd feel comfortable sharing."

At this point, I think my jaw must have dropped an inch or two, as Carla quickly responded, "Although Gracie feels she is mature, I'm sure she'd be much safer around boys if you could familiarize her with male sexuality. I know she likes you and admires you and would be a willing student." Carla concluded as she smiled and looked over at her daughter.

I could see Gracie's manner change from annoyance to surprised eagerness when her mother finished her last sentence.

As our discussion continued, it was obvious that Carla felt that Gracie needed some 'up close and personal contact' with a male. As Gracie didn't have a father or brothers, I seemed to be the next best choice. Also, not being closely related I offered much more lateral liberty with male sexuality.

Carla had firsthand knowledge of how willing I could be to share very intimate aspects of my body, so obviously didn't feel as though this request was too outrageous.

I agreed, with a hint of reservation. Over the next week, I visited their home daily and Carla introduced Gracie to many aspects of male sexuality, courtesy of my body. I was a little bemused by the semi-detachment I had with the whole process but still managed to get erect when stimulated and ejaculated without the slightest hesitation, such was the genuine curiosity and appreciation for my responses by both mother and daughter.

My ability to ejaculate in front of women was gradually becoming an almost 'out-of-body' experience. Although I could feel my senses

burning and see my cock responding, I was developing little emotional connection with the whole process and occasionally could just as easily been reading a book while it happened. This ‘detachment’ enabled me to respond to almost every request Carla made of my body for Gracie’s edification. My detachment also enabled me to study female reactions to male sexuality. Despite the ongoing denial and falsity in the media and general discussions, I was becoming fully aware of the burning curiosity and appreciation women had for male sexuality.

Gracie was spellbound for most of the time and absorbed every masculine reaction she touched and saw with wide-eyed wonder. Carla less so, but I could tell she was enjoying it. Both mother and daughter were extremely grateful, however, for my cooperation and repeatedly said so.

I continued to see Carla most weekends at Woodlands and occasionally Gracie would join her. However, it seemed my lessons had had a very positive effect on Gracie as she never did fall into the same ‘sex trap’ that her mother had done at her age.

CHAPTER 14
It's Nice to Share

Back in the house, the mood between my housemates and I had changed radically. Our familiarity was now unbounded! Whenever I retired to the 'relief room' they would often follow, but after the Christmas party they became much more involved in my wanking. Within days of the party it became an accepted practice for them to play with my balls as I played with my cock. However, we remained true to our resolution and despite overriding temptations on my part, we never fucked each other.

Both girls were as naïve as I was regarding what was 'normal' for male genitalia. I did realise that my cock when flaccid was much larger than almost any other male I had seen at nudist clubs. However, when erect I was totally ignorant of comparisons.

I had mentioned that Toni at Woodlands had measured me both flaccid and erect and came up with six inches and nine and a quarter inches, respectively. However, one Sunday as we were all relaxing in the sun on the back balcony and the mood had become very erotic, Bev asked if she could measure me – "for purely research purposes," she laughed.

They found a tape measure and with my cock fully relaxed came up with the same six-inch result as Toni. Both girls then began to have some fun with my cock and at full extension, measured it again. Nine and a quarter inches!

"Let's see if we can get a little more out of Goldilocks," Suzanna joked. She started playing with my hood as Bev 'tickled' my balls. I could feel myself on the edge of an ejaculation and suggested they measure again – "Quickly!"

"Nine and half inches," Bev announced triumphantly and they both laughed.

Just as we were all totally distracted by our joviality, Mrs Withers, our landlord, appeared striding through the bushes dividing our home from hers. She was in her late 30's and quite attractive. She enjoyed having three young people renting this house as she said it bought some 'life to the place'.

She regularly called in to collect our rent every Sunday evening, but had come around a little early on this Sunday and surprised us all – especially me, with my cock still fully aroused and on the edge of an ejaculation.

"What are you three up to?" she asked in a quizzical tone as she walked toward us.

She had a smile on her face as she stepped up onto the verandah. However, when she saw my erection, her eyes popped and her mouth fell open. “Oh, my God… Michael!” she blurted and then laughed out loud.

I had tried to shuffle in my chair and crossed my legs in an attempt to hide ‘Goldilocks’, but without too much success.

She had regularly seen us all naked – that wasn’t a surprise. However, I’d always been cautious not to be aroused when we knew she was expected to call in for the rent.

“Michael, that is magnificent!” she said as she turned to the girls for affirmation. “I hope we haven’t embarrassed you Mrs Withers,” Suzanna shyly offered. In our special naked household the three of us had developed a protective attitude toward each other and our vulnerability to others. Suzanna was simply reacting to Mrs Withers’ sensitivities as if my exposed state was her personal concern.

I was still very stunned and extremely embarrassed at my predicament and didn’t know what to do, so just remained glued to my chair. I was comfortable exposing my cock for women who expressed a fervent desire, but would never do so to anyone else.

“Embarrassed, Hell NO!” she smiled. “I’ve never seen such a beautiful sight in all my life – and I’ve seen many,” she laughed.

“We’ve just been measuring Michael to see if we can determine whether his cock is normal.” Bev smiled in an attempt to diffuse the situation.

“You three always amaze me. I can tell you he’s BIG,” she giggled. “How big is your cock, Michael?” she asked, as her voice changed to a more enquiring tone.

“Nine and a half inches,” Bev quickly interjected. “I’m going to do some research study at work tomorrow to give me some indication of comparisons.”

Suzanna then scurried in and got our rent and gave it to Mrs Withers and she left, still smiling.

The following afternoon, Bev came running through the door as she got home from work, “I’ve got some statistics on cocks,” she announced to both Suzanna and I.

“I found a few research papers on average penis sizes. You won’t believe the results,” she teased.

“It seems Michael, you’re on the far extreme of penis lengths. The average size for an erect penis is five and a half inches. Seven is considered large and one and a half is a ‘micro penis’. The largest erect penis ever recorded is thirteen and a half inches. So, Michael, you’re ‘up’ there when it comes to erect cocks,” she giggled.

Suzanna, grabbed three wine glasses and poured some champagne, left over from a previous party and announced, “A toast

to the best cock-up I'll ever know." We all laughed and the two girls then took hold of my cock and shook it, as if to shake hands.

By now, in our 'naked' household, we were all physically 'familiar' with each other. There was no artificiality when it came to conversation about, playing with, or joking about my cock when it came to my housemates. Both women by now felt at total liberty to enjoy these familiarities with my cock and balls at any time. I had often repeated to them in our early physical encounters that I had no pretentions about my cock, "It's just a cock!" I'd often reassure them, when they showed some hesitation.

After this revelation, I noticed many more regular visits, of an evening or on the weekend, by their female friends to our home. They would always ask me if I'd mind dressing for family and certain friends. However, they insisted that I didn't need to dress when certain of their other friends dropped by. I'd often be sitting watching TV or reading, stark naked, as they chatted and drank nearby.

As it was still school holidays, most of the 'drop-ins' at this time were Suzanna's feminist school buddies.

It was apparent that my nickname had spread through most of the town following my 'party trick'. So, amidst titters from her friends, Suzanna would sometimes nonchalantly ask me if I would mind showing her friends, 'Goldilocks'.

Although, still relatively shy and unaccustomed to female attention, I was a trained actor and a 'closet' extrovert – and with Bev's statistics was now proud of my physical attribute. I was also beginning to realise the benefits of female responses that came from being 'well-endowed'.

What intrigued me more though was the energy that women would radiate during my 'displays'. Whenever I began revealing my 'talents' there was usually a nervous and sometimes disparaging reception from women. However, the more relaxed and nonchalant I behaved with my nakedness the more female defenses came down.

I was gradually realizing that my nudity could be intimidating to some women. They felt defenseless, with a duality of sensitivities. One part was fascination, but another was the need to hide any reactions for fear of being judged inappropriately. My every mannerism was vital in making them feel comfortable to enjoy my presence. As I was by now reasonably comfortable to be naked amongst women I could react and chat normally with them. This gradually eased any discomfort and they would begin to relax and enjoy the experience, knowing they had control in the situation.

Women's faces would go from a smiling glance to a more intense gaze as my cock began its dance. The energy they exuded became more intense, with a raw sexual undertone. Their breath changed,

there'd often be a stillness, then faces would flush and some would giggle with schoolgirl awkwardness as they felt their bodies reacting instinctively to my erotic display.

I had a sense that my cock was like a conductor's baton bringing forth beautiful sounds and reactions from the orchestra of females gathered around me. The more passionately I brandished my 'baton' the more expressively my orchestra responded.

I enjoyed this immensely and became more poised with every presentation. I could feel my juices flowing as well, every time I took my 'conductor's' stand.

I was beginning to realise that – women loved cock!

So, I cheerfully manifested 'Goldilocks' whenever it was requested and basked in the attention her friends paid me. As my comfort with their attention increased, Suzanna's requests became more blatant. One day, as they chatted and I feigned nonchalance while watching TV, Suzanna brazenly asked if I'd give a demonstration of Goldilocks' amazing propellive powers.

Suzanna was captivated by the distance and virility of my squirts. She, more than Bev, always became extremely aroused whenever I ejaculated for them. I could overhear Suzanna and her friends tittering and giggling as they discussed sex and some of Bev's research and chuckled to myself at their incredulous feminine reactions. They were intrigued and disbelieving about my capabilities and with me sitting naked nearby their curiosity eventually got the better of them.

After the many enthusiastic reassurances from the Woodlands tennis women and now also from my housemates, I no longer felt intimidated by an audience to this personal intimate reaction.

It was just a cock, doing what a cock does. Apparently, mine further than most! It is a natural human reaction and caused no harm and created much frivolity amongst females whenever I shared this masculine marvel. I was a born entertainer, utilising my God-given talents.

However, I needed to be assured that I wasn't being set up as a 'cheap trick' for her friends and initially declined, feigning tiredness! She persisted and I could see by the look in her friends' eyes that they were disappointed by my answer, so I relented, as Suzanna knew I would and agreed to entertain them.

We retired to the 'relief room' on our back balcony and her friends all excitedly stood around me as I sat and began to wank. I had become quite relaxed with this performance and casually chatted and joked with the women while I massaged my cock to an erection. Suzanna assisted, which by now had become a regular practice, by squeezing my balls. Her familiarity with my tackle obviously impressed and aroused all her friends. As I felt my balls tighten in

Suzanna's hands, I looked around and announced "OK, girls here goes!" On cue, I spurted my load well out into the backyard.

There was a collective gush of giggles and laughter as my seed sprayed out and took root in the ground. They all gathered in closer to me and following Suzanna's invitation eagerly grabbed a feel of my man muscle as my cock began to wane.

I was spent, but couldn't stop smiling as I took in all the happy faces milling around me. The entertainer in me was thoroughly enjoying this opportunity to be on centre stage and I was feeling euphoric from my ingestion of the torrent of female pheromones released during my performance.

"Thanks Michael, that was amazing!" they collectively chorused as they turned to Suzanna to confirm her descriptions of my capabilities.

I went back to watching TV as they resumed their chatting and laughter occasionally passing a glance in my direction to study the animated reactions in my balls, which were squirming and dancing as they speedily went about restoring my reserves.

When Suzanna relayed to Bev, the fun she and her friends had enjoyed that day, Bev implored me to do the same for a group of her friends. Bev didn't have the same assertive feminist attitudes as Suzanna and was always courteous!

However, I did have concerns from previous years exposing my body as a hypnotist's stooge and for the Woodies women, which were again beginning to filter through my mind. Was I demeaning myself by being so forthcoming with my 'natural' masculine reactions?

Suzanna and Bev's fervent interest and pervasive feminist philosophy, plus the freethinking attitudes of the times, had convinced me of the naturalness of these displays. There seemed no harm in my sharing such intimate reactions. Also, as my housemates had convinced me that my 'unusual' genital attribute intrigued women, there developed a persuasive, easygoing encouragement to share it with them and their friends.

I certainly enjoyed the attention and feminine reactions! The change in female demeanour from initial hilarity to fascination and yearning was amazing to watch and never failed to amuse me. I was also diffusing my aberrant childhood beliefs, regarding female sexuality, each time I exposed my manhood for women. My whole body thrived as I consumed their flourishing sexual pheromones during these intimacies.

However, every time I found myself in these situations, I was never made to feel uncomfortable or demeaned. Women are nurturing and were always caring and encouraging when hormones settled. Also, Suzanna, Bev and I had developed a sibling sensitivity between

the three of us and they always ensured their friends were respectful to their younger 'brother'.

The following Sunday morning, Mrs Withers dropped in again unexpectedly, to collect our rent. We were all sitting on the back balcony having finished our breakfast and were basking naked in the sun.

She said she was curious about Bev's research. When Bev relayed the results, Mrs Withers proudly boasted, "I told you so, didn't I!"

Mrs Withers, didn't tend to socialise with us that much. Her visits normally were courteous and brief as she collected our weekly rent. However, this morning she seemed keen to sit and chat. I wasn't sure if I was imagining her greater interest in my cock as I sat and casually enjoyed the sunshine as we all chatted together.

Around midday the following day, I was on my own in the house. Bev had gone to work and although Suzanna and I were still on holidays, she had gone out to visit some friends. I heard a knock on the back door and found Mrs Withers standing there. She asked if she could talk to me, so I invited her in and we sat in the lounge room.

I was naked, as usual, but didn't feel uncomfortable, as Mrs Withers had often seen us all naked. The conversation between us was slightly awkward as, in the past, I had always spoken to her with the girls around. She also seemed a little uneasy!

After about ten minutes of chat, her tone changed and she became rather cheeky and risqué in her language. She then said something that indicated she assumed the girls and I shared a sexual friendship together. I told her we didn't and that we had a pact not to be intimate as we believed it would spoil our shared living arrangement.

"But you obviously have a close physical connection for you to allow the girls to touch your cock and measure it?" she asked curiously.

I explained that we have a 'mature' attitude to our bodies and were comfortable to even share our self-pleasuring together and to help each other with these pleasures, but nothing more.

"You mean you masturbate each other?" she said in disbelief.

When I explained our arrangement, she almost fell off her chair and then gave me a huge smile.

With a twinkle in her eye and an engaging timidity in her voice she said, "Would you allow me the same fun with your lovely cock, Michael?"

I immediately felt that I had just backed myself into a corner with this disclosure. However, I could tell by her demeanour that she was extremely aroused by the idea and was not simply 'testing' me.

"Sure! I'd have no problem sharing that with you, if you'd enjoy

it."

I'd had been desensitized to any awkwardness in 'performing' before older women during the previous year at Woodlands tennis days.

"What about right now, Michael?" she quickly responded as she edged a little closer to me on the lounge.

Before I could respond, she had moved next to me and as she looked me in the eyes, she took hold of my cock. Immediately, at her touch, I began to stir and my erection began its perpendicular ascent. She ran the tip of her finger around the hood of my cock, very self-assured of her knowledge on how to arouse a man's member.

She had obviously done this many times before and I felt that I was in for some very special pleasures with this lovely lady.

Mrs Withers – "Call me Sue," she insisted, knew how to 'ring my bells', and I was ready to blow after just a few minutes of her attention. She could obviously feel the same tension in my balls as I could and as I blew she pointed my cock vertically. My cum squirted with a blast straight up and hit the ceiling. "Hmm! You'll have to clean that up afterwards," she joked as she kept on stroking my cock.

"I'll have to run," she said as my climax eased, "but I'd love to share that with you again, Michael," she added as she headed for the back door.

When I told the girls that evening about my 'adventure' with Sue, they were all giggles, "Who'd have thought, eh?" Bev said. "We'll have to invite her around to our regular Sunday afternoon special," Suzanna said as we all looked at each other and laughed.

Sue gladly accepted the invitation to an occasional Goldilocks cock and cum party as she collected the rent. It became a semi-regular event on our household calendar.

CHAPTER 15
The Entertainer

As we chatted over dinner that night, ideas grew exponentially and finally the two girls decided to throw a 'hens' party for their collective female friends and suggested I be the male entertainer for the evening. I was a little nervous to be the sole entertainer for a large group of women, but the two girls excitedly assured me they'd help with ideas. So, it was decided that as Valentine's Day fell on a Saturday, we'd organize the party for that night. The girls suggested that we also invite Mrs Withers to the party, which she accepted gratefully.

I decided that I'd also invite my female footy players to the party as it would be a good pre-season 'bonding' session with competition to begin the following weekend.

When I mentioned the idea to Sam and Helen, my Christmas Eve bed buddies, during our next tryst, they were all over themselves with excitement. "What a bloody great idea, Michael," Sam blurted. "Should we invite the junior girls as well?"

Girls had to be sixteen or older to play in the football competition, so I hadn't considered that problem. However, as they both had younger teenage sisters in the team I asked them their opinion.

"They'll love it," Helen said, with little hesitation. "They've all seen cocks before! Struth, they've had more fucks than I've had," she laughed.

So, over the next month, Suzanna and Bev and I devised some fun activities we could do to entertain their friends. The two girls agreed that I should keep my ejaculation till the finale. I suggested that I may be able to offer more than one explosive cum, if they thought it would be worthwhile repeating. "Damn, sure, Michael, if you think you could do it," Suzanna smiled.

As we practiced I discovered that I could often masturbate without using my hands. As the girls massaged my balls, I could contract my glutes and abs in rhythm to simulate the same sensation in my cock as if I was masturbating with my hands. What was even more astounding was that my ejaculations were even stronger using this technique.

Eventually, I could masturbate to full ejaculation without using my hands or their touch, at all. The first time I did this in front of them, they were astonished and in disbelief, as was I, at this new 'talent'.

We did many ‘un-dress’ rehearsals of my strip routine and ejaculations and we always fell about laughing afterwards. Bev suggested I come dressed as a cowboy. She got some riding chaps from her work that fitted me. When I tried them on, I realised that chaps have no crotch or bum, they just cover your legs for protection while riding. This amused all of us, as Goldilocks and my arse were totally accessible to female attention when dressed like this. Bev sewed together a flimsy imitation front and back that when tucked into the chaps looked like jeans. However, with just one tug the material could be thrown away during my strip to leave my crotch and arse totally exposed.

We all noticed during rehearsals, that once I’d ejaculated my cock stayed semi erect and very engorged, but also very flexible. The girls suggested this would be a good time to ‘tease’ the audience.

We had so much fun with these rehearsals and the girls often enjoyed masturbating afterwards. I realised that this was a good sign my routine was working.

At footy training I announced the invitation to everyone, but told the five schoolgirls in our team, that they were only being allowed to come if they promised not to spread any word about the party, either before or afterwards. They all eagerly agreed, as expected. They then began pestering me for details of what I had planned, but I just kept telling them, ‘it was a surprise’.

Come the night of the party, our house was full of females. The theme for the party was ‘prostitutes and prudes’. As expected, most women dressed (to use the term loosely) as prostitutes with very scanty lingerie and too much make-up. I roughly counted 30 as we welcomed our guests but I suspected there were many more by the time my strip routine began.

The first hour or so was filled with silly games and lots of drinking and dirty jokes. It was an extremely warm summer’s night and as the first few hours passed, most women had ‘ditched’ most of their ‘unnecessary’ clothing. Many were topless while some were down to a simple ‘g-string’.

As they tired of the games, Suzanna and Bev decided to move everyone into our backyard for my highly anticipated performance. The back balcony allowed extra room for women to see over the heads of others standing below and circling around the grounds. The backyard was well lit with spotlights that Sue and her husband had installed when they’d built the place.

Suzanna announced my entry and Bev cued the music.

I came running in dressed in cowboy gear, firing two cap pistols and making a loud racket that initially stunned and quieted everyone.

As the music played I began my strip, and women began cheering

and clapping in time with the music. As I removed each article of clothing I fired my guns each time, until the denouement and removal of the false jeans. At this Bev increased the volume of the music and as my cock and balls danced and bounced I kept firing my guns repeatedly.

When the music stopped, the girls went wild with wolf-whistles and shouts and expletives. As their noise calmed Suzanna then shouted – "Show us your Goldilocks gun, Michael."

Everyone was familiar with my nickname and a chorus of shouts and clapping took over from Suzanna's words, 'Goldilocks, Goldilocks…'

At this I slowly turned full circle as I began to thrust my hips in time with their clapping and swing my cock into a full erection. As the chorus continued, I became fully erect then began slowly and methodically tensing my glutes and abs in rhythm with the music in an erotic display of 'hands-free' male masturbatory technique. I kept hold of both guns and as I was about to explode, fired them repeatedly in the air and ejaculated all over the women in direct firing line to me. I kept turning around the encircling women as my ejaculations continued, spraying as many women as I could. Many scattered while screaming with delight and amazement, while others stood and laughed as my spray rained down on them.

The whole backyard of women erupted with screams and laughter.

Bev then cued the next music and I started gyrating around the reformed circle of women. One by one, I'd spend a little time with someone, inviting them to touch and hold my cock as I danced before them. I'd then moved onto the next woman and offer her the same invitation. The crowd began to jokingly chant, 'suck him', or 'fuck him', and many other more erotic suggestions.

Occasionally, a woman would bounce her breasts as I danced before her, while others would tease back with their near-naked cunt. This always raised the volume of whistles and cheers. With these 'invitations', I'd move in closer to simulate a fucking motion or embrace her and squash my erection against her tummy and the laughter intensified.

With these enticements, my cock was quickly rock hard again. Suzanna announced in her dominant tones, "Who'd like to see another shot from Goldilocks, girls?"

The question was obviously meant to be rhetorical but a chorus of "Yes, please!" resounded around the yard.

I was feeling extremely aroused and gratified by the success of my new 'hands-free' skills and the wonderful reactions I was receiving. I climbed up on the balcony and invited those behind me to move down

in front to get a better view, which most women did.

As I stood propped against the balcony railing, with my legs spread widely apart, I began to 'turkey slap' my semi-erect cock against my thighs. A couple of eager hands appeared from below me and fingers began to dance vigorously all over my balls and cock as I continued to masturbate – hands free!

Although I felt I could cum almost straight away, I delayed my finale as long as possible to build the excitement brewing in the sea of smiling faces below me.

When I felt I couldn't hold back any longer I loudly groaned a warning, "Goldilocks is about to blow," to give due warning to anyone wanting to avoid my shower. No one moved and my spray of hot cum flooded out over eager open mouths and happy laughing faces. I always managed at least three separate sprays when I ejaculated and what seemed like a perpetual shower of sperm rained down on my audience.

Everyone broke out in spontaneous applause and whistles and I took a perfunctory bow and 'limped' off my stage, totally spent from my exhaustive ejaculations.

The party continued back inside the house and every room seemed full to overflow with happy gaggling voices. Still dressed only in my cowboy chaps I mingled with all Suzanna and Bev's guests and everyone repeatedly thanked me for being a 'good sport' and entertaining them so thoroughly. I got many suggestive invitations for a fuck later that night, if I was up for it. By this time though I was firing blanks in both chambers and had to respectfully explain why I couldn't take up their 'inviting' offers. I received many fondles and gropes as I moved from group to group and was warmly received by everyone I approached.

I finally joined my footy players in a corner of the lounge room. I asked them what they thought of the show. They were flabbergasted with compliments and repeatedly expressed their wonder at my abilities. As I was till 'dressed' only in my cowboy chaps, my cock was freely available for anyone to enjoy and many of the younger girls couldn't stop fondling my cock, much to the older women's amusement and mine.

One of the younger girls asked if she could taste my cock. I was hesitant to agree, till her older sister assured me it was OK. After this a few of the others followed her lead and took this rare opportunity to enjoy some familiarity with their coach's cock.

This wasn't the 'bonding' I had anticipated with my team, but it seemed to achieve the desired results, judging by the reception I got at training the next week. Everyone turned up on time for training and in the dressing sheds afterwards, I was asked whether I'd agree to

conduct future training sessions dressed only in my cowboy chaps.

I laughed at the invitation, taking it as a flippant request. However, Sam came up to me and whispered in my ear, “Would you really mind, it’s all they’ve been talking about since the party?” I looked at them and told them it was getting cold at night, but as a bit of fun, I’d do it for them next week only. My response was greeted with cheers.

Next week I did what I’d promised and everyone laughed themselves silly. We didn’t get much training done as every time I tried to demonstrate a footy skill, my cock would swing and bobble around and they’d laugh. The expected comment was repeatedly made! “Can we train with your balls every night coach?”

As the euphoria of the training session began to wane and on the spur of the moment, I announced that I’d organize a special celebration party for the team if we won the competition that season. There was a curious and excited response and they were all keen to know what I had in mind. “I’ll give you another gunslinger Goldilocks shower show, if we win. How does that sound?” I told them.

They all broke out in gales of laughter, whistles and cheering. “You fucking beaut, coach! We’ll win for sure!” they all chorused.

In reality I knew there was little chance of this occurring and I gushed the announcement more in jest. We were one of the youngest teams in the competition and many of my players had never kicked a soccer ball before this season.

I was surprised that there were regular reminders of my ante throughout that following season. The team played above themselves the whole season and we eventually made it through to the grand finals.

In the dressing sheds for the big game I sensed an unusual tension amongst my girls. Helen had told me during our fucking tryst earlier in the week that all the girls were on edge as they were worried that they would not only lose the game but the special party I had promised.

So to calm their nerves as they changed ready for the game in the dressing sheds I announced that the party was a goer, no matter what the result on the day. The tension eased immediately and they all cheered and began laughing and joking amongst themselves.

They played like champions and we won the competition.

The following weekend I performed as promised.

We all agreed that the dress code for the party would be ‘nude only’. My housemates were the only ‘invited’ guests along with my fifteen ‘champions’. With such a small group of women I knew ‘intimately’ well and all totally naked, I was utterly comfortable sharing my cock for their erotic amusement.

As well as my gunslinger routine, I managed two more explosive performances to entertain everyone and leave them all wetting themselves with laughter. We all got merrily drunk as the party raged on.

I woke the next morning with five naked women crammed onto my bed and the remainder of my team of naked females strewn around the house on lounges or spread-eagled on the floor. I genuinely don't remember if I actually fucked anyone but from reactions and feedback I was told my cock 'internally' tickled many of my team's cunts that night as part of the entertainment and frivolity.

At future training sessions, if the weather was kind, I'd sometimes agree to their cheeky requests to 'lose my shorts' and coach the team with my cock and balls beguiling and enthusing them to attend training. As they never knew for sure when I'd 'lose my shorts' they'd turn up for every training session with keen expectations. We never did win the competition again, but they were the happiest and most uninhibited team.

CHAPTER 16
Let's Share Again, Like We Did Last Summer

By now, I was totally at ease with utilizing my body for female enjoyment. I'd never been 'precious' about my cock! I always saw it as just another component of my body and one that I could use as I pleased. However, I was always sensitive to the feelings of others and would never impose my nakedness on anyone unless they expressed a definite desire to 'play'.

This relaxed attitude to my nakedness always seemed to disarm, even the most 'uptight' woman. Invariably once they'd expressed a genuine curiosity to view 'Goldilocks', I was happy to oblige, with a belief it was my small way of negating stupid prudish conservatism.

It's just a cock, was my mantra!

I didn't want anyone else to suffer the irresponsible prudishness to the opposite sex that I had to endure as a child and young man. I firmly believe that these attitudes are the major cause of sexual abuse and neuroses in society.

My housemates were keenly aware of my attitudes to my body and regularly asked me to entertain many of their girlfriends following these parties. Goldilocks was occasionally called upon to make an appearance at an afternoon gathering of Suzanna's school chums or Bev's weekend get-togethers of her work buddies.

However, even though I had a mature attitude to exposing my body, I was always careful to ensure that these requests were respectful of my self-worth. Both Suzanna and Bev appreciated these conditions and impressed their friends accordingly.

My threesomes with Sam and Helen fascinated both Suzanna and Bev and they were keen to know what we did and how I felt. They asked me to always leave my bedroom door open so that they could sneak a peek or listen to our fun. Sam and Helen didn't mind either, as they were just as comfortable with their sexuality as my housemates. If they knew Suzanna or Bev were listening they'd sometimes express their enjoyment of our sexual trysts a little more vocally than was justified and this often caused much mirth on both sides of the doorway.

I was asked to repeat my gun-slinging performance on two more occasions that year. One of Suzanna's school chums got married and I was asked to be the male entertainer for their hens' night at our house. For the other one, Bev had offered to host a sex toy party at a

friend's house and had been asked if she could get me to entertain them, which I did.

Both parties were wild successes and I was gleaning some intimate knowledge of female fantasies from these experiences.

At Bev's sex toy party, because of the size and girth of my cock, it was suggested that rather than use a dildo, why not use a real cock to test and demonstrate some new flavoured condoms. A few women became highly excited to see if they could apply a condom on a real cock.

After successfully applying their condom, they were very keen to test its flavour. This proved to be a highlight to the hilarity in the evening and everyone became extremely aroused by this display of oral and tactile intimacy with my cock – especially me – which became obvious to everyone else. As detached as I was from their taste testing, I and everyone else, watched with amusement, as one by one, these three women hungrily placed both hands around the shaft of my cock. Looking as if she was about to strangle it, one licked and sucked the top few inches of my hood and shaft as she enjoyed her 'flavoursome', meaty meal.

Although mostly academics, this group of women were totally uninhibited.

There were loud hoops and hollers around the whole room, as I gave a pretense of an orgasm as they voraciously sucked my hood.

That was one wild party and both Bev and I were still a little flummoxed the next day. We laughed as we told Suzanna about what had happened at the party. Bev had no idea that her three work colleagues who had given the fellatio demonstration were so outrageously erotic.

"It's always the quiet ones?" Bev laughed.

CHAPTER 17
Alone Amongst Females

Two years later I gained a position as a teacher in a girls' Catholic college in an inner-city suburb of Sydney. Not only were my students all female but the whole staff, except for myself, were also female, either predominantly nuns or female lay teachers.

I was the lone male amongst over 1000 females!

I guess to some men that might sound like a perfect fantasy. However, the reality was completely different, and at times quite confronting. It took me some months to adjust to being surrounded by so many females.

The College Principal – Sister Mary, interviewed me for the position. As well as my academic qualifications and teaching experience she seemed unusually interested in my social background and other interests. I was still a professional footballer at the time and State Grade squash player and supremely fit.

As her questions become more personal, I offered the fact that I was also a keen nudist and active member of a large nudist club in Sydney. I have always believed that trying to hide something is a sure way for people to assume there is something wrong with it. I had no moral or social doubts about the value of nudism and could see no reason to hide my lifestyle. I also had the assurances that many religious clerics were avid nudists, including the Catholic priest, Fr John, whom I had met at Woodlands Nudist Club.

To my surprise Sister Mary was not the least bit perturbed by my disclosure and in fact gave me the impression my choice of lifestyle was a 'plus' in regards to my employment. I thought no more of this until later in my employment.

My teaching career at the college began normally. I was employed as the Senior Mathematics Coordinator, and teacher of the advanced mathematics courses to Years 11 and 12 classes, as well as an occasional Year 10 advanced maths class.

When I got this job I moved to Sydney's Eastern suburbs at Bronte Beach. A few weeks after I began my employ I was relaxing one Sunday at a nudist club, called Hesperides, near Terry Hills to the north of Sydney. I had travelled to the club with two friends, a married couple. As I sat enjoying the sun, I suddenly heard a shout from behind, "Sir, Sir, fancy seeing you here!" As I turned I noticed a Year 10 student of mine, called Shelly, running towards me. Yes, incredibly, this was the same Shelly, the sister of Juliette with whom I'd shared a wonderful canoe paddle and who had opened my eyes to

female sexual desires of women my age.

Shelly was at Hesperides with her parents. I hadn't recognized Shelly in my class at the college, as I'd only been her teacher for just a few lessons by this time. Plus, I didn't really take that much notice of her when I met her with her sister Juliette. At that time she was just a skinny little kid. Now she was 16 and into the full blossom of her emerging femininity. I also fully appreciated the stunningly beautiful buxom blossom she had become.

She introduced me to her parents, who did recognize me and were very friendly and happy to know that I was now Shelly's teacher.

I must admit, I was a little flummoxed by this unusual situation. I was now her teacher and becoming familiar with one of my students in a nude environment. However, the more we chatted, I became quite comfortable with the experience. I got the sense that Shelly and Juliette's parents, who had raised their two daughters through the Swinging Sixties, were quite alternate and open in their thinking. This explained their indulgence with their eldest daughter enjoying a sexual adventure with me at the nudist convention. I could sense they encouraged both their daughters to fully explore their sexuality. Shelly was to prove how adept she was as an 'explorer' later in my association with her and to prove her effectiveness as my 'Butterfly'.

Shelly was a very intelligent student and the next day in class she showed how relaxed and cheeky she could be with her nudity.

The school uniform during this period was totally influenced by the mini skirt fashion of that era. All schoolgirls wore their tunics hitched as far 'north' as was discretely possible. The college rules were that no girl should have her skirt hem any higher than six inches above her knees. Although it was occasionally policed, this rule was never remotely followed. In all my classes, I was always confronted by girls seated at their desks displaying an array of brightly coloured knickers, with telltale camel toe crease at the crotch. This fuzzy display of teenage fanny, inadequately covered by a mini skirt inching toward her waist when she sat down, roused my gaze from under each desk. I enjoyed this enchanting display in my early days of teaching, but eventually it became very familiar and 'normal'.

Shelly, however, was the 'alpha' female amongst her peers and she became the first of my students to test my resolve as their teacher and counselor.

The day after our meeting at Hesperides she moved to the front of the class, with her skirt as usual hitched up around her thighs, but now with absolutely no knickers. At first I didn't notice her 'display' as I went about the usual teaching drills at the start of each class with my back to class and writing a short quiz on the blackboard. As I turned to watch the class begin their lesson, her fully shaved charms

hit me square between the eyes and I did a ‘double take’ to confirm what I had seen.

She sat slouched in her chair with her pussy fully exposed and her legs resting lazily apart under her desk. She sat the whole lesson like this with a smile on her face as broad as the intriguing, cheeky ‘vertical smile’ between her legs.

After my initial surprise, I attempted not to notice while a whole range of thoughts of what to do next raced through my head. I was still a relatively inexperienced teacher, with only a few years in the job. I kept trying to think of what the correct ‘protocol’ was for such a situation. Of course, there had been nothing in my teaching training manuals to address such an issue!

Eventually, considering the relaxed chat and ‘exposure’, we had shared the day previously at the nudist club, I came to appreciate the ‘tease’ for the innocence of both the action and the perpetrator. As the rest of the class were busy working, I stood next to Shelly and whispered in her ear, “As much as I admire your charms, you do know you’re very cheeky, and this is not the time nor place to display them, don’t you!” She looked up at me and smiled ever wider and with a coquettish look went back to working. I knew this wasn’t going to be the last time Shelly was to ‘test’ me, but I felt a reasonable confidence, knowing her as I did, that she would be sensible in her behaviour and not compromise me elsewhere.

The whole school was aware of my interest in nudism. Sister Mary had made, what seemed unusual to me at the time, a reference to my nudist lifestyle, along with my other sporting and social interests when introducing me at my first full staff meeting. Again, there didn’t seem to be much ‘reaction’ to this disclosure from my teaching compatriots and I would openly discuss it with them whenever they asked. During staffroom chats I came to realise that a few of my female colleagues were obviously also nudists and those who weren’t seemed interested and intrigued by my lifestyle choice and in particular, my comfort with female nudity.

Sister Mary repeated the same disclosure about my nudist lifestyle at the first school assembly for that year, while introducing me as a new teacher to the students. There were a few muffled giggles amongst the junior girls but to my surprise very little reaction otherwise. Sister Mary’s introduction also included a dialogue on the beauty of the human body created as it was in the image of God and the need for appropriate respect.

Sister Mary’s emphasis on my lifestyle and the lack of reactions amongst staff and students did puzzle me for some time.

In my next class with Shelly, she had obviously rallied support amongst a couple of her peers for her quirky game of ‘tease the

teacher'. When I entered the room for the lesson, I was intrigued to see a sea of smiling, cheeky faces turned toward me and ever more keenly fixed on my reactions as I moved closer to the front of the room. It wasn't until I faced my happy group that I realised what was making everyone so bright.

I was presented with a front row of pouting pussies 'purring' purposely at me from under their desks.

I couldn't help myself break out a very broad grin and a disbelieving shake of my head, which gave release to a chorus of cheeky giggles from these 16 year-olds.

I stood for a moment and collected my thoughts. 'Struth, what do I do now?' I was flummoxed but not embarrassed by this parade of pudenda as I was by now very familiar with female genitalia from my days at Woodlands. However, I was now faced with this outbreak of teenage twat teasers.

Half of me – the male – was enjoying the situation I found myself in and the other half – the teacher – was confronted by a possible discipline situation.

Rightly or wrongly, I decided to simply ignore their tease and continued with my normal lesson. Sister Mary's relaxed attitude to nudity crossed my mind and put me at relative ease with my situation. At first, there was confusion amongst the 'troops' at my indifference. Then as I continued seemingly unabashed, they 'fell into line' and got on with the lesson. A couple of the girls shuffled their legs to resume a comfortable sitting position, which meant discrete leg positioning for a 'young lady' resulting in a simple uninteresting vaginal crease between her thighs.

As the lesson progressed however, they soon forgot they weren't wearing knickers and eventually slouched back in their chairs, spread their legs in their lazy schoolgirl posture and innocently again revealed the full extent of their charms.

CHAPTER 18
Surprises Appear From Everywhere

As the first months of my teaching continued, it became obvious that it was not unusual for some girls to go without knickers during other activities in the school. There seemed an expected if unspecified protocol in school demeanor as to when it was appropriate to wear or remove your knickers. I began to wonder whether going without knickers in my class would eventually become acceptable behaviour. The word of this great tease and fashion trend eventually spread to most of my other classes with a regular rotation of a few young women in each class eagerly baring their feminine charms to me and testing their emerging female sexuality with her success at 'twat tease the teacher'.

I rarely reacted to the 'tease'. Although on occasion, while I walked around the classroom while girls were working quietly on a task, I'd sometimes stop at the desk of a girl without knickers and shake my head and smile as she turned to look up at me. This simple duplicitous recognition of her tease produced many different reactions in each girl. Some would blush, others giggle, a few would smile directly back into my eyes with a challenging maturity beyond her years. My virtual indifference challenged a few girls to 'up the anti' and occasionally I'd see a 'smiley face' or 'love heart' sticker or sketch drawn on her shaved pubic area above her clitoris. Other 'tricks' included lipstick painted labia lips, or 'arrows' pointed purposely at their cunt and various similar teases.

I never mentioned the pussy parade in my classes to Sister Mary in our regular chats, as I felt it was simple schoolgirl fun and I didn't want to embarrass or cause unnecessary issues for these girls. I knew if I ignored it, they'd lose interest and eventually go back to wearing their knickers – which left little to the imagination anyway. It took a few weeks and this was the case, especially as the cooler days of Autumn approached. Occasionally throughout the year, when it got warmer, there would be students who would reprise the tease, or possibly not be overly concerned about putting her knickers back on after sports for my classes.

It seemed that during my ensuing years at the college most girls became totally blasé to have their jewel exposed, accidentally or intentionally, either in my classes or around the college and assumed as an active nudist I'd not be interested and have no effect on me.

Despite my attempts to protect them, I can safely assume that Sister Mary knew exactly what they were doing, and quite possibly

was watching my reactions to it all. I must have passed these tests and underlined the trust she was developing in me, judging by what she would request of me later. There was little that happened in that college that passed Sister Mary's notice. She had her 'spies' everywhere!

You would think that there could not have been much teaching done in these circumstances. Yet, I found, the humour and relaxed atmosphere in each of these classes made for excellent teaching conditions. I had every student's full attention and when asked they would work diligently on their lessons. For any teachers reading this, I can recommend the strategy. My exam results proved its efficacy. However, I can make no claims for its successful implementation. All kudos must go to my 'Butterfly', Shelly.

During that era, tight trousers were the male fashion. As most young women do not realise, men are regularly prone to involuntary erections. Such personal occurrences as I stood teaching at the front of a class of my young female students created some 'interesting' situations.

Here I was teaching physically appealing young women barely a few years younger than myself. Initially, I was rather concerned when many of my students would become quite flushed in the face during my class. I did not correlate my throbbing nine-inch cock pulsing against my tight trousers AND these female flushes. I initially did my best to avoid facing the class while my cock and trousers did their straining battle. However, as most women know, their gender can be very discerning when it comes to catching a glimpse of such occurrences in a man. Over time, I realised this physical reaction was impossible to hide and could possibly be an important aspect of learning for girls in the college. So, I allowed my body to react as it would without any reticence.

It was obviously one of the reasons a girl might remove her knickers for my class. They were keen to judge the reaction their emerging femininity had on me – their trustworthy 'test dummy' male.

The 'penny dropped' when I noticed the occasional moist stain soaking through the back of a student's skirt, as she left the room after class. A stain often described by some of my female naturist friends as a 'snail trail'. My students were sometimes studying more than my mathematics lesson on the blackboard, and were getting aroused and dripping wet.

The college had a small swimming pool on the grounds. During the summer months after classes, the girls who were resident in the boarding school would often skinny-dip and sunbathe nude without any hint of embarrassment as I passed. In that first year of teaching I had become a recognized and accepted part of the college structure.

More so, I was simply just another ‘teacher’. Historically in this college, all teachers were female and I gradually morphed into that gender as far as most students were concerned.

As far as Sister Mary was concerned I also fitted this mold. Every teacher was expected to do her share of playground duty during recess and lunchtime breaks. As one of the staff I was afforded no exemptions. It was not unusual for a teacher to be called to administer discipline or assistance in change rooms or toilets when students were in difficulties or causing a disturbance. Sister Mary made it clear that I was expected to do the same, both for student welfare and my teaching duties.

So, on occasions I’d have to help a girl who had fainted or was sick or there were fights in any of these areas. I was also expected to enter unannounced, to catch any girl smoking, which I was reluctant to do. I only did this when a student had ‘snitched’ on another girl smoking and I was forced to respond lest I ignore my duty.

None of the girls, junior or senior, saw this as being unusual or embarrassing and I eventually became equally unfazed. Also, as it was an ALL female environment and there were no male facilities, I was expected to use the female toilets and change rooms when my needs occurred. With the general relaxed attitude to nudity in the college Sister Mary saw no reason to believe I would need privacy different to anyone else. As a nudist, I had no issue with this policy either! However, with my abuse still sitting in a distant corner of my memories, I did feel slightly uncomfortable when placed in a position where I believed from my experiences my presence could possibly embarrass a student.

I had become accustomed to entering female facilities during my university vacation employment. One job that paid well and was relatively easy was with a disposable towel delivery business. I was required to replace the cloth towel rolls in revolving dispensers in male and female toilets and change rooms in businesses in the Sydney region. The company only employed male delivery drivers, as female facilities have cubicles and women had complete privacy. Whereas, male facilities included communal urinals where a female intruder could easily compromise a male’s privacy and exposed genitals and leave the company open to litigation for invasion of personal privacy.

I was the school swimming coach and would take the school swim representatives to training during summer months at the local Olympic size pool. Invariably, there would always be stragglers getting changed after training. To hurry them up I’d initially call to them from outside the change rooms. However, this rarely had any effect on their haste. So, occasionally after due warning of my entrance, I’d have to go in and emphasize the need to dress quickly so

as not to miss the bus back to school. There never seemed to be any issue of discomfort from any girl with my presence as they calmly changed before me from their wet costumes into school uniform. I became aware that some girls were using this ploy repeatedly just to get this reaction from me.

I was initially reluctant to use this 'hurry up' considering the molestation I had suffered as a child. However, rationale assured me that this action was totally different. Here there was never any unwelcomed physical contact with these young women. I always gave them plenty of warning of my entrance and time enough to cover themselves if they deemed necessary – which none ever did. To them I was just a 'genderless' teacher!

The college also had two full size tennis courts in the middle of the grounds and every spare moment outside of class time they'd be filled with girls playing tennis. It was common practice for a girl to remove her knickers to play. I was initially intrigued and wondered why? I was eventually told by one of my teaching 'sisters' that girls had been warned of the fungal infection, thrush, in their health studies. 'Thrush is a very common and serious health complaint if you sit for long periods in wet and sweaty knickers,' was a quote from their health studies text. I then understood why my athletics training group would often train without knickers under their sports tunic.

While on playground duty, it was impossible not to notice that many girls were playing tennis without knickers. If they indiscreetly bent to pick up a ball their bare bum and pussy would flash into view. Neither staff nor students seemed at all perturbed by this occasional accidental show of fanny and I wasn't either. However, the initial awareness did cause me to do a 'double take'. After just a few months into this job I was beginning to accept and adapt to the relaxed attitude to nudity within this convent girls' college.

It was obvious that the emerging rabid conservatism of the era had not touched this corner of innocence in the world, to change the historical acceptance of skinny-dipping and the body natural amongst single sex groups. Nudity was not an issue in this all-female domain.

"Ah," I thought, "so explains Sister Mary's almost welcome acceptance of my disclosure of my nudist lifestyle!"

CHAPTER 19
Tennis Anyone?

During the year, it was common for the staff to join the students in semi-regular sports contests. It could be a staff team competing against a school team at the annual swimming carnival or a tennis challenge between a school and staff representative at lunchtime.

Early in my first year at the college I was selected to play in the staff/student tennis challenge.

At the time I was playing State Grade squash amongst contemporaries such as Ken Hiscoe and Cam Nancarrow, both of whom were either past or current World Squash Champions. I also played regular A grade tennis each weekend. I was matched against the school tennis champ, who also happened to be the NSW State junior female champion. It was a good contest and we enjoyed an exciting match together in front of the whole school.

However, I had decided to add some humour to the match and dress as a student and borrowed one of the school's sport tunics. It fitted me around the waist, but the skirt only barely covered my crotch due to my long legs. I had a head of long hair at the time, which was the fashion for men, so tied my hair in pigtails with ribbons. Also, I took a calculated risk and hoped that wearing my brightest coloured jocks, would not cause too much concern. I thought it might add some humour to the tennis match. My initial appearance as I took to the court raised cheers and laughter.

However, as soon as I began running around, my

'knickers' became obvious to every female crammed around the court. The cheers of surprise and laughter became deafening. I feigned surprise at their reactions and quizzically looked around for a possible source for their amusement. This just added to the frivolity and mirth for the remainder of the match. Occasionally a girl would shout, "Get your knickers off, sir!" followed by a chorus of cheers. I didn't comply, taking it for the tease it seemed to be.

As I walked to pick up some balls during the game I noticed a group of my Year 10 twat teasers sitting in one corner of the court. Here I thought to myself was my chance to 'tease' them back. As I stood directly in front of them and at their direct eye level to my crotch, I raised my skirt above my waist and wiped my racquet grip to fully expose my bulging manhood, constrained, as I thought it was, inside my jocks. I did it with nonchalance, as if it was a common everyday behaviour on a tennis court and with indifference to the sensuality of my genital bulge for these 'surprised' but approving

spectators. This bought forth gushes of laughter from my teasers.

I also purposely repeated the frivolity to a group of my female colleagues, nuns and lay staff, in another corner of the court, which raised a few eyebrows and ever-widening smirks from them. What I later discovered, was that with all my rushing around the court, my jocks had become quite wet with sweat and were VERY transparent. My 'tackle' became very obvious and 'eye to eye' with all these females, giving me a little more exposure than I had planned.

My opponent tried her best to ignore the distractions I was causing in the crowd, but I think it became too much for her and she happily admitted defeat as the bell sounded the end to the lunch hour.

At the end of the match we received a standing ovation from everyone. As I passed each giggling mass of girls, on my way to the change rooms, they'd laugh and some would cheekily lift my skirt in a roll-reversal of what in the following decades would perversely be labeled as sexist and offensive behaviour.

My tennis opponent, Karen and I had to share the change rooms after our match and as we walked together I checked to see if she was comfortable for me to change with her. She was a very mature young woman. She answered nonchalantly, "Yes, of course sir," and told me that on the satellite tennis circuit changing facilities were often basic and shared. As she removed her skirt, I hadn't previously noticed that she hadn't been wearing knickers during our match and it intrigued me that this hadn't raised a single comment from our gallery. Karen, was one of my senior students and we joked together about the teasing I got as we changed and showered together in the communal facilities after our tennis match. There was absolutely no awkwardness in our shared nudity. I had regularly shared showering facilities with women at many nudist venues, so this wasn't an unusual situation for me and apparently neither was it for Karen.

This became a 'normal' experience for me. I often rode my bicycle to work to avoid the Sydney city peak hour traffic. When I got to work, I'd shower and change in the girls' change rooms. Of a morning, before school started, I'd regularly encounter girls coming and going to the adjoining toilets as I dressed ready for work. No one ever seemed embarrassed if I happened to be in a state of undress while they came and went through the change rooms. I became as accustomed to the tuneful echoes of toilet bowl tinkles from girls peeing, as the girls did to my showering routine.

My tennis opponent, Karen didn't appreciate the immense potential in earnings for female tennis players that was unfolding around the world at the time. It was the era of Billie Jean King and her success in getting equal tournament prizemoney for females. I regularly tried to encourage her to explore her potential as a tennis

player, but unfortunately she never did.

The ‘exhibition’ match was so popular that I was asked to play a tennis challenge every term. It became a programmed entertainment on the school calendar also attracting many of the non-teaching nuns from the convent.

During a casual staffroom discussion with a couple of my female colleagues, I was asked why I chose to wear jocks during the tennis challenge? At first I misinterpreted their query to question my choice of a bright colour for my jocks. However, it was apparent that there was genuine surprise, “It would have been much funnier if you hadn’t worn jocks at all! It’s pretty much a school tradition.” I was told. I looked at them a bit askance with a quizzical smile, until I realised they were genuinely serious.

During one of my chats with Sister Mary, I put the scenario to her. She confirmed there would not have been an issue with me playing without undies. I was to learn she was mentoring me for a much bigger challenge and hoping I’d pass each step along the way.

So, for the mid-year tennis challenge match that year, I did just that and went without jocks! However, I did choose a longer ‘skirt’ for some decorum and to fully cover my dangling dick!

And what a hoot, it was!

There wasn’t a dry eye amongst the VERY large crowd of female spectators – students, staff and convent nuns, from laughing so much. In hindsight, I can imagine how intriguing and amusing the quick flash from under my ‘school tunic’ of my bouncing bounty and bare bum would have looked to female spectators. I was fully aware that the lower length of my cock was exposed as I ran around. Girls would point at laugh as they caught a glimpse of the head of my cock bobbling around from under my skirt. Every eye turned in my direction when it was my turn to serve and my whole package became exposed.

Although this ‘uniform’ became my usual outfit for these triannual events, the comicality never wore off and was always greeted with much mirth and good-humoured comments.

Just prior to the Christmas holidays, in the heat of summer and the final term match I played with just a Santa hat, white beard and a ‘Free Willy’ under a Ms Claus skirt. After the game, I moved amongst the spectators with a Santa sack over my shoulders throwing lollies into the crowd. I broke up when a girl anonymously shouted, ‘Hey, Santa, can I hold your sack?” I know I shouldn’t have laughed at this suggestive comment, but it did tickle my ‘funny’ bone and caused great mirth amongst the milling throng of females with naughty minds.

The lesson learnt from this experience was that my risqué fun was

fully accepted and even encouraged in this all-female environment. By the end of my first year of teaching at the college, I was totally at ease with my role as teacher, colleague and ‘token male’ in the college environment. I had become completely accepted into the college culture. The ‘staus quo’ in regards to capricious genital exposure from students continued, regardless of my presence.

CHAPTER 20
Pastoral Care!

In my second year of teaching I was appointed the Year Eight Pastoral Care Coordinator, in addition to my other teaching duties. This involved counseling girls in distress or with personal health, home or study problems. I had studied psychology in my first degree, so had academic proficiency for the role.

During the early years of my employment and at her request, Sister Mary and I would occasional meet for private conversations, discussing various issues such as intimacy with students, nudity and my beliefs. As the first male ever employed at the college, she was ensuring there was clarity in the role she had planned for me in the college. There were many changes happening in the Roman Catholic ethos and in particular, in their educational institutions. Up to this point all secondary Catholic schools were single sex colleges and girls' colleges were exclusively female staffed with most staff from the religious orders. However, just as in every secondary school throughout the nation there was a huge dearth in Mathematic trained teachers and particularly few female Mathematics teachers.

She had made it perfectly clear in our irregular chats just where the bounds existed when it came to contact between myself and students and would often quiz me on my responses to both real and suggested interactions. She also seemed fully aware of the many temptations that had been put to me from teenage girls high on adolescent hormonal energy.

I can still clearly remember the day she made a point of complimenting me on my moral stance in all these situations. She revealed that she had heard that many of 'my girls' had utmost trust in me and would often confide in me their personal issues. This wonderful compliment from Sister Mary further enhanced my resolve to treat all my students with respect and consideration and protect them from any emotional situation they might not have the maturity to deal with.

As a mature woman with many life experiences prior to entering the religious order Sister Mary had developed a realistic evaluation of male and female behaviour and sensitivities. Her religious convictions put these behaviours into a Christian perspective.

It was made clear to me that I should never compromise or take advantage of my position and the natural instincts of the teenage girls in my care. However, Sister Mary also made it perfectly clear that she wanted her students to have the opportunity to learn as much as

possible about male and female sexuality, within these clarified boundaries. Hence, I guessed, her daring decision to employ me and possibly utilize my masculinity in this previously all-female domain.

It had become clear to me in the twelve months of my employ to this point that nudity in appropriate situations was regarded as totally acceptable. There was an inherent belief within the college ethos that the naked body was a Divine creation and should be respected accordingly. Without explicitly saying so, I sensed Sister Mary anticipated that my maturity with nudity would play a role in her plan to educate senior students in male and female sexuality.

I had certainly become aware of the closeness I had developed with my students. I felt they regarded me as a trusted 'older' brother, who was nearer their age and with whom they could relate. I felt totally comfortable to put my arm around the shoulder of a girl in physical or emotional distress and just sit and listen to her, without judgment and occasionally offer some solutions or advice.

I heard some very sad stories of home disruptions due to parental separations, or arguments. There were always girls coming to me to ask my opinion about something their boyfriend had done or said to upset or confuse them. They didn't understand the male psyche and needed some feedback from a caring male. There were ALWAYS questions about sex and I was occasionally surprised how open and honest a girl would be with me about her own sexuality and sexual needs. "I want to have sex with my boyfriend, but how can I be sure he will respect me?" "My boyfriend's cock seems very big, Sir. What is a normal size for a cock?" were samples of some of the common questions.

Despite the many explicit 'offers', both direct and indirect I regularly had from girls, there had developed amongst students an understanding that I would never 'bend' to any of their requests for sex. As a result of this 'understanding', I became a trustworthy 'big brother' and they could now feel totally comfortable to open themselves to me without any fears of misunderstood intentions!

I truly valued this incredible trust, respect and friendship my girls had for me.

CHAPTER 21
My Butterfly Flaps Her Wings Again

I was always being 'tested' by the more challenging girls. The majority of girls were, respectful, reserved and studious students. However, there were always a handful who were – 'a handful'!

One of my students was a challenge but an incredibly fascinating challenge, just the same.

This young lady had charmed me from our naked contacts at Herperides Nudist Club. She was a free-thinking 'modern' young woman whose parents had raised her to not be ashamed of her body or her desires. Shelly had taken their 'hippy' influence and magnified it thanks to a liberal dose of Women's Liberation mantra.

She was an incredibly attractive young woman. Long blond hair that flowed over her shoulders, framed a pretty blue-eyed face. She had a small dimple in her right cheek that always seem to disarm me whenever I saw her. Yes! I was charmed by her and had I met her in other circumstances I would have been intimidated by her beauty and probably not even spoken to her. Typical of most older teenage girls, before a few more years of life and inactivity distends them, she had a very shapely body and well-endowed breasts.

She was much more self-confident in her skin than I was, despite being five years my junior. I had no doubts she was attracted to me and this attraction was equally reflected. The only barrier to taking this attraction down its natural path was our respective roles of teacher and student. However, that didn't stop me and I'm sure her, from enjoying a healthy dose of sexual fantasies.

This unending sexual stimuli from my students during the day was giving me a wonderful opportunity to learn and understand my own sexual responses and triggers. This knowledge of my innate male reactions was to come in handy in the ensuing months.

Shelly and I obviously had an interesting connection. Not only had she become one of my star students in my mathematics class, but our previous naked connections and her playful teases had created a mutually respectful trust and bond. I also continued to regularly meet her (and gradually her older sister Juliette) with her parents at some of Sydney's nudist clubs. As a single guy amongst mainly families and couples they'd sometimes invite me to join their family group. I'd listen with fascination at the open discussions between the parents and the two girls.

It was patently obvious, although not directly stated, that Juliette's parents were unconcerned if a physical relationship had

developed between their daughter and myself. I was still a relatively shy young man with limited experience with the female gender. I obviously reacted with slight embarrassment initially to these veiled suggestions, which created some mirth. Shelly had also obviously told her parents about her knicker-less teases at me in class, which again created belly laughs when I told them of my duality of emotions when confronted by the situation.

Shelly, Juliette and I would often find ourselves, sitting totally naked together, laughing and chatting about any and every issue that crossed our minds.

As Juliette and I had shared a more intimate association prior to my employment at the college and were of a similar age, the discussions would sometimes become very sexually charged. Shelly was always keen to be involved in these erotic parleys and I was always concerned how this would affect our relationship at school. However, Juliette gave her little sister's sensitivities no concern and would lead the conversation down many various intimate pathways.

As Juliette was becoming a regular at Hesperides with her parents I realised that she was also fond of me. I was beginning to realise that the way a woman looks at a man can indicate whether she is interested. I was seeing this 'look' in Juliette's face. However, I also realised that it was our relaxed 'open' friendship that was also a major attraction.

Over ensuing contacts our conversations and physicality became much more open. Juliette and I became very tactile with each other, but I was always careful not to include Shelly. Whenever, she was feeling overly 'frisky', Juliette would take my hand and we'd wander off to a secluded part of the club together. Shelly often wanted to trail along, but Juliette would always ask her to 'stand watch' nearby, in case our playfulness would be interrupted. Although she was out of our sight, I suspected Shelly was watching her sister and I become physically aroused, from the distance.

This type of intimate activity was severely frowned upon at Hesperides Nudist Club. Despite common misconceptions to the contrary, nudism is an extremely conservative lifestyle and any physical contact between the sexes is usually discouraged at most clubs. However, as two very sexually potent young people, Juliette and myself would occasionally be caught up in the moment and not care too much about the consequences.

As the familiarity between us increased and the boundaries between male and female dissolved we both became very comfortable with much more intimate touching. The two sisters seemed enthralled with male genitals and would often 'indiscretely' discuss the size and shape differences of the cocks and balls they saw at the club as I sat

with them. I was slightly embarrassed as, like any man, I was concerned about female reactions to my cock. However, I was equally fascinated by their interest. Up till this time in my life, there was still a part of me that believed that females were indifferent to male genitalia and sex in general, despite the interactions I'd enjoyed with the hypnotist girls, my housemates and Toni and the tennis ladies at Woodlands. The longer the period between these enlightening encounters the more my doubts returned.

I was never sure whether their blasé attitude at my discomfort to their giggles and jocular comparisons was an indication that they didn't think I needed to be worried about 'my size', or whether it was purely impoliteness. Their intrigue with male genitals would occasionally spill over to actual playfulness. Juliette would sometimes casually reach out and play with my cock as we sat together laughing and chatting. Although never completely comfortable with her 'attention', I certainly did find her playfulness very 'stimulating'. I also didn't want to appear socially immature, being the eldest, so I played and laughed along with her, which she saw as complicity for her game. My apparent enjoyment only encouraged her 'cock and ball games' to become more intense during our secluded 'trysts'.

There was also an aspect from my past that was now emerging. My abuse as a schoolboy had led me to believe that females enjoyed playing with male genitalia but saw it as simple playfulness and nothing more. However, here I could plainly see that Juliette was enjoying this 'play' in a much more aroused state.

I knew from the experiences in my life to this point that women loved the sight of an erect and aroused cock and particularly enjoyed watching one ejaculate. I grew to accept that my body could entertain Juliette, even though I still didn't believe she was sexually stirred by it. I enjoyed this facet of my being and grew to become quite comfortable to have her enjoy her 'play' without showing my full erotic and emotional reactions to her stimulus. She and her sister were raised to appreciate their physical beauty and the intrigue it held for men. However, as I seemed comfortably complicit in her interest in my body she was equally complicit in my interest in hers.

We'd often sit opposite each other as we laughed and chatted, with our legs one over the other and play with each other's genitals. There was a general nonchalance and joyfulness between us about this genital play. I thoroughly enjoyed this rare opportunity to familiarize myself with her genitals as much as she did mine. Her occasional favourite pastime was to see how many ways she could arrange my tackle to make recognizable shapes. We would both laugh at some of the funny objects she managed, such as a 'hamburger' using my two balls as the bun around my flaccid cock, or the 'snail', where she'd

squeeze my balls into the shape of a snail shell. However, it didn't take too long for her 'fumbling' to arouse my cock to full erection, which would send senses souring amongst the two of us. I similarly enjoyed playing with her labia petals and clitoral hood. I was always captivated to see her pussy shimmer and ooze creamy white globs and fluids after a few minutes of my play.

As any male nudist will tell you, the sensation of arousal gradually diminishes throughout the day at a nudist club. The ongoing stimulation from the sun and breeze on your body negates any feeling for an erection. It is actually a very pleasant sensation to feel so relaxed and at peace with your body.

So, the longer Juliette and I played together, the more 'in control' I became and the more interesting her games with my 'tackle' became.

Often at home I'd practice some 'tricks' with my cock and balls to 'surprise' Juliette at our next tryst. One trick I was 'proud' of was my ability to twirl my semi-erect cock in circles. When I was semi erect my cock was generously endowed and flexible and I knew from my experiences a few years earlier at Woodlands ladies tennis days that I could 'interest' most women with my genital gymnastics. Just my contracting my phallic and pelvic floor muscles as I moved my hips I could get my cock to 'dance'. This trick along with some of the dick tricks Juliette and I devised was to become my 'bread and butter' later in my life.

Juliette almost wet herself with laughter the first time I showed her my cock-twirling trick. She convinced me to show Shelly the trick – which elicited the same girlish giggles from her younger sister. I thought nothing of this 'silliness' with our respective 'bits'. It was just innocent fun between consenting 'young' adults.

By now I had become reasonably blasé about using my cock and balls to entertain females. I'd been well taught from a very young age that, in consensual situations, male genitalia could be humorous and inoffensive.

Juliette and I often questioned each other over sensitivities and feelings as we touched each other in 'vital' places, in an attempt to understand the other's sensations. There were absolutely no bounds to the intimacies we shared together. I was totally delighted with the knowledge that I was continuing to learn about females. I could sense Juliette was equally elated!

Another intimacy I disclosed to Juliette was my ongoing curiosity to watch a woman piss. Just like almost every other male, I had grown up with absolutely no idea how a woman's 'plumbing' worked. Toni had been agreeable to offering me visual intimacy of her peeing but I was curious to see if all women pee'd the same. All I could see when Juliette squatted was a flow coming from 'somewhere' between her

legs.

So occasionally, Juliette happily complied. When she was ready she would sit opposite me, stretch her labia wide open and giggle with glee as she pee'd all over my cock and balls. The feeling and sight of her hot piss spraying at me and running down over my tummy and balls was highly erotic and brought us both to a mixture of embarrassment and laughter at her outrageous, naughty antic.

I often got so hot to fuck Juliette that I felt my balls were going to explode. Eventually, I realised she was feeling equally aroused.

However, due to our situation in the club grounds and Shelly's company, Juliette and I were never able to immediately consummate these erotic sensations, much to our shared sexual frustration. However, I was soon to discover what was fermenting through Shelly's fantasies as she secretly watched from a distance, her big sister and I getting highly aroused.

Within a few months of our trysts, I invited Juliette to dinner at my place and the inevitable finally eventuated! Unfortunately, my anticipation of consummating our friendship affected my ability to abstain from an early ejaculation. However, that initial disappointment didn't stop us from enjoying an ongoing casual sexual friendship for many months to come. We moved much of our nudist club antics to my bedroom and our fun escalated even more intimately.

I suspected that Shelly was teasing some details of our intimate antics out of Juliette. Although I had made it a point to Juliette not to tell Shelly anything, I suspect Juliette didn't fully appreciate the sensitivity of my position as Shelly's teacher.

In this shared intimacy, the connection between Shelly and I, as 'teacher and student', changed. I sensed that Shelly was beginning to develop a duality of appreciation toward me. In class, she continued to remain a diligent and respectful student, but whenever we met at the nudist club she saw me as a compliant sexual being who was very comfortable sharing his sexuality with her sister and someone to safely explore her own curiosities about men. She was to play a major role in easing other students into this same duality of reactions toward me over the next few years.

Shelly and Juliette's joint curiosity and openness about sex always fascinated me. I was still growing accustomed to the concept that women enjoyed sex, for its own sake, as opposed to the highly conservative attitudes of my youth. They were certainly two intelligent, but highly hormonal young women well versed in feminist philosophy.

The vast majority of men my age at that time had no idea that women were much more inquisitive and sexual than we men were.

Because of my limited experience with females in my youth my knowledge of the opposite sex had been severely restricted. However, I was a quick and keen learner and my knowledge, thanks to these two young women, was growing geometrically.

It didn't take long for me to discover how this shared familiarity would lead to another 'flap' of Shelly's Butterfly Wings.

CHAPTER 22
Fools Rush In

During a weekend religious retreat for my 17 year-old students to the Southern Highlands of NSW, an incident further tested my resolve but also accelerated my enlightenment of the female psyche.

Two of my honours class students, Lizzy and Shelly – yes the same Shelly, confronted me one night during this retreat. I had also met Lizzy with her parents a few times at another Sydney nudist club. So I had a more intimate association with both girls, than was common amongst my other students in the college.

I was assigned as supervisor to a large house on the estate where the retreat was held. Fifty students were bunked in dorms in this house and I had my own room, with two single beds both with electric blankets. I got a sense of how comfortable students in the college had become with shared nudity with me when I arrived at the retreat on the Friday night. The girls had all settled in much earlier in the afternoon and by now were all sitting around either naked or semi naked in their underwear, watching TV in the common room, which was well heated by a roaring open fire. As I entered, not a single girl flinched to cover themselves or showed any emotion whatsoever at my entrance. Most casually waved and gave a cheery greeting.

After lights out on the first night of the retreat Shelly and Lizzy knocked on my door. It was explained to me that Lizzy was not feeling well and could she sleep on the spare bed with the electric blanket. Shelly said she would sleep 'head to toe' on the same bed to accompany her in the room. I was concerned for her welfare but also hesitant about the situation, but as the house was quiet and seemingly secure I agreed.

As we settled down Lizzy asked if I would please massage her neck to help her get to sleep. I agreed, after Shelly continued the plea saying 'She's gets bad pains before her period sir." So, I got out of my bed and began the massage while she lay on her back in bed. The two girls had turned their electric blanket on high and gradually threw the blankets off as they got hotter, to reveal their charming naked bodies. This was obviously not a random action and I began to guess was well planned. So here I was – confronted by Shelly's pleasing shaved pussy 'smiling' at me, and Lizzy's bounteous boobs bouncing under my nose as I massaged her neck.

It was a ridiculously sensual situation and both girls could see my erection slowly growing. As this was a college situation and not a casual afternoon at a nudist club and I was now their teacher, I had to

stop and feigned that I was getting cold and got back into my bed with an orgasm welling in my balls.

Not long after I turned the lights out, both girls began chatting to me in the darkness. The conversation began innocently enough about the weekend activities and moved gradually into personal questions about my life. I can't deny the tone of their conversation was arousing me. There was an erotically inferred suggestion in their voices. Shelly and I had shared much more intimate situations and this was influencing the erotic direction of the discussion. She eventually asked about my erections during classes. They were both drenched with curiosity about male genitalia and my feedback on what it's like to have a penis.

At this stage I was getting very 'flushed' and was grateful that it was dark and my raging excitement could not be detected. With the intimacy and opportunity afforded by our shared bedding arrangements, I could sense the temptations oozing through the

darkness. I tried to give a calm, mature response to their quizzing and I occasionally tried to deflect the conversation and suggest we all go to sleep, but they were persistent.

Eventually, it became obvious that these two girls were the 'forward guard' for a vast majority of the girls in the house and Shelly was once again their 'leader'. She had obviously generated this interest. There had been a covert conspiracy amongst these 17 year olds, prior to my arrival that night, to get me to agree to a 'pastoral care' group discussion on the topic the next day.

I was a little concerned that I was being 'set up' for an embarrassing 'gotcha' by these two girls, so suggested that if they were indeed speaking for the whole group that as their Pastoral Care Supervisor, I would give an impromptu seminar on male sexuality in the lounge the next morning after breakfast and they could invite their interested friends. I suggested that those who wanted to come, should anonymously write their questions on a slip of paper and I would do my best to answer as many of them as I could. With their assignment completed, they were appeased and sleep then overcame the three of us!

The next morning in the communal showers a few girls who were showering a few metres from me, were excitingly discussing amongst themselves (but echoing loud enough for my ears) my promised talk and what they were hoping to learn (The house had only one bathroom – which I had to share with my female charges). I began to get a little apprehensive that this was indeed a genuine and much anticipated 'lesson' amongst my students.

After breakfast I dressed casually. It was now a beautiful warm sunny morning, so I wore just a loose pair of shorts, no jocks and a T-

shirt. I moved off to the lounge room, which featured a large skylight, with sunshine filling the room. I could feel a wonderful soothing ambiance in this room and gradually melded into a comfy armchair. I casually waited to see how many girls would turn up and pretended that I was simply there to relax and read a book.

To my surprise the room quickly filled with giggles from most of the girls in the house. They too came dressed casually with most in shorts or skirts and crop-tops. Shelly got up and asked for quiet and then proceeded to explain that I was going to give the promised lesson on male sexuality. She collected all the questions and handed them to me. I was rather stunned at how well-ordered the assembly was and at first lost for words.

Girls squatted on the floor, or shared the seat and arms of the few other chairs. The ring of girls surrounding me emanated in a semi-circular pattern out to the walls of the room, where those who couldn't find a spot to sit were standing.

My very first question was to ensure that everyone present was aware how sensitive this situation was for me and I needed a definite understanding that everyone was a willing participant. I received a universal show of hands and a room full of smiling teenage faces in confirmation.

I began to read the questions and answer them in the order Shelly had arranged them. I was open and honest about the information I gave. The girls were genuinely keen to learn and their fervent curiosity created an atmosphere of comfort and confidence and a rare opportunity for an exchange of information about male sexuality. As there was complete anonymity in the questions, I found there were no bounds in the language used and the information requested. One question momentarily stunned and amused both the girls and myself, "Do some men really fuck sheep when they get horny?"

As the time quickly passed I answered questions on the 'how and why' of male sexuality and arousal. I reflected many questions with a similar question of how they would react and respond physically and emotionally to many of their own questions. This was a rare opportunity for me to learn so much about female sexuality and as the mood relaxed the more extroverted girls were extremely forthcoming in their responses. Soon the room was hot with oestrogen and female hormones. It was very clear from the questions that every girl in the room had a raging curiosity about male arousal.

I was also now regretting that I was not wearing any jocks as my cock had become quite aroused and without the control of jocks was creating an increasingly obvious bulge in my shorts. As my cock pushed my shorts away from my body I became aware that the girls sitting at my feet could see up the open leg of my shorts and my two

squirming balls. Their interest and shared glances to each other was blatantly obvious and I crossed my legs without indicating I had noticed their gazes. However, this only accentuated the appearance of the 'rod' rising from my crotch. The smiles were growing ever wider around the room.

By this time, I had been a teacher at the college for almost 14 months and it was common knowledge that I was a nudist and belonged to a nudist club. Also, from my tennis antics and my acceptance and comfort with female nudity and pussy teases in the school, it was obviously assumed that I was completely at ease with these questions.

In addition to Shelly and Lizzy, I had met a few of my other students at various nudist clubs with their parents, in and around Sydney, in the year leading up to this point. This might part explain how and why I now found myself, a 22 year-old male, in this position, in a large house in the expansive grounds of a Southern Highlands property, as part of a college religious retreat for my very sexually curious 17 year old female students.

It became blatantly obvious, as I read one very explicit question, where this discussion was leading. The anonymous author had blatantly asked if it was possible for a 'show and tell' of a male erection. After I read the question, a pregnant silence fell over the room. From the shared reaction of surprise, I sensed this question had not been amongst the ones from the collective and had Shelly's bold and cheeky governance all over it. I was also initially stunned by the brazenness of the question. However, as the idea sunk in amongst the group there were a growing number of smiles on the faces in the room. I stood up sensing in my loins that as I did my cock would engorge and grow even further and the bulge in my shorts become blatantly obvious to every eye in the room.

I had long become aware of the fascination my erection had on girls in the school and I could be a tease too!

The girls at my feet now had a front row view up the legs of my shorts to every inch of intimate man-muscle and they beamed and blushed in equal measure. I slowly took time to look as many girls in the eye and queried whether they were fully aware of what this question was asking of me and was everyone comfortable with what they might see. Most faces beamed with smiles and eager nods and a few stifled giggles at the sight of the bulge in my shorts. It was not displaying my nudity that was a concern for me, that part of me had been fully recognized and appreciatively accepted in the preceding 14 months. My concerns were the acceptance of the explicit exposure of my aroused manhood. Up till this point that had only been presented as a bulge against my tight clothing to all but one of these hormonally

charged young women.

I then made a point of trying to catch the attention of as many of the widening eyes around the room as I pretended that I was about to drop my shorts. The room went very quiet and I heard a few swallowed gasps. I slowly turned around the circle of eager faces to give every girl an equal opportunity of study. Every eye was totally transfixed on my now very healthy bulge. I couldn't help but feel that I was now in a very unique position and I tried to stifle my whacky sense of humour. The latent exhibitionist and entertainer in me was potentially now going to emerge along with my erection. I broke the silence with the question, 'OK, what do you want to know?"

Shelly broke the silence with a cheeky and forthright, "Would you mind showing us sir?" She was by now completely familiar with my comfort at sharing my erections with her sister, but feigned innocence in the tone of her question. Others turned first toward the questioner with a giggle, then back to me and shyly chorused, "Yes, can you?" I was certain that Shelly had shared many real and imagined details of our naked chats at nudist venues to her classmates and they were now keen to see the widely-discussed 'Full Monty' of a male erection.

Although I still had a relatively naive knowledge of the female mind, I was learning fast from my many experiences in this all-female environment that there was an innate rapacious curiosity amongst teenage girls toward the vagaries of male genitalia. The intense but discrete interest from the girls in my classes to my occasional involuntary erections, clothed inside my tight trousers always caused much mirth.

I was fully aware that I was being made the object of a challenge, borne from schoolgirl fantasies and for many of the girls it was more the dare rather than an expectation. I recognized that although some would have been delighted, many would be embarrassed if I'd agreed to this request. However, by now I was totally 'charged' with testosterone and the 'performer' in me was seriously considering this opportunity afforded me by this ardent audience to explore one of my own erotic fantasies.

Despite many public misconceptions, an erection even at a nudist venue is exceptionally rare and in all my years as a nudist I've never seen another aroused male. Also, most teenage sexual experimentation is done in the dark, without much planning and completed, thanks to teenage boy limitations, very quickly. So, I suspected, even though not a 'first' for Shelly my virile exhibition could well have been a 'first' for many others.

At this point rationality returned to quell the raging hormones coursing through my own head. The atmosphere was tantalizingly electric with expectation. Through the deafening surge of sexual

hormones coursing through my brain I heard my rational self utter, “I think we will have to take a break girls and leave this till another lesson. I will have to discuss this request with Sister Mary and get her approval.” There was a collective moan and resigned acceptance that there was little chance of such approval.

After I felt the lesson in male erections had run its course, I suggested that the lesson was over. There was a combined ‘three cheers’ for my part and some individual “Thanks Sir, for being a GOOD SPORT!” as girls left the room.

CHAPTER 23
A Special Lesson

A few girls remained after the rest had gone following the pastoral care discussion. These included Shelly and Lizzy and three more of the girls in my honours class, who were all studying Level 4 Mathematics for their Higher School Examination. The other three girls were Karen, my tennis opponent, Sue and Carly. They were intelligent, self-confident young women, with whom I had a more personal connection.

Our honours classes were held after school hours twice a week. With a small group, class discipline was never an issue and I was able to be more relaxed and treat them as young adults and my sexual peers. They were also around the same age as the girls I would have been dating – had I been dating!

They edged ever closer around me and began touching me and looking into my eyes with persistent "Please Sir, could you give us a personal session?" I could sense their collective perfumes and I must admit as they edged ever closer, pressing their breasts against me, their physical proximity, oozing sexuality and female pheromones began to cloud my better judgment. My hormonal surge began again and I knew exactly what they were asking without the words being spoken and they knew I knew!

I also knew that Shelly would have shared with her friends, many of our shared 'antics' and my trysts with her sister and this knowledge of my 'ease with my erections', was further fueling their ardour.

This episode may seem incredulous in the current era, but the reader must not forget that this was the era closely following the 'Swinging Sixties'. Nudity was normal and natural in 'their world' and not uncommon in the general community. 'Burn the Bra' demonstrations were commonplace and topless women were demanding their rights even in city streets. The birth control pill was now freely available, the Women's Liberation Movement was urging young women to take control of their lives and experiment and the sexual revolution was in full swing and such explicit requests were not seen as 'unusual', especially for a healthy 17 year old young woman.

A few of these girls were also in my athletics group and both Shelly and Lizzy were nudists, so each of them was more comfortable and relaxed with me than other girls in the school. None of them were at all shy about getting changed in front of me after athletics training, so nudity wasn't an issue either for us individually or culturally at that time.

Also, as I had met a few of their parents and sensed their feelings about their daughters' sexual education, I did feel relatively comfortable with agreeing to their request, considering the 'lesson' that had just preceded it.

The rest of the girls in the house had gone to join the remainder of the school for a religious session in the main building, which was over 100m away. As I was an Anglican, I was not expected to attend and the girls decided they would not be missed either, so the house was empty, except for the six of us.

I was becoming very aroused at the impending situation that was presenting itself. Yet, I repeatedly pondered my position, as they encircled me, pressing themselves more intimately against my body. Internally I reasoned again that my nudity wasn't an issue and for that matter neither were these natural physical reactions. I began to convince myself that here was a situation to genuinely offer these girls a trustworthy male and safe setting to satisfy this raging curiosity in these seminal years of their sexual journey. Or was I just using this logic to 'get my rocks off?' My mind wasn't as clear as it should have been.

They knew they were perfectly safe to explore many of their confusions about male sexuality. They also knew they were safe in the knowledge that nothing was expected of them in return. They were also confident that I would not embarrass or shock them beyond their sexual sensitivities and only disclose what they indicated they wanted to know – which I was beginning to realise was EVERYTHING.

Shelly was obviously keen to experience some of the intimacy I had shared with her big sister and was fuelling much of the hormonal energy bubbling inside these young women.

They could simply absorb and enjoy everything they wanted to know without any fears! Shelly disclosed that as she didn't have a brother she knew very little about how boys her age thought. Both Lizzy and Carly said they were in that same position. I assured them that despite popular opinion young men and women of their age seem to have very similar appetites for sex. The only difference was in the way they attempted to satisfy those appetites. So as time passed and the initial nervousness in the room dissipated, they became confident that I was comfortable to satisfy as many of their female curiosities as they were willing to request. A genuine respect for our sensitivities developed between us.

So, in appreciation of the consensus in the room I casually took off my t-shirt then slid my shorts down to my ankles. The two girls at my feet quickly removed my shorts eager for the lesson to begin. As seasoned nudists and without hesitation Shelly and Lizzy also removed their clothing at the same time, which wasn't something I had

anticipated. Nothing seemed more natural to them to be nude in this situation. However, the situation for me was getting more precarious.

Karen didn't seem fazed by these developments in her friends. However, Sue and Carly were a little taken aback and seemed a little shocked that everyone except them was getting undressed. I assured them that they didn't need to take their clothes off, if they weren't comfortable. In a way I felt I would have had more control over this situation if they all had stayed dressed. However, by the time Shelly and Lizzy had removed the last of their clothing, Sue, Carly and Karen had begun to get undressed also.

At this unexpected situation with all the girls now naked too, I felt a genuine concern that hormonal urges could get out of hand, including mine.

As I looked around at these five totally naked girls with bright eyes and smiles, I felt a twinge of uneasiness. Their naked state was not my concern but more the atmosphere in which it was occurring. Previous situations where they had been naked around me were mundane and routine, such as at athletics training or in the change room or showers. This situation was totally different and highly erotically charged. I could almost taste their pheromones on my tongue and I could certainly see their arousal, both on their faces and from the juices oozing from their pussies.

Although they all seemed totally relaxed and highly excited with this unique lesson 'dress code', I wasn't and told the girls that I didn't think it a good idea for us to continue any further. However, I would be happy to just sit and chat with them on a more intimate level if they wished, but they would have to get dressed.

They were all puzzled and very disappointed, but cautious not to dismay me any further and threaten the lesson, accepted my resolution.

I was completely aware that I did not want to have anyone else experience the feelings of lack of control over their sexuality as I had. Whenever similar situations were to occur I wanted to be extremely careful to thoroughly consider the feelings of everyone involved.

We sat for another 10 to 15 minutes as I answered a myriad of questions about my reactions and feelings. They were all totally engrossed in the movements, growth and appearance in my manhood as it stirred from flaccid to semi erect state as we sat there together in their special 'schoolroom' on that bed. I felt a genuine warmth and regard for each of these young women and I could feel a similar emotion reflected in each of them toward me.

Although there was an undercurrent of sexual energy coursing through each of us, there was also an understanding that this was a 'lesson' and an opportunity to share something special between us. As

I had become comfortable with Juliette's curiosity, I was now completely relaxed with the fascination and inquisitiveness these girls showed in my body and its reactions. I became totally relaxed and my nudity no longer seemed incongruent to the situation. The girls showed absolutely no unease and were treating it as a valued opportunity for discovery.

A couple of the girls had expressed curious interest in the movement in my balls as my cock stirred. So, to explain this reaction, I held my cock tight and stretched it away from my balls to show the girls the extent of movement in testes. Almost by instinct, as I did this, Shelly reached out to offer to hold my cock. She had seen her big sister occasionally reach out and play with my cock while we sat casually chatting of a Sunday afternoon at Hesperides nudist club and felt natural in taking this opportunity to enjoy a similar intimacy. I embarrassed her by stopping her and she seemed slightly peeved. I explained as delicately as I could that certain behaviours are inappropriate in certain situations, but I sensed she didn't understand or felt her position as the 'alpha' female amongst her peers had been dented.

She wasn't peeved for long and was soon smiling again along with the others as their eyes widened and smiles broadened with each vigorous bounce and squirm in my balls. It was now close to the time for the rest of the girls to return to the house, so I got dressed and we all moved back into the lounge room and casually sat around as if nothing had happened.

I again questioned myself over the situation that has just occurred. "Were these girls harmed by this experience?" I pride myself on my empathy, or 'sixth sense' for people's feelings, a sense I inherited from my mother. I had no indication whatsoever that these girls had been in any way traumatized by this experience. In fact, I seemed to be the only one reflecting on the situation. The girls all had broad smiles on their faces and were sitting around chatting and laughing together as if what they had just enjoyed was as normal as breathing. There were many wide-eyed grins at me expressing their thanks for such a wonderful shared tryst.

As we relaxed and waited for the others to return they would occasionally throw a question in my direction. They were interested in a male's opinion of a vagina – as there seemed a collective sense that their genitalia was not attractive. It also seemed that this was the first time some of them had had the opportunity, be it ever so brief, to closely compare their vagina to that of another. Lizzy and Shelly were now forthcoming of their nudist experiences.

I explained that labia vary in size as much as men's balls do. "Labia are the vestige in a woman of testes in a man and vary in size

accordingly in both sexes," I said. The discussion soon focused on this. By this stage my nudity was not something that would raise an embarrassed girly giggle amongst this group. So feeling quite comfortable to do so for the second time that afternoon, I briefly dropped my shorts and stood up to show them how one ball hangs lower than the other to accommodate a man when his legs are together. Shelly, unsurprisingly and in the spirit of comparisons, then lifted her skirt and showed us all how one of her labia lips was much longer than the other. I smiled to myself at her eager demonstration, as she was never one to be embarrassed about anything relating to nudity!

It seemed our special sex education class wasn't quite finished!

Shelly then encouraged them all to lift their skirts and compare labia. They all giggled but no one ever seemed to find anything Shelly said as being unusual and they all compliantly did so. As each girl lifted her skirt, or dropped her shorts and spread her legs to expose her labia they noted that indeed every one of them had one lip longer than the other!

Lizzy, who was almost as comfortable as Shelly with her nudity, confessed that she had always been really shy and embarrassed by the length of her labia. Hers were extremely long and hung like the petals of a flower well outside her body. She openly admitted that she thought it was because she often stretched them for pleasure while masturbating. Sue and Carly inadvertenly giggled at this – more from embarrassment of such an intimate admission than at Lizzy's behaviour. I sensed that Lizzy was a little annoyed at her friend's inconsiderate reaction. So to quell any tensions, I decided to deflect the mood by mentioning that it was very normal in women to have exposed labia and that many men, including myself, found this to be extremely attractive. That revelation surprised them all and they looked at me in disbelief, but it did seem to give them comfort!

I was aware how easy it would have been for me to have violated my resolved mandate and sexually penetrated one or more of these highly sexually charged young women that afternoon. They had given me ample indications that any one of them would have welcomed it. However, I was able to appreciate my moral obligations to them and knew this situation could not have developed any further than this exclusive demonstration.

Shelly then cheekily asked whether I ever got 'turned on' when she and some of the other girls hadn't worn knickers to my classes. I gave then an honest response and admitted that the sight of their pussies was attractive, but not arousing for me. I had seen many pussies in my life and it was not necessarily the sight of her pussy that attracted me, but the situation and surprise of the 'teasing'. They all

laughed loudly at my admission.

I couldn't stop my words before I uttered the next sentence, "I enjoy the sight of a woman's cunt".

There was a pregnant pause, before I spoke again!

I had become accustomed to using the word 'cunt' in a complimentary way, with the women at Woodies tennis and believed it to be the best word to describe the full compliment for a woman's genitalia… clitoris, urethra, vagina, labia minor and majora. However, as I said it I realised that not everyone felt as comfortable with the word as I did. I quickly apologized for using the word. They again laughed, thinking I was a 'square'. "We all use that word sir," Lizzy laughed. "Yes, but it is often used derogatively and not graciously as I do!" I added. They saw my point!

I explained to them that the word 'cunt' originally was an Eastern term of respect and reverence for a powerful and spiritually enlightened woman and derived from 'Cunti' the Oriental Great Goddess, the Great Yoni of the Universe where all life came from and to where all life returned for renewal. With this new knowledge I hoped they'd have a different outlook on the word and I could feel comfortable using it in the future.

However, with my unreserved admission of appreciation for their 'cunts', I realised I was inviting further teasing in my classes – and I got it!

CHAPTER 24
My Honours Students

On our first lesson after the retreat weekend the girls played out the expected tease.

They all entered the room together and as they stood at their seats they all beamed a broad grin at me. Then in what seemed like a practiced synchronised movement they hitched their skirts to expose their 'twat tease'. They couldn't control their frivolity and laughed out loud as they each realised they had overcome their nervousness and completed their agreed mission. Sue and Carly, especially were beaming as they had never dared this 'tease' previously, while their other classmates were well practiced.

However, having now completed stage one of their well-planned tease, stage two was relatively easy. They then smugly sat down and spread their legs under their desks in their normal nonchalant schoolgirl fashion to fully reveal their charms to my gaze.

There was an extended pregnant pause in proceedings as they all then waited expectantly for my response, each of them grinning from ear to ear. I tried to keep a straight face as this highly arousing chorus line of teenage teasing played out. However, besides being extremely funny it was at the same time extremely arousing in this context. I could feel my loins stirring and my cock hardening as each stage of their presentation took place.

These honours lessons were held twice a week after school hours, so there was never anyone else in the building to be concerned about witnessing this unique classroom comedic performance. We were all appreciating the fun and tease that it was. However, I could sense that the girls were becoming very aroused, with the recently acquired confidence of knowing that I enjoyed their tease. However to my surprise I had also become highly aroused, by the sensuality and self-confidence of their presentation. I should add that after more than 12 months employment, any involuntary erection I 'suffered' while teaching had been fully appreciated as it was clearly defined within my tight trousers.

I think they were as surprised as I was with the emerging and now well-defined features of an erect cock in my pants. My 'butterfly' Shelly always sat in the front desk and was the first to comment on my bulge.

Shelly slightly startled me and everyone else, as she stood and broke the silence and pointed at my erection. She was so close that she could almost touch my bulge and with a wink and a smile and

confidence beyond her years, in mocking and bold accusation quietly said, “Sir…. did our (she paused for dramatic effect to empathize her next word)… ‘cunts’ …do that?”

Her sassy comment caused a ripple of mirth, as much from nervous relief as from surprise. I quickly gathered myself to respond to her cheeky challenge. To play along I turned toward them all, put my hands on my hips while thrusting forward with mocked sensuality to accentuate the bulge in my pants and said, “No! I get turned on by Mathematics!”

The release of tensions caused by her unexpected outburst and the eroticism of the whole scene and my reactions to her challenge, resulted in an outburst of belly laughter.

As the class finished that afternoon, I suggested to the girls that it best that they didn’t do another tease again as they’d need all their concentration for the hard road of studies ahead. They were all mature young women and could see the sense in my suggestion.

Our maths lesson suffered a slight interruption on that unique day. But my honours class girls did witness – intimately – that Mathematics definitely turned me on!

I genuinely admired these delightful young women, who, it seemed, were developing a much more mature appreciation for their sexuality.

As it was to develop it also wasn’t long before this relaxed attitude to sexuality amongst the senior girls would become part of a new sex education curriculum in which I would be asked to play a role.

I also recognized that there was an exhibitionist within me that enjoyed being the focus of female attention. Was this a result of my early abuse, now resurfacing for some resolution of the myriad confusions around male and female sexuality, that it had created within me.

I had been raised in an era of the all-pervading denial of feminine desires. Women had used this denial to wield power over their men and men had been brainwashed to believe its truth. However, I had been the victim of a woman’s sexual hunger as a child. This little chapter in my life began to make me seriously question how factual that principle was.

Here I was in a situation where my audience was getting as much from this as I was, but for very different reasons. I can still distinctly remember being captivated by their transfixed fascination of my male attributes and its myriad reactions to stimuli. I was also becoming completely comfortable utilizing my male attributes to help educate these young women and I felt no sense of embarrassment or perversion in putting myself in these physically vulnerable situations.

I came to realise that this was a win/win situation, where no one was being disadvantaged, used or abused and I was able to relax into the moment and deliver as much information and demonstration as they were eager to learn and watch.

This was educational exhibitionism on my part and educational voyeurism by these young women.

My trust in their maturity was not wasted as none of my honours class girls ever whispered a single word about these various episodes – an overarching recognition of the value they had placed in the experience. We did share other intimate and sexually educational experiences over the next two years prior to them completing their schooling. They also irregularly came to me for discrete personal feedback on issues such as relationships, condoms and cocks, amongst many other varied and intimate topics. Those mature young women became trusted friends during those years at the college. They eventually achieved brilliant results in their final external exams and I was to later learn, went on to either marry and/or have great careers.

In hindsight, I would not consider testing these situations again. It was a rare window into human nature that I was privileged to be a part of, but as anyone who has been abused will tell you, it's usually the many negatives that outweigh the positives in sexual interaction between an individual and an authoritative figure.

CHAPTER 25
Let's Get Naked Together

However, the intimacy I had developed with my honours class girls wasn't to end with this classroom tease. The following day, Shelly mentioned that Lizzy and her parents were planning to go to Hesperides next weekend and wondered whether I'd be there. I told her I probably would be and left it at that thinking no more of her comments.

The following Sunday, at Hesperides, I had got myself comfortable in the sun and was ready to 'kick-back' and read my book, when Shelly and Lizzy and the remainder of my honours class girls appeared from behind me.

"Surprise, Michael!" Shelly shouted and all the girls began to laugh.

"What are you all doing here?" I asked in a total state of shock.

"I convinced my parents to bring Carly, Sue and Karen with us to the club this weekend," Shelly blurted proudly. "I told them you'd be here too and they were keen to see what nudism was like."

Along with Lizzy who had come with her parents, this was my whole maths honours class now standing totally naked before me with broad, cheeky smiles on their faces.

They all sat down around me and I asked them what they were going to do all day. "I'm going to show them around the club first. Would you like to join us Michael?" Shelly said. I agreed and the six of us began the 'Cooks Tour' of Hesperides. Eventually, we found ourselves on the miniten courts (a version of half court tennis – popular in most nudist clubs). I showed them how to hold the bat (called a 'thug') and we stood three a-side across the net and hit tennis balls back and forward for an hour or so. We then all ended up in the pool and relaxed on the poolside soaking up the sun.

I was by now totally relaxed in their company and I could tell the newbies were feeling fully relaxed also.

"This is wonderful!" Karen commented. "I'm going to see if I can come more often, when there aren't any tennis tournaments on," she added.

They were all obviously enjoying the 'sights' of the array of cocks wandering back and forward. Shelly boasted about some of the larger and the tiny ones she had seen and they were engrossed in giggles and banter amongst themselves as I pretended not to hear.

Juliette then appeared and seemed a little jealous of the time I was spending with my girls and asked if I'd like to go for a walk with

her. Shelly knew what that meant and passed a sideways smile to the others. She had obviously told them all about Juliette and my 'adventures' together. "Can we come, too" Shelly cheekily asked her sister. The look Juliette gave her, left no doubts about the answer.

I left the girls to enjoy their own company and headed off with Juliette to our 'secret spot'.

About an hour later, as Juliette and I were fully engrossed in some extremely intimate contact, Shelly and the others suddenly appeared, quietly closing in on us without our awareness. I had an enormous erection which I could not hide as my five students stood there smiling and giggling to themselves at my expense. I was slightly bemused by the hypnotic attraction my fully erect cock had on them. They were obviously recalling the numerous times they had imagined what was hiding inside my pants when I was erect during their classes at school. All I could do was laugh and slightly tease them by subtly contracting my phallic muscles and producing a little dance with my cock. I asked to them to let Juliette and I have some privacy to finish what we were doing. Juliette, brazenly grabbed my cock, looked Shelly in the eye and said, "Yeah, piss off sis!" Shelly and the others giggled even more and refused Juliette's agitated invitation. "No! We're old enough to join in," Shelly demanded and they giggled as they all sat down next to us. I sensed there had been careful planning amongst them to counter Juliette's expected reactions.

Juliette, wasn't fazed and called her sister's bluff and said "OK, I'll show you!" At this I interjected and told them, "I think we'd better take a deep breath girls, this is getting out of hand" – not realising the pun I'd just made. By this time my erection had well and truly 'flagged' and I was totally flaccid again.

"Let's sit and talk about this situation!" I added in my best moderating voice. Shelly spoke first and asked, "Can you and sis show us some of the cock puppets you have made?" Juliette blushed a bit and said, "Shelly, you promised you wouldn't tell anyone about that." Shelly flashed a cheeky smile at the others around her and they all giggled together.

I turned to Juliette and smiled and asked her if she'd be happy to give the girls a small sample of what we could do. She seemed extremely pleased that I thought so much of her abilities with my tackle to consider such an offer and raised her eyebrows, smiled and eagerly nodded.

The entertainer in me was happy to take centre stage and I could also see that every girl was more than keen, comfortable and more importantly to me, well prepared emotionally to see this unique performance. I always enjoyed the opportunity to entertain. As an actor I had been trained to utilize every part of my body to express

emotions and sensations. I had never performed a nude scene on stage at the Ensemble Theatre but had worked back stage for many such performances and watched with interest as each professional actor prepared in the wings for their naked scene on stage. The fact that they were naked had little significance for them. Their motivation for their performance was to be convincing in the role they were portraying.

Similarly, I saw little significance in the fact that I was utilizing my nudity in this performance for my girls. My motivation was to humour and entertain them. Being naked in a nudist club is obviously assumed. Hence my cock and my two balls became my stage props to entertain my avid audience for this particular and personal performance.

Our secret place at Hesperides was well away from the main area of the club and hidden behind a large stand of shrubs and trees. No one ever came down to this corner of the grounds, so I felt comfortable that our fun wouldn't be interrupted by intruders.

I took up my position and stood with my legs spread wide apart and my cock and balls dangling tantalizingly in front of the girls. They all excitedly shuffled in close and either sat or knelt within a few feet and at eye level with my performance pieces. Juliette took up her position at my side ready to proudly show off her well-practiced skills and confident aplomb with my cock and balls to her younger sister and her friends. I could tell she was now excitedly appreciating this rare opportunity to show these younger females just how mature, familiar and expert she had become with my macho mystique.

After so many weekends of puppetry play between Juliette and myself I had developed a keen sense of distraction between my genitals and my eroticism. I found I could 'switch off' my sensuality when she touched and played with my cock and balls and remain totally flaccid for our play. I was becoming equally adept and flicking that switch back on when I needed an erection. I was amazed at the control I was developing over my sexuality.

So with my 'switch' in the 'off' position, we began our dick tricks for our very keen and excited audience.

Juliette moved in between the girls and I and fumbled a little. As she held her newly formed puppet in her hands, she'd stand to one side to show the girls. Together we managed to construct a few silly and funny puppets that had every girl in stitches of giggles and gasps. At the end of our little show, Shelly asked if she could "please" have a go at making some puppets.

The unique distraction that these dick tricks created allowed the girls to momentarily forget that they were formed using my sexual 'privates'. I believed they saw them merely as a non-sexual and funny

arrangement of man-meat.

I saw no harm in letting Shelly have a go. I helped her to produce a ‘hamburger’ and then stretched my cock around her wrist for the ‘watch’. The others then insisted on having a try too and soon they were all taking turns with my ‘putty’ to fumble and giggle their way through an array of dick tricks.

I had become an observer in this fun and felt totally detached from their ‘puppets’ as the girls played. I believe the girls could also sense my detachment and felt totally comfortable to play without consideration for any emotional connections between us.

For most of them though, I think the opportunity to just touch and feel a man’s cock and balls without any pressure to return sexual favours, was a real revelation and unique pleasure for each of them. Their curiosity was unbounded and as I patiently opened myself totally to them as they happily pulled, squeezed and shared my ‘toys’ with each other. They continued playing for quite a while, totally engrossed in the pure hedonistic, tactile experience I was graciously affording them.

I had to occasionally help a few of them as their fumbles were causing me some discomfort as they stretched or pulled just a little too much on my balls or my cock. They’d always apologize profusely whenever I flinched, but happily continued once I took their hands and showed them the correct technique.

In her inimitable style Shelly asked, “How come you don’t get turned on and get a ‘hard-on’, Michael?” I explained the difference between sexual and casual play and then induced a rock-solid rod to demonstrate to her and the others how an erection can be non-sexual. They were all totally dumbfounded that I had such control over my cock and an ability to make it grow so large before their eager eyes. I also explained that it is very common for a male to get an erection at any time without being aware that it is happening, as they had observed often occurred to me in their classes at school.

The technique of acting I had studied for my diploma at the Ensemble Theatre was the Stanislavski Method, whereby and actor could emote pieces of dialogue in a script by recall of past personal experiences and emotions. After much practice, I found by tapping into previous erotic memories, even in a non-sexual situation, I could create an erection at will. This ability served me well now and was to prove an even bigger boon in my career as an adult entertainer in future years.

Following our shared intimate frivolity, the girls assumed that the mood and physical connection between us now obviously implied their unopposed physical privilege to my manhood. So, without hesitation or any hint of timidity they each gathered in close eager to

feel my erect cock in their hands. I was thoroughly enjoying the sensuality of their ample breasts and warm skin against mine. I could sense that my erection was guaranteed to stay rock solid for as long as they continued their playing. “Do all cocks grow so large, sir?” Carly whispered in disbelief. I told her that my cock was regarded as large according to statistical research. “None of the boys I’ve known had a cock as big as yours sir,” Sue added innocently, without consideration of the compliment it could have been.

As a born educator, however, I couldn’t help myself give them a lesson in male arousal and explained that the best way to tell if a man’s erection is sexual or not is to feel his balls. “If his balls are tight, it’s a good sign he’s aroused,” I explained. As they all could feel both my balls dangling loose beneath my erect cock, they looked at me with a hint of gratitude, realising that this erection was purely for their enjoyment and not mine.

By the end of our fun they were totally ‘besides themselves’ with delight and laughter. However, I was slightly surprised to see that they all had telltale ‘snail trails’ oozing from their pussies and were now obviously highly aroused, so I suggested we head to the pool.

They kept on laughing and chatting and thanking me for the fun we had just shared as we walked back. After our swim, we showered together and by then it was time to head home.

That night I found it difficult to get to sleep. Not because I was aroused, but because my mind was confused by the girls’ reactions to the puppet show.

Up till this point in my life I still could not believe that a man’s body would arouse young women. However, when their cunts became wet it ‘aroused’ doubts in my mind. I had assumed I was simply using my ‘toys’ to create a humorous show to entertain them.

I became concerned that maybe I was fueling their fires with what they might interpret as an erotic display. “Was I doing this same thing throughout the college with my laissez-faire attitude to displaying my nudity in the college?”

All I had to fall back on was Sister Mary’s guidelines – ‘innocent, inoffensive or accidental nudity on my part or that of the girls would not be an issue of concern.’ Now, I wasn’t so sure my puppet show was appropriate for these young women.

I certainly intended it as ‘inoffensive’, but did they see it as ‘sexually provocative’ and if they did, was it causing them harm?

I labored this conundrum for most of the night as I tossed and turned in bed. In the end, I decided to carefully watch their actions over the next few weeks for a sign either way.

During our next honours lesson, Carly asked if I’d mind if they came up to the nudist club again the next weekend. I told them I had

thoroughly enjoyed their company and of course it was OK. She then asked if I could pick her and Sue and Karen up, as Shelly and her family were going somewhere else that weekend.

I told Carly that if she and the others had permission from your parents for me to pick you up, then I would. The next day they all brought permission notes from their parents, although I doubted they'd shared with their parents all the details of our time together the previous weekend.

This was of benefit for me also, as I could get to meet their parents and convince myself that they knew what their daughters were doing and with whom. I was sure that their parents would have been equally happy to meet me and satisfy their concerns that their daughters were in good care.

So, over the remainder of the summer months, I spent many Sundays with these girls sharing and enjoying the freedom and sensuality of nudism. We developed a unique understanding and intimacy between us. There was absolutely nothing they wouldn't ask or show me during our lazy chats in the sun and around the pool.

I was eventually convinced that our shared nudity and my puppet show had been totally OK. These girls were very mature young women. From this point on though I was extremely careful with whom I became 'familiar' with from the student body.

CHAPTER 26
I Didn't See This Coming

Knowledge of the large group 'pastoral care' lesson at the religious retreat did make it to the ears of Sister Mary. Although a Catholic nun she was also very liberal in her thinking. She had experienced the outside world prior to her entry to this religious order and was 'worldly'. This was the era following Vatican 2 and the opening of the Roman Catholic Church to new ideas and concepts. The Church was battling criticism of its stand on contraception and celibacy of nuns and priests. There was also much concern within the Roman Catholic Church at the diminishing numbers of initiates to the religious orders.

New ideas were sweeping the landscape of Catholicism. For most of the younger nuns, gone were the long flowing habits, replaced by more serviceable robes and lighter materials. Those nuns who were not part of the closed order, at this convent would wear casual 'street clothes' when out in public. Many of the new younger initiates came from an atmosphere of free love, the hippy generation and radical opinions. It was obvious to the casual observer, that unless the Church made some attempt to incorporate this liberalism into its rationale, then the religious orders were facing a doubtful future.

I reminded myself of my early discussions with Sister Mary that any innocent, inoffensive or accidental nudity on my part or that of the girls would not be an issue of concern, so long as I respected the appropriateness of each situation and genuine concern for the students' education and their physical and emotional welfare.

Despite the common misconception the Catholic Church did not see nudity as a sin. A treatise by Pope John Paul 2 published a few years later confirmed that belief. My acquaintance with Father John, the Catholic Priest at Woodlands Nudist Club also gave me some comfort in this assurance.

I also recognized from our chats that Sister Mary was closely monitoring my behaviour in every school situation. In hindsight, I realised she wanted to assure herself of the indemnity of what she was about to propose. Her very brave and unique project would require just the right kind of man for it to succeed.

When she had learnt of my unique lesson to the large group gathering of girls at the religious retreat she called me to her office. I was nervous and anxious of what was to come. I wasn't sure whether the 'extra' session had been discovered or whether there had been parental complaints about the group session. However, it seemed that

each of the girls in that lesson on that day was totally full of praise for my honesty and openness. Four girls from that group attended my meeting with Sister Mary and they all agreed it was a personal decision by every girl to attend the pastoral care 'lesson' knowing full well what was to be 'taught'. They also mentioned their disappointment when I had deferred the final part of the 'lesson' awaiting Sister Mary's approval.

As they looked at Sister Mary, they offered a girlish giggle and said they hoped, that this approval would eventually be forthcoming from her. As the girls were all above the age of consent, and as each agreed they had gained valuable learning from their experience I was exonerated. Though Sister Mary did divulge that some parents weren't happy and she had appeased their complaints by telling them that they would be consulted for any future pastoral care instruction.

After the girls had left Sister Mary's office I sat and chatted with her about my reasoning and the temptations that had passed through me. I questioned the appropriateness of agreeing to genuine requests if ever placed in that position again. Sister Mary was a little evasive in answering this question, so I didn't press her for a resolution. I also emphasised my overpowering resolution that I would never take advantage of my position of trust and have sexual intercourse with any student. We discussed my experiences with other young females at nudist clubs and it was during this discussion that I happened to mention Father John's name and the fact that I had met a few priests, both Catholic and Anglican at my nudist club.

The next day, Sister Mary again called me to her office. I assumed this was to be when I would be castigated!

I was stunned by what was to be my 'punishment'!

She said she had given some thought to my actions at the religious retreat and had an unusual request for me. As it eventuated, Father John, whom I had met at Woodlands Nudist club a few years prior, had been the diocesan priest for the college a few years earlier and had regularly conducted Mass for the college and the convent. Nudity was not an uncommon practice at the convent and as I was to learn many of the nuns often sunbathed nude at an outdoor recreation area on the roof of the convent.

The complex of which the college was part, included a major convent building, school buildings and grounds and a large boarding school for 300 country students who attended the college.

So in addition to the 20 nuns who worked as teachers in the school, there were many other nuns who worked in the boarding school, all of whom resided in the convent. Apparently, many of the younger nuns in the order had limited experience of the outside world. In my mathematics department at the college I had two nuns

and an ex nun on my staff. Margarita, was the ex-nun! She had left the order to marry, but only a few years later had requested to be re-employed as a 'lay' teacher when her marriage broke down. She was treated poorly by her religious 'sisters' and would often break down in tears in our staffroom when just the two of us were present and open up about her frustrations, both emotional and sexual.

Despite or because I was raised in an all-male environment, I was comfortable with my feminine nature and confident in my masculinity to be both friend and confident to any of the females in the school, teachers or students. I honoured the position I was given and clear in my mind that I'd never knowingly harm or disrespect of any of those who had placed their trust in me.

The more we shared in our discussions, the more I was to learn of the life in a religious order for a nun. The repressed sexual compulsions caused by the vow of celibacy, would often explode in unexpected situations. Tensions, particularly, during monthly cycles would require very delicate handling by Sister Mary and the other women charged with the role of a Mother Superior in a convent.

Lesbianism and masturbation, although regarded as sinful, were not uncommon in the religious orders. I was told in confidence, by Sister Margaret, on my staff, that many sisters struggled with these transgressions. Occasionally a nun might fall pregnant when her resolve in intimate pastoral situations with lay and religious males was displaced by uncontrollable sexual desires.

On two separate occasions I had come in contact with some of the cloistered nuns in the order. Once I was being instructed by one on how to drive the college bus that I was borrowing for a college athletics excursion. During the demonstration as she stood at the driver's door, she made repeated 'accidental' touches to my ever-arousing genitalia. She repeatedly brushed her hands back and forward across my crotch, as she showed me the handbrake and gears. I assured her that I was a fully licensed driver of this size vehicle and had ample experience, so didn't need the instruction at all. But she persisted, saying that such instruction was mandatory for anyone using the bus. To my surprise in mid-sentence she suddenly bolted in a hasty run back to the doors of the convent, leaving me in puzzlement about her actions. As I looked around I became aware of many eyes from the convent windows above watching this scene unfold.

The other incident occurred while on a school excursion to Canberra to visit the Mint. I was accompanied on the trip by an older nun, Sister Frances. We were the two staff supervising a group of 40, Year 10 girls. We sat together on the bus. Sister Frances was a happy, chatty woman aged about 10 years older than me. As our conversation flowed, she disclosed that many of her sisters in the convent were

‘charmed’ with me. Apparently, my tennis attire and my relaxed manner with the student’s nudity intrigued them. Sister Frances, then stunned me a little when she smiled and whispered that a few had done penance for unnatural sexual fantasies involving me. She said that Sister Mary had been encouraged by the parish priest to address this long-standing issue. Apparently, I was not really, all that special, just a paradigm for underlying issues. Sister Mary had responded with a ‘special’ project in which, it was hoped, I would assist.

From this incident with the college bus and the behaviour of the ‘bus’ nun and our spectators in the convent, and then the later disclosure by Sister Frances, I was becoming aware of the unfortunate sexual tensions that pervaded the convent and especially the cloistered nuns of the order.

Anyone who has worked or been associated with all-female groups will know the unique pressures and tensions that can arise from time to time. Sister Mary was the Mother Superior to this large group of women and she had the individual and group welfare in her care. I was told that it wasn’t unusual for the menstrual cycles for a group of women living and working in close proximity to eventually sychronise. This would often create an extremely sensitive time each month where emotional tensions would increase amongst these women. In addition, there was the tide of sexual tension that would regularly arise amongst a group of celibate women for her to contend with.

During a subsequent chat, Sister Mary, explained that many of the younger sisters in the order had limited experience of the outside world, or sexual relationships. She asked if I would be willing to participate in a ‘familiarization’ program she was proposing. The program was similar, she explained, to the one I gave my 17 year-olds at the religious retreat and would be presented with assistance from a couple of the mature sisters of the order. I wasn’t exactly sure what parts of the ‘lesson’ I gave my students that she had knowledge about. She soon eased my confusion with a very explicit recitation of the whole ‘lesson’.

It seemed many the girls on that weekend couldn’t wait to tell their favourite teachers back at school what they had learnt and how amazing and wonderful the whole lesson had been. This had obviously made it back to Sister Mary. Fortunately, it seemed that none of the ‘extra curricula’ activity back in my bedroom, or the subsequent tease in my honours class the following week, had made it to her ears. She was acutely aware though that my honours class girls were attending my nudist club with me. She specifically mentioned that it was wise of me to get their parent’s permission.

However, her program I soon learnt would unknowingly include

some aspects of the extension lesson I gave my honours' girls. Sister Mary, explained that the order was losing many of their younger recruits, such as Margarita, due to sexual curiosity. She hoped that this program would help allay these normal curiosities amongst the younger nuns.

During that school bus excursion to Canberra, Sister Frances pointed out a religious retreat just south of Campbelltown, on the outskirts of Sydney, which featured The Way of The Cross in its grounds. The convent was overtly used for Easter celebrations. However the convent was lesser known as a shelter for pregnant nuns during their confinement. I had become aware that these 'accidents' due to repressed sexual tensions were becoming a real threat to the religious orders.

It seemed Sister Mary faced two alternatives in dealing with this problem. One was to ignore it and hope each individual would resolve her own personal tensions. The other was to face the problem 'head-on' and create a program that exposed and hopefully appeased these tensions through educational familiarity. Sister Mary chose the latter! I later understood she came to this conclusion with advice and consultation from the parish priest.

She needed a virile, healthy young man, who was comfortable with nudity and with impeccable control and moral code. Ideally, he would be Catholic, but if not, then Christian. It seemed I ticked nearly all her boxes. But it had taken her over 12 months of careful observation to ascertain my 'credentials' and beliefs, to be comfortable to ask me to help present this project.

She confided that she needed to be assured that I could be completely comfortable with my nudity amongst my peers, if and when it was appropriate. She asked me if it was true of what she had heard that I had effective control to produce and erection on cue, without sexual stimulation?

Wow! That came at me from 'left field'. I wasn't expecting that from our discussion. 'Struth, how did she know about that?' I thought to myself. Sister Mary had her contacts everywhere and although I was comfortable with all my actions in the college to this point, I was aware that nothing escaped her attention.

Our conversation was reaching an intimacy of disclosures that I hadn't anticipated and I was feeling a little uneasy.

I told her a little about my erectile abilities.

I told her that although I couldn't control my involuntary erections, I could produce a non-sexual erection when required. I also mentioned 'some' of my experiences and comfort in sharing these talents with women of various ages. I also reminded her that I had studied acting for three years and gained a Diploma from the

Ensemble Theatre School of Acting, as an additional interest while studying at university for my degree. My experience as an actor and the method used in my acting diploma had given me the training for this 'skill'.

I finally mentioned my belief that the naked human body is not immoral and more extensive knowledge of the opposite sex would help solve many of the world's evils.

Sister Mary seemed slightly shocked but impressed when I'd finished.

She continued, "Would you be willing to attend a meeting I am having with some of the senior staff to discuss a special project I wish to instigate in the convent. I'd appreciate it if you could join us here in my office later this afternoon after school has finished." I was still a little stunned, but managed to present a controlled exterior and agreed to her request.

Many thoughts raced through my mind and I could feel the angst of being molested as a child re-surfacing. I had been comfortable sharing my nudity with young females in my age group, but here I might be asked to expose myself in front of older women who were my employers and who had control over my career. I could feel a sense of the 'indignation' boiling within, that I felt as a child from being defiled and used by an older woman, for her sexual titillation.

There was a duality of emotions surfacing. On one hand, I could sense the extrovert in me embracing this challenge. While on the other hand I felt uncomfortable with my nudity being used for the possible sensual indulgence of women, who had influence over my career.

I spent the next few hours with these thoughts racing through my brain and eventually rationality calmed my mind. I reasoned that this request did not imply exploitation. There was the implication of a higher motive.

Of course, I didn't allow anyone to know of my personal internal debate. I was very good at presenting a different face to the world.

That afternoon, I returned to Sister Mary's office and when I was invited to enter I noticed three other sisters, including Sister Frances, sitting in a row of chairs facing my entrance. After some inconsequential chatting, Sister Mary explained, "Some of our sisters have little experience with males. There are many misconceptions, which often lead to confusion, fear and misunderstanding of men. After much consultation and prayer I am proposing a unique project for our sisters here at the convent and hope you might be willing to assist." After a brief pause to check my reactions, Sister Mary continued, "We would like you to be part of an educational panel assisting sisters to present a more rational view of many of these misconceptions? Also, it is anticipated, there may come a time during

the course for our sisters to familiarize themselves with male nudity. Would you be willing to be part of this project, with the possibility that you may be requested to be nude at some stage?"

I must have looked a little stunned by this request, as Sister Frances added, "There is no expectation on you should you feel the least bit uncomfortable. We will be using other visual aids in this presentation and your input could be limited to just a male response to some of the questions and information."

During the hours of introspection from when Sister Mary had asked me to attend this meeting, I had rationalized the possibility that I might be asked to be nude for this project, so was reasonably prepared for my response. Although, the words that came out of my mouth, weren't as calm as they might be read here on this page.

After an initial hesitant stumble over words, I answered, "If it is considered appropriate for me to be nude for part of this project and everyone is suitably prepared for such a situation, I would be honoured to assist." In my mind I saw this challenge as similar to that of a nude role in a live play on stage and I was well trained for such a performance.

Sister Mary said, "Thank you, we sincerely appreciate your indulgence with our unusual request!" She apologized if this had been uncomfortable for me, but she needed to complete that one last part of her 'jigsaw' to confirm its success and the choice of the right person for it – I had passed her test!

She then outlined the 'project' she was proposing and the necessity of my cooperation to be a naked model for the success of the course. "We would really appreciate your involvement!" Sister Mary entreated. I was totally intrigued and agreed.

This view of nudity by the Roman Catholic Church was confirmed just a few years later by, Pope John Paul II when he expressed the Catholic Church's attitude to the exposure of the human body in *Love and Responsibility*: "*The human body can remain nude and uncovered and preserve intact its splendour and its beauty… Nakedness as such is not to be equated with physical shamelessness… Immodesty is present only when nakedness plays a negative role with regard to the value of the person… The human body is not in itself shameful… Shamelessness (just like shame and modesty) is a function of the interior of a person*."[1]

CHAPTER 27
A Nun's Chorus

The 'familiarisation' sessions were to be held in the convent's former groundkeeper's house. This house was early federation in design and absolutely beautiful and lovingly restored and maintained by the nuns. It had a real 'homely' feel to each of the rooms, with open marble fireplaces and timber paneling.

So, two afternoons each week after school hours I was invited to initially address (and in later sessions, undress) for various groups of young nuns from the convent to help present a sexual awareness program. A vital part of the program was the desensitizing of the nuns to male nudity and sexuality.

I could thoroughly appreciate this belief. As a nudist I found after a full day of naked interaction with the opposite sex, my hormonal arousal levels were totally quiescent. Even as a young and constantly aroused teenager, after a day at the nudist club I found myself in total control of my sexual emotions and had little need for masturbation or sexual satisfaction. Sister Mary's expectations for her convent sisters in this familiarization course would achieve the same outcomes for her young charges.

My co-presenters for the course included Sister Frances. She proved to be a vital component in the success of the course. Sister Frances had entered the convent as a mature inductee. She had been married for some time prior to becoming a nun, but lost her husband to cancer. I was to learn that she had also enjoyed many 'radical' sexual experiences prior to her marriage and had a very mature approach to sex.

We were joined by Sister Louise to form the instructional panel for the course. Sister Louise was a few years older than me, but had joined the convent fresh from school and was to supply much of the input of how many of the younger nuns might react to the various topics.

Prior to the commencement of the course, the three of us met many times to formulate its structure. The obvious religious topics would be well handled by my fellow instructors. However, I was concerned about what and how much of my personal intimacies would need to be exposed. Sister Frances was the 'rock' for these discussions. She was forthright and positive that any and every masculine reaction that occurred should be accepted and discussed as 'normal' and vital for the familiarization ethos of the course. She also had a 'cheeky' sense of humour, which was to prove invaluable in

helping both myself and the younger nuns feel comfortable when the time for me to expose my nakedness.

The sessions were held in one of the cosy rooms and through the cooler months an open fire warmed the room. Everyone was seated in comfy armchairs. Initially most of the questions were innocuous and showed a real lack of understanding of both male and female sexuality. However, some nuns obviously had had some sexual experiences prior to joining the order. As lessons progressed their questions and experimentation grew more familiar and enthusiastic. Each lesson was preceded and concluded with suitable prayers and the sessions were treated with due reverence for the topic and respect for my involvement.

Initial topics and discussions focused on some of the misconceptions of male behaviour and sexuality. The common 'chestnut' that men are constantly thinking about sex, was quickly dispelled.

I had been raised in an all-male environment, so knew what young men thought. As an adult, I was involved with men through my numerous sporting and nudist activities and had many uninhibited discussions over drinks and social interactions. I was a very 'normal' male and knew very well 'what men thought'.

Sex was a large part of the male psyche, but certainly not primo! We were concerned about our careers, sporting achievements and relationships and also had an equal amount of self-doubts, fears and misconceptions about females. From these discussions with these nuns, I was quickly learning how similar the sexes were in many regards.

As the course progressed the atmosphere in each of the small groups became totally relaxed and familiar. Laughter and humour became commonplace! However, there was always an undertone of curiosity and a yearning for better understanding and questions became more intimate and explicit. By about the fifth or sixth week the course reached the agreed time for me to disrobe to help explain some of the physicality's of male attitudes and reactions. Everyone was made aware of this in the prior session, so anyone feeling uncomfortable could avoid these future sessions. No one did!

I was issued with a gown, which I wore for subsequent sessions to make disrobing much more convenient and natural, as the course progressed.

Sister Frances in her 'inimitable' style relaxed everyone, including myself, the first time I removed my gown. Her sense of humour and timing disarmed any nervousness in the group. She made a point each time I disrobed for each new group to smile at me and put her arm around my shoulders as I stood totally exposed and naked, as a shared

sign of appreciation from the group for my vulnerable state. Her simple act of familiarity and intimate inclusion of my nakedness into the room created an atmosphere of 'normality' for me and I suspect the gathered group of religious young women. I came to appreciate that this simple act also allowed each of those nuns who may have been feeling any uneasiness to relax and enjoy this rare visual opportunity to fully appreciate a naked male.

Within in a very short time I felt almost detached from my nakedness and had 'out-of-body' sensations as I became just another person in this room. I could sense my nakedness physically but emotionally I was just one with these women discussing every aspect of male sexuality.

This emotional disconnection from my sexuality constrained any sexual stimuli I might otherwise have felt standing fully naked and 'exposed' in front of a fully clothed group of enthusiastic and highly inquisitive young women.

With Sister Frances' encouragement and support, every one of the nuns in every group gradually became fully at ease studying every aspect of my body and its physical reactions. There was always an initial intimidation caused by 'Goldilocks' but this soon dissipated into smiles of admiration and occasional shyness when I became erect. It always caused much mirth for both them and myself and we'd often laugh as our unease quickly dissipated.

In every group the question was raised about my 'size' as compared to the photographic images presented in the introductory sessions, after the first unveiling of 'Goldilocks'. In the very first session, even Sister Frances seemed a little 'alarmed' by my 'size' when I became erect. I often wondered where she gained her information, but following my initial exposure, Sister Frances' research indicated that my 'size' was 'more generous' (in her words) than the normal male. Her explanation always filled the room with laughter in every group.

I added to their chuckles when I mentioned my nickname from Woodlands.

The lack of understanding of a male erection was high on the list of misconceptions. When I had the opportunity, I explained to these very inquisitive women how many of the erections a man gets during his lifetime are an involuntary physical response. "From the day a male is born he will get regular involuntary erections. It is a normal physical requirement that the penis gets a regular 'flush' to keep all blood vessels healthy," I explained. Some of the women had younger brothers and had witnessed these occurrences during nappy changes, but had not then connected this response in adult males. Everyone wrongly assumed that an erection implied the man was necessarily

sexually aroused.

Sometimes, and coincidentally I would become erect during these sessions and beneath my flimsy gown it was quite obvious. It became the ‘elephant in the room’ and eventually in consideration of the obvious interest Sister Frances would ask me to expose said ‘involuntary’ erection! Although I gave no indications, there were a few times that my imagination did get away with me. However, my acting skills came in very handy! My relaxed, casual attitude helped everyone to appreciate that an erection did not necessarily imply sexual arousal.

When this question was asked, I would manufacture an erection at will. I explained the ‘test’ to tell if a man is truly aroused, by feeling the tightness in his balls. Sister Frances asked me to walk around the room and allow each sister to familiarize themselves, while I was erect.

Almost every nun showed a combination of excited anticipation and shyness at intimately touching my body. Their hands would dance and wave around in the air above my cock, like a helicopter looking for a safe spot to land. However, with Sister Frances’ sense of humour and my apparent comfort, they all soon found it easy and an enjoyable sensation. Nearly everyone commented how soft and smooth a ‘hard’ erection felt. They were truly in awe and wonder at this amazing human reaction.

We then discussed some of the possible things that will sexually arouse a man. This list could be endless and varied from man to man, so all I could do was generalize.

Had I admitted that on occasions I could be aroused by this situation it would have changed the whole ambiance in the room. I was learning many valuable skills at controlling my arousal.

There quickly developed a collective awareness amongst the sisters in the convent that I did not see my nakedness in their company as the least bit disturbing. I was completely comfortable and honoured to share my naked body as a unique learning resource for them to gain insight into a normal male’s psyche and gain a rare opportunity to observe and understand his natural physical reactions.

After my collective experiences with the females I had encountered in my life to this point, I was becoming totally blasé at exposing these intriguing reactions, for female edification.

After the many very personal disclosures, by myself and many of the sisters in these discussion groups, there developed a real friendship and personal trust. I became totally comfortable in their company, as they seemed to be with my nakedness. There developed a real bond of personal respect for each other. For the last few sessions in each course I would remain naturally naked for the whole time and

continue discussions without any hint of embarrassment by myself or amongst the young nuns. The two nuns who facilitated each of these courses with me radiated an aura of normality to my nudity and their attitude helped their religious sisters to feel the same.

A collective amazed fascination was the common reaction in all groups at the sight of my completely flaccid cock sometimes growing into a fully erect state. I'm sure my comfort at being so exposed and vulnerable during these otherwise very personal reactions helped everyone to feel equally at ease. Especially as they felt they were 'in control' of the situation and could consider my erection and its many implications without any personal awkwardness.

There was an initial shyness with my nudity and I was sure some of these women had never seen a penis before in their lives. Faces lit up as fascination turned to curiosity and many questions were asked about my personal feelings and reactions, if and when it was sexually motivated.

To help them understand some of the incongruences of a male's attitude to sex, I always related my experience of the casual acceptance of nudity with the triplets at Woodlands Nudist club and then being 'attracted' to scantily clad women on the beach as a lifesaver at Tamarama Beach later that same day. This story did seem to help these women begin to understand the disparity for a male between nudity and sexuality.

It was a very surreal experience. I grew to enjoy the flushed faces and timid smiles of young nuns, some in their habits but most in casual apparel, as they examined and absorbed my nakedness.

At regular intervals during each course my teaching colleagues and I met to assess the progress of the course. It was obvious, there had been quite an amount of feedback within the convent amongst participants. There was general agreement that the course was a runaway success. Many of the young nuns in the course had expressed how much they had appreciated the lessons. If I happened to cross paths with any of them within the grounds, I'd regularly be thanked for my graciousness, honesty and openness.

I did occasionally ponder my position in this course and whether I was being used? However, my concerns about the anguish from my childhood abuse resurfacing, dissipated early in the course. There was such a warmth and kindheartedness for me from the sisters. My inherent exhibitionism and latent desires to be an entertainer, also helped to dismiss my fears.

I did consider where this facet of my personality had developed. Was there something within me that was intrigued by this apparent female interest in my sexuality? Did this stem from the abuse suffered as a child by an adult female teacher, who seemingly had every right

to molest me and enjoy my body without provocation and with complete impunity? Was I now getting sanction that my body was worthy of genuine admiration and not abuse or disinterest by women?

I was asked some years later during a conversation with a male friend whether I felt an 'ego rush' with this situation. I reacted quizzically to his suggestion, as I had never considered this possibility at the time. With little deliberation, I could honestly tell him 'No!' I had never felt that I was 'special' in these situations. I had learnt from a young age that a male shouldn't consider his body as 'private'. As I grew from a boy, I had noticed that there had always been a plethora of statues, art work, cinematic images etc., that exposed male nudity without any reservations. In association with my relaxed attitudes to nudity gained from my nudist lifestyle, I quickly became totally comfortable to be naked amongst these women. My unruffled mannerisms permeated each group and I sensed these women became equally comfortable with me.

These were normal healthy young women, living in a sexually repressed environment, satisfying a natural curiosity about the opposite sex. I genuinely felt privileged to be in this position to help. I was always treated with respect and I was in the perfect moral space relative to my 'sisters' to be the right person to return the respect and trust I was afforded.

One confronting situation that concerned me was when the lessons included some of my teaching colleagues from the college, with whom I had daily contact. At the time my teaching attire would be collar, tie and trousers. However, my concerns were unfounded and in fact every one maintained a relaxed but respectful manner toward me. In fact, my feelings of vulnerability by being naked in front of these women, inversely resulted in an attitude of admiration, as my nudity in the lessons was so greatly appreciated. Also, my vulnerability enabled a closer friendship to develop between myself and the sisters.

My involvement in Sister Mary's project started me on the road to resolution of many of my internal 'demons' caused by my childhood abuse. This friendly familiarity with female fantasies set my 'compass' directly toward a later 'career' in my 40's as a nude entertainer for individuals and groups of women. As with many of our experiences in life it was just another 'flutter' of those Butterfly wings, turning me in the direction in which my life was to develop.

However, I found it very difficult to just 'turn off' after these sessions. This unique project, in addition to the occasional 'pussy parade' by my students and other girls in and out of classes left me highly aroused. I was in the prime of my sexual capabilities with limited sexual experiences. Thankfully, Juliette was an occasional

visitor to my home. Even with my highly stimulated reserves of sexual energy, I never came close to matching hers. We would fuck each other silly whenever she found time to visit.

These ‘visits’ helped me to keep a reasonable control over my hormones. However, I would have liked more regular visits.

Thankfully, it wouldn’t be long before a few ‘friends with benefits’ appeared on the scene to save my sanity.

CHAPTER 28
Naked Nuns

Later in my life I came to realise the powerful effect these intimate experiences were having on my own emotional state. In my 50's I completed a course on Sacred Sexuality. In the course we learnt of the powerful effect sexual release in a safe environment could have on the psyche of people suffering from childhood sexual abuse. The sensation of a lack of worth that I felt as a child at the hands of an authoritative abuser were now being released. The process is called 'DeArmouring' and I was unconsciously dearmouring my feelings of abuse with each orgasm.

In my estimation, there must have been over 50 nuns aged from early 20's to mid 40's in the order who came to these 'familiarization' lessons over the ensuing months. Groups were limited to five nuns at a time and each nun would have enjoyed around 10 sessions each through the year. Some came more often than others, so I assumed it was a purely voluntary program. There may well have been others in the order who chose not to participate, whom I never saw at all that year.

At the end of the first ten-week program, Sister Mary advised that it had been a huge success and with my compliance would continue with great appreciation the following year. I didn't tell her that I also enjoyed the experience but assured her I would give it some thought overnight.

She saw me sign-on for work the next morning and called me into her office. "Are you happy to continue with the program next year?" she anxiously quizzed. "We are willing to make some allowances in your teaching program should you agree." I hesitated and then gave her my assurances and commitment. She seemed well pleased with my response. "As I know you enjoy your nudist lifestyle, I am happy for you to enjoy the convent's rooftop area along with our sisters at any time, should you wish. They would welcome your company too," she added. I thanked her for the offer and said I'd enjoy that opportunity.

My closest teaching associates would chat with me in our staff room about these sex education classes during various recess or non-teaching periods. I was eventually asked whether I would be willing to pose for some 'Life Drawing' classes. These after-hours classes included a senior matriculation art class and a recreational activity group for the convent nuns.

These classes were very informal and instructed by Sister Patricia, who was the college art teacher. The classes were held either in the

senior school for the matric classes or of a weekend in one of the convent's anti-rooms for the nuns. I posed a few times for each group throughout the year. After the first of the nuns' recreational art class I was invited to join some of them at their rooftop recreation area, where sisters from the convent sunbathed nude.

The nude sunbathing was regarded as a vital health measure for the sisters, regularly constrained in hot, heavy habits. The conditions under these habits in the heat of summer left little to the imagination. The appalling conditions they must have been suffering due to a combination of the heat and humidity and the sweat and discharges in their vaginal region. Thrush, candida or vaginal yeast infection, was it seemed a major problem for the female religious orders!

Whenever they could, every sister in the convent was encouraged to get a regular dose of fresh air and sunshine over their whole body. As my presence in their company became 'normalised' there was never any false modesty and each sister would casually relax to allow as much healing air and sunshine to bathe her suffering pudendum.

I was fully accepted into this privileged domain with only a hint of discomfit. As the 'odd man out', it seemed I was met by either appreciation or apathy to this naked 'health retreat'. With the health requirement to expose as much of their vaginal region as possible, I was afforded a rare opportunity to indifferently acquaint myself with the vast display of hirsute genitalia. I could sense that many of my 'sisters' were intrigued by my shaved pubic region and occasionally during an informal chat, I was asked, 'Why?"

It was no surprise to me to notice that none of the nuns shaved their pubic hair. There was no reason for them to do so. I'm sure if they'd known how unattractive a hairy muff looks – and if they were the least bit concerned – they may have decided on the shaving 'fashion'.

It certainly didn't concern me. I wasn't there to admire their feminine charms – I certainly had ample opportunity for that amongst the many teenagers keenly or carelessly exposing their pussies to me in class and around the college, in addition to my many female nudist buddies at nudist clubs in Sydney.

I thoroughly enjoyed this wonderful unique opportunity to sit casually and totally naked, with young (and not so young) women and casually and unashamedly chat about anything and everything in the world. Religion was always a popular topic as was politics. It was the era just prior to the Whitlam dismissal, so politics was always a hot topic. I was regularly quizzed as to whether I would consider converting to the Faith. However, as an Anglican, I had difficulty accepting that Mary the mother of Christ was a saint and to be worshiped, so would deflect the invitation with 'Maybe!'

Of course, we'd regularly chat about our students. I took the opportunity while lazing naked with two sisters one beautiful sunny Sydney Saturday morning, to ask whether they'd experienced girls coming to their classes without knickers. I was interested to know whether this was a 'common' phenomenon, or strictly 'aimed' at me.

"Yes, it's not uncommon for a girl to remove their knickers while playing sports and not put them back on for class," Sister James confirmed." "Yes, it does happen occasionally," chorused Sister Margaret. "Do they with you?" When I told them of some of the 'teases' the girls played on me, they both laughed with a knowing chuckle. "I'm not surprised, really," chuckled Sister James. These two nuns had not that long ago been teenage girls and understood perfectly the sexual tricks girls that age can play. They weren't in the least bit surprised.

"Does it bother or embarrass you?" Sister James queried concernedly. I told them that, as a nudist, I wasn't in the least bit bothered and after a while their tease became rather commonplace. "The girls do eventually give up with their intentional tease, but often continue not to wear knickers in my class, accidently or otherwise, it seemed." I added. I mentioned that many girls wouldn't bother to put their undies back on after an active recess or lunch break and seemed totally relaxed with that state of 'familiarity' in my class.

"They are senior girls and they do know that you are a nudist," Sister James offered. "So they obviously are feeling very comfortable with you." She added.

"I can see no harm in their behaviour, really," Sister Margaret said after a moment of contemplation. "It's quite common, I believe, for many adult women in the community and even some of our lay staff here in the college, not to wear knickers so we don't make an issue of it," she concluded.

I knew some of the female lay staff never wore knickers, as it occasionally had been mentioned during casual conversations in the staff common room during discussions about the same behavior amongst students in the playground.

Many of my trousers were made of fine cotton material and during that era it was fashionable for men's trousers to be almost skin tight, so an opaque outline of my genitals could be discerned under my clothing. It was even more so if I was experiencing an involuntary erection, when every feature of my engorged cock became clearly defined through the thin almost transparent cloth of my trousers. I had innocently long passed being concerned as no one ever commented or seemed embarrassed by my 'show'. Although there was obvious interest in my 'bulge' from the females around me I assumed it was generally accepted that either male or female genital exposure

was of little concern in this little corner of the world.

I was extremely impressed with the maturity of these two young nuns and grew even fonder of them. We went back to discussing religion and politics and other more interesting issues. I could also sense that from that discussion both Sisters James and Margaret felt much more comfortable in their naked state in my company. Over ensuing meetings on the rooftop garden they would be much more relaxed in my company.

After I had mentioned that, in my experience, most women 'shaved', Sister James turned up one day, sans pubic hair and smiled as she sat next to me. What ensued that day was a fascinating debate on the benefits and disadvantages of female depilation in our little group of naked nuns and me. I offered my 'twopenneth' opinion that, as a male, a shaved yoni to be more aesthetically appealing, which raised both a few eyebrows and chuckles simultaneously. "But it's so ugly – Oh, I don't mean yours sister." Sister Margaret apologetically added in Sister James' direction. Sister James was adamant that it "felt much nicer"!

Many of the nuns from the 'closed' order would sit meditatively on their own, reading or relaxing on one of the many chaises in the rooftop garden. Whenever, I was there, I made it a point not to disturb anyone, unless my company was requested. Often I would get a smile and wave to join two or three of the nuns and we'd just sit and chat quietly.

As history has proved, it is not natural to curb normal sexual desires. Most convents were experiencing ever-dwindling numbers as celibacy died a natural death. Sadly, I doubt this 'window' of enlightenment that I was privileged to enjoy at this unique Catholic venue, was never repeated elsewhere within the Catholic Church.

Eventually the Sex Education program for the convent nuns was to expand much more widely into a more comprehensive and formal course for senior students, aged 17 and 18 in the subsequent years that I taught at the college.

CHAPTER 29
Girls Just Wanna Have Fun

During one of our chats, Sister Mary mentioned that over the years there had been a regular request from parents to run a sex education course for their daughters in the college. Hence, due to the overwhelming success of the sexual familiarity seminars for the sisters in the college, there had been a proposal to do a similar course for the senior girls. She asked whether I would be willing to participate?

The question was rhetorical and Sister Mary had full expectations of my approval, which was obviously forthcoming.

Sister Frances and Sister Louise who formalized the course for their 'sisters' modified the course for teenage girls. I was invited to offer my input in the planning of the curriculum, and the completion of each lesson plan was submitted to Sister Mary and the School Board for approval. The final program consisted of a 10-week course, of one hour per week.

There was much discussion regarding the inclusion of male nudity in this course. I was concerned whether such a sight would be too confronting for the average 17 and 18 year-old young woman? Sister Frances assured me that the topic would be sensitively dealt with but we would need to coordinate my nudity with the suitable topic in the curriculum. I was a little unsure how this was going to happen but accepted her experience and maturity.

I was also concerned how this might affect my authoritative position as a teacher. Again, Sister Frances assured me that my nudity would be dealt with utmost respect. "What about the girls themselves?" I asked her. "Won't they be embarrassed?" Sister Frances again appeased my concerns with her mature understanding of teenage female sensitivities. She explained that there would be a plethora of imagery and explanation about male genitalia prior to my organic participation.

It was explicitly explained in the program guide that the curriculum for the course included instruction with a fully naked male model – 'under strict supervision by teaching staff'. Every girl in the program needed parental permission to participate and to my surprise almost all parents gave their permission.

One of the young female 'lay' teachers, Janice, was recruited as a colleague for the course. Janice was a science teacher with specialty in human biology and her input for certain aspects was seen as vital. Janice and I became very good friends as the planning progressed. We would often find ourselves sitting together during staff meetings or at

lunch hour, discussing and chuckling at our unique positions in the school curriculum.

Each class was divided into three groups of 10 – 12 girls, so that every girl would be able to ask personal questions and experience physical familiarities, regarding sexual sensations and arousal in men, in addition to the equivalent experiences in females. There were also sections on sex and faith, sexual health, emotions, choice of a life partner and many other related topics.

Following these courses my position as a teacher in this school changed from purely that of an academic role to one of much wider capacities. Similar to the dual mindset Shelly had developed toward me, so did most other girls in the school. Just as those girls who joined their parents at nudist venues could see their parents, especially their fathers, in a dual role, I now had a similar duality.

They now saw me as their teacher for both academic learning and also in a pastoral role for their edification of male anatomy and its sexual functioning. My comfort and ease in disclosing these very intimate aspects of my body for their personal tutelage, eventually became a mantra amongst all my students. Over time they became much more at ease around me when it came to their own personal sensualities.

During my employment at this college I had developed a genuine concern for the welfare of all my students. There was an emotional and spiritual warmth in this college amongst students and staff that generated genuine respect of each for the other. My ability to share my nudity was seen and respected for the unique sensitivity in which it was given.

When I look back now over a 40-year break, I find myself writing this with a duality of amazement and sadness that this really happened. Sadly, there is no possible way this could occur in today's politically correct climate – and more the pity that such a relaxed attitude to nudity could offer for the betterment and sexual maturity of today's youth.

To cater for the 200+ girls who requested participation from the senior school, the course needed to run continuously on repeat every school term for each year group. My participation in the first few lessons was initially limited to an advisory role regarding male feedback on particular issues. Nearing the final stages of each course I was issued with a gown and after male anatomy had been introduced and discussed, I would remove my gown and Janice would use me as her life model for each aspect or her lesson. Any possible titillation amongst the girls due to my 'size', when I first appeared naked was completely constrained by the atmosphere established earlier in the course by the supervising nuns. There were certainly some shy smiles

and furtive glances around the room as my 'unveiling' was anticipated and wide-eyed awe when Goldilocks was aroused from his slumber, but nothing more.

By this time, I had been teaching in the college for two years and my occasional nudity in the tennis challenges and shared nudity in change rooms was, by now, commonplace amongst senior students.

It got to the stage that I was so totally relaxed and my nakedness universally acknowledged with no discomfort amongst the students, that sometimes I'm sure I could almost have not bothered to get dressed to go to my regular mathematics teaching classes. I'm sure it would not have mattered, for at times I would go from being fully naked in front of a group of young women in the sex education classes and then dress to go straight to my maths classes with many of the same students. It became quite surreal!

I had progressed from a relatively sexually immature young man when I began teaching, to a point where I was now totally at ease to be naked before groups of young women, of a similar age to me. Not only that but due to the respect and appreciation I was afforded in my 'vulnerable' state, I also had no qualms to have my genitals utilized as a teaching resource. Although I was comfortable to be nude amongst other nudists, this was very different and the transformation was both steady and stunning. Over the period of these courses I became totally at ease to be naked and easily assumed my teacher's 'hat' in my stance and attitudes in these sex ed classes.

I can only imagine how some of these young women managed to cope with the same surrealism. The advanced maturity and personal respect for me that the course engendered was a good sign that most of them adapted very well.

That's not to say there were exceptions. These were 200 individual young women with a wide range in sexual energy, experiences and maturity. On occasions, a girl would become too familiar, physically or verbally with me and Sister Mary would be required to sit them down to help them adapt and deal with their excess sexual urges.

I came to recognize that visits to the toilets and change rooms by girls while I was showering, increased geometrically over time. This obvious interest in my nudity was usually innocent and harmless and caused me little concern.

However, early one morning, well before classes, as I was showering after my cycle to work, one of the senior girls came into the change rooms. She wasn't one of my students, but I did know her name from one of the current sex education classes she attended. Some girls might enjoy a harmless perv as they changed into their sports uniform near me or others offer a passing glance in my

direction on their way to the toilets. However, Josie stopped and came over to my shower cubicle. At first I didn't think too much of this rather intimate invasion of my personal space, but she then started to undress, saying; "Can I join you, sir?"

I didn't know how to respond, or whether this was another 'gotcha' by some of the girls. At first I treated it as a joke as most of these tactics turned out to be. However, when she was completely naked she moved to join me in the shower. I assumed she would move under one of the adjacent shower roses, but instead she moved toward mine.

As she came closer I held her hand to stop her and then asked her to get dressed. She wasn't expecting this reaction from me and seemed both surprised and disappointed but did as I asked. I then dried myself and dressed while she sat watching me, all the while with a cheeky, confident look on her face.

I asked her to join me under one of the big Morton Bay Fig trees in the college grounds. We sat down and I asked her why she had done that. "It's not appropriate behaviour Josie, don't you realise that?" I asked. "I was just having a bit of fun sir and I didn't think you'd mind!" Josie answered.

We sat and chatted for another 15 minutes and finally she admitted she often had sexual fantasies about me and that she had wanted to touch me for such a long time and couldn't resist the opportunity that had just presented itself.

Her inappropriate sexual behaviour needed to be discussed, but I was not the person for this. I didn't know her well enough to discuss these issues that focused on me in particular. I mentioned I was going to get Sister Mary to talk to her and she became very upset. I assured her, she wasn't in trouble, but she needed to discuss her feelings with Sister Mary. Her raging hormones needed an older and wiser head to deal with this matter.

There was a genuine conscientiousness in the approach to the sex education course. The girls were given a comprehensive lecture on the importance and respectfulness for the course and any misbehavior would result in expulsion from the course. This was enough to maintain strict discipline and appropriate behaviour amongst all participants. As it eventuated the course was VERY eagerly anticipated by the whole senior school.

The senior sex education course began conservatively. My teaching 'sisters' were careful to establish a respectful environment for everyone involved, in particular for my sensitive situation.

The course was well-received and both the college administration and the participants seemed well pleased with the outcomes. I was very impressed with the way the students had shown a mature

acceptance of my nudity. In the early stages of each course there were the occasional playground greetings of ‘Hello Sir!” said with an exchange of ‘knowing’ smiles and collective giggles between the girls. However, I always gave them an unabashed and accepting response and smile to indicate I was not at all embarrassed by my recognition of the sexual mental images that must have passed across their minds in the moments as we walked toward each other. Teenage girls live in a wild and erotic fantasy world and the more it is accepted as a ‘normal’ part of their sexual development the less, I believe, it becomes a problem for them later.

I never took for granted that my role as an educator in this college was extremely unique and also placed Sister Mary in an awkward position if anything went awry. I had both an intellectual and physical capacity and duty within myself to fully educate these young women for the adult world to which they were about to be exposed. I regarded both capacities equally and saw no difference in the ‘normality’ of utilizing both my intellect and gender for the educational benefit of my students. As a genuine educator, I felt these were both functions of my being that could truly benefit each and every one of them. However, as with any good educator, I had to clearly define which students were both emotionally and academically prepared to be exposed to the topic being taught. In regard to my role as a sex educator, I had to be carefully aware of both the sensitivity of the topic and the students to whom it was to be taught plus and just as important, the resources I used to explain and present that topic.

This shared comfort with our nudity was to create many other interesting experiences with many of my students.

CHAPTER 30
I Get To Know My Students Very Well

During winter, as the college athletics coach, I held training sessions for students at a nearby sports field. These sessions were held twice a week during the lunch hour. I also introduced a weight training session for those keen to improve at the Bronte Surf Lifesaving Club, on a Saturday morning. I lived near Bronte Beach and was an active member and Patrol Captain at the club. At the time surf lifesaving was a male only activity and hence the surf club facilities only had male change rooms and toilets.

I had convinced the executive of the surf club to allow me to open the club early on a Saturday morning for my group of girls to use the gym, prior to its use by club members. There was talk that the surf lifesaving movement was considering allowing females to join surf clubs and become active members, so Bronte were keen to be amongst the first club to do so. Bronte SLSC was the first official surf lifesaving club in Australia and hence were keen to lead the way in this new initiative also.

I always had at least a dozen girls turn up for this Saturday morning training session. It was popular for many reasons, not the least because they were 'privileged' to be able to enter a male only domain.

After each workout session, if it was warm enough, we'd all change together into our 'togs' and go for a swim. There was a keen interest in the male toilets, especially the urinals, which most girls had never seen before. They were all keen to know how men could stand side-by-side and pee without embarrassment. 'Do you look at each other?' 'Aren't you embarrassed to pee in front of someone else?' These and a few other naive questions were thrown at me when they first saw the urinals.

Shelly was always one of my regulars for these training sessions and as the 'alpha' female in the senior school was always the one to lead the way in anything outrageous or sensual. She couldn't resist the temptation and after our second gym session, took a stance at the urinal, lifted her sports skirt, thrust her hips forward, peeled her labia back and pee'd – very successfully, I might add at the urinal. Every girl broke up with laughter and I must admit I was surprised at how easily she managed a successful use of this male facility. As was usual, a few others then followed her lead, giggling as they attempted to emulate her feat.

This wasn't the first time these girls had shared this intimacy with

me. Shelly and Lizzy (and Juliette) regularly squatted and pissed right in front of me when they needed to 'go' while we sat chatting in the quiet corner of Hesperides nudist club. It was too far to go the toilets and by now we had reached an understanding between us where gender and sexual sensitivities were irrelevant.

It was also normal for my girls to simply squat and pee whenever they were 'caught short' at athletics training. None of them ever wore knickers to training, so squatting by the side of the track with their skirts hitched was considered practical. The toilets were up the hill at the rear of the grandstand and too far to even consider that option.

This expediency was also commonplace in all public athletics events. During a major fun run, it was very common to see a woman stop by the side of the road, squat and do the 'pull-aside' of her running shorts and pee, as a tide of runners passed her by. Men would find the nearest tree. No one ever thought it an unusual scenario.

"Show us how it's done, Michael," Shelly would often cheekily challenge me as she stood peeing at the surf club urinal. She had regularly seen me pee at Hesperides but was exhibiting her 'alpha' female confidence for the others. After Shelly's example, none of these girls ever again used the cubicles in the surf club toilets to pee. With this new exciting challenge that now seemed too mundane.

I continually deflected Shelly's taunts, as it seemed just a little too confronting to share with my other non-nudist students. However, after continued taunts over many weeks and busting for a pee, I finally wilted and joined a few of them as they grinned in expectation, as they stood at the urinal. We all ended up laughing at the silliness of the situation; while I tried to maintain some decorum as we pee'd together. I still have mental images locked in my mind of this group of girls occasionally standing and laughing as they shared their urinal exploits.

I often asked myself why some female inventor has never invented a female urinal. Judging by the ease with which these young women could adapt their anatomy to a male facility, it wouldn't have taken too much imagination to develop a more accommodating facility for women.

The long lines at most female toilets certainly attest to the need for a quick and easy female urinal.

After our workout and swim, I invited anyone interested back to my place for a healthy breakfast. I was keen to show them how to eat a good diet as well as improve their physical capabilities for athletics.

Usually, most girls did so! My unit block was perched high on the hill overlooking Bronte Beach. The complex had a rooftop area that was very private from neighbouring vision. If it was warm enough, we'd often end up on the roof and sit casually naked together, soaking

up the warmth of the winter sun, laughing and chatting together. My list of students with whom I shared my nudist lifestyle was growing ever larger.

Interestingly, I occasionally crossed paths with some of my students in later life. On one occasion, I was having a blood test at a pathology clinic and the nurse immediately recognized me and said 'You don't remember me do you?" I had to admit the intervening years and the change from teenager to middle age woman had changed her appearance. However, when she introduced herself as one of my former senior maths students I immediately could recall that awkward teenager. We briefly chatted about her life and career. She was happily married with three teenage kids herself. She made a point of mentioning the unique sex education course and said how disappointed she felt that her own children could not access such a course in the current conservative social climate.

I also met my 'butterfly', Shelly, at a 25-year class reunion. She had never known of my attraction for her while she was my student, for which I gave myself a self-congratulatory pat on the back. She was still a stunningly beautiful woman! She also had been happily married for 20 years and had four children. She made a point of mentioning the sex education course and in particular the extra-curricular attention she and a select few of her honours classmates had received from me. She said how important that learning was for her at the time and how much she had appreciated that 'education' at that stage in her life. After she left school, with this extra sexual maturity gained from our contacts both at school and the nudist club, she was able to find a life partner whom she matched on many other qualities other than as a sexual partner chosen in the heat of a young woman's passions. Unfortunately many of her female friends from other schools had been trapped in an unhappy relationship based purely on their raging youthful desires and lived to regret it.

I made a point of asking her about Juliette. Apparently, she was now divorced and Shelly mentioned she'd be keen to hear from me and gave me her phone number.

By this time I had been married and also divorced, had three beautiful children and had been working as an exclusive high-end male escort for five years.

I thanked Shelly for being my 'Butterfly'. She was puzzled by what I meant. I did try to explain how that my meeting with her as a teenager and the sexual path with her and her sister that eventuated, shaped my life totally and I didn't have a single ounce of regret. She wasn't too sure how to react, but I again reassured her it was 'all good!'

I didn't phone Juliette! As I was then actively engaged in escort

work, I felt I didn't have the time, or would be fair, to establish a relationship with a woman at this point in my life.

During these years at the college, that I was involved in this unique sex education course, I would often find myself in many more very compromising situations when on school excursions with groups of my young and very sexually charged female students.

CHAPTER 31
Gotcha!

Another example of erotic situations I'd find myself in while teaching at the college was on one of the annual ski excursions that I organised to the NSW Snowy Mountains. Each year I would take 30–40 young women by coach to a mountain lodge on the outskirts of Jindabyne for five days of skiing fun. During these trips my girls would regularly find various ways to have their fun by 'testing' me in very compromising situations. In fact, I'm sure it became a competition amongst them to see who could achieve my best 'reaction' from the most sensual situation. I would always play along, fully realising I was being set up, but these were good kids and I knew they would never go beyond the agreed bounds.

On one occasion, a few months after the senior's sex education classes had started, I was subjected to a very funny 'gotcha'.

While enjoying a relaxing drink near the open fire at the lodge after a full days skiing, a couple of girls came running frantically down the stairs from the bathroom shouting that 'Suzy' had slipped in the showers and was unconscious on the bathroom floor. This did seem genuine and I sprang into action. I was a fully qualified surf lifesaver, instructor and examiner, so had excellent CPR knowledge and first aid medical skills. When I raced into the showers, there was Suzy, staged perfectly, dripping wet and sprawled totally naked over the floor, legs spread and neatly shaved pussy brilliantly highlighted by the bathroom lighting and directly in my line of sight as I entered the room. As I knelt beside her shoulders in anticipation of resuscitation protocol, Suzy slowly lifted her head, planted a big kiss on my mouth and smiled from ear to ear. The bathroom erupted in a chorus of laughter and cheers from the assembled array of naked young women, now encircling me.

They'd 'got me'!

I smiled in acceptance of the 'gotcha' and left the shower room. Later that night, and after I'm sure a few secreted drinks by many of them, I was presented with a semi-naked congo line by this group of girls, dancing back and forward around me, bums on my lap and boobs in my face. I 'stoically' endured their taunting much to their greater amusement and mirth. It was all good innocent fun for a 24 year-old male and 17 year-old young women. With the pervading healthy approach to nudity in the college they naturally expected nothing less than my 'controlled' acceptance and accord for this naked tease and the freedom to express their feminine sexuality.

It must be said that the overwhelming and pervading aroma of female pheromones and exotic perfumes in this hot-house of emerging adult feminine sexual energy made for a very heady and dangerous mix of surging testosterone and oestrogen. Without my rational moral filter, serious issues could have arisen. Thankfully, they didn't!

As the showers at the lodge were all open, without cubicles, there was always a line of girls watching and waiting for me to finish showering every morning. My nickname had filtered through the school and every girl seemed keen to savour my Goldilocks cock as often as possible. It certainly wasn't an unpleasant experience for me either to be so up close and personal next to these young women dripping wet and bent in all contortions while shaving and washing themselves. I am human and a man and although I gave no indication, I very much appreciated this morning parade of naked, wet, young females.

Considering virtually every young woman on these trips had seen me naked in the sex education classes and they knew I was a nudist, I never bothered to dress and just wrapped a towel around myself going to and from the bathroom. With the relaxed ethos toward nudity at the college many of the girls followed suit, making nudity or semi-nudity the norm for most of them, rather than the exception for the duration of our stay at the ski lodge.

Again, if this seems incredulous, this was the hippie generation of free love, 'make love not war', the pill and the resulting sexual freedom it now gave women. Plus and most importantly, an era dominated by a very heady and influential women's liberation movement. These were turbulent times of changing sexual attitudes and mores. Young women were being encouraged to express themselves and experience personal 'freedom' and nudity and sexual experimentation was the norm for the era.

Janice was at the forefront of this movement and her influence in the college amongst the girls themselves couldn't be underestimated.

CHAPTER 32
Butterfly Number Three

My sex education colleague, Janice, then began to have a much larger influence on my sex life and was to become my next 'Butterfly' and further my knowledge of the female sexual psyche.

Thank God for women with a 'healthy' robust sexual appetite!

Janice had no experience of nudism, but was a child of the Feminist Movement and was forthright in her demands for sexual equality. As with most feminists and other extreme left or right wing radicals, she was an idealist and not a realist. The world needs radicals, to challenge the status quo, but we need rationalists to filter the crap from the truth and to make the final decisions. We would regularly debate the sexual spectrum between men and women, often resulting in heated opposition to each other's point of view, but ultimately accepting that we'd agree to disagree. We also had a 'pact' to never leave after a debate with any angst in our gut. We quickly discovered that fucking was a great antidote to angst.

I've always been attracted to intelligent, challenging women and Janice was certainly in that category.

One of her fervent demands for sexual equality was the right for women to have equal access to male prostitution, should they so desire and without guilt or shame. Her forthright attitude and her ensuing exposition of all things female, eventually convinced me of its rationality and the catalyst for my entry into this occupation later in my life.

I could never have had a close relationship with Janice, she was too political and radical. However, we always agreed on the benefits of mutual sexual pleasuring and this led to some wonderful experiences between us.

Although I had resolutely resolved never to have sex with any of my students, I had no qualms enjoying sexual intimacy with any of the female staff, they were, relatively, my emotional equals.

A few weeks into the first of the sex education classes, Janice and I would meet for a drink after work. We'd discuss our reactions and emotions in educating these sexually curious young women. Janice had volunteered for her role, as she was adamant that young women should have equal opportunity to learn about the beauty of the human body. She hesitantly and I think begrudgingly admitted that the knowledge she'd be working alongside me was an incentive.

She lived not far from the college and eventually the incredible chemical attraction we felt for each other would lead us back to her

flat for some heavy fucking fun a couple of times each week after work.

This mutual pleasuring certainly helped me dissipate my pent-up sexual appetite. I was continually inflamed by the heady absorption of female pheromones released during my regular naked displays intended to help educate sexually curious young women. In addition, the occasional overtly eager displays of naked pussies in my classes and around the college each day just accentuated my 'inflammation'.

In hindsight I realised there was a risk that my moral mandate not to fuck a student could well have come undone had Janice not appeared on the scene.

Although we weren't ideally suited in many emotional contexts, we were perfectly suited sexually. I would always wait for her to climax first, then share my orgasm, fully engorged and pumping globs of hot cum, pulsating deep within her tight, sweet, hungry pussy. I'd then tongue her clitoris to a wondrous wave of multiple orgasms. She was totally enthralled by the pleasures we shared and eager for more on a daily basis. My appetite or abilities weren't as regular, so two to three times each week, sufficed for me, initially.

I also found Janice to be an ideal physical partner for our fucking fun. The few women I had enjoyed sex with to this point all had varying vaginal length and girth. I often found I'd have to be very careful in thrusting with women who had a shallow or narrow vagina. Just as size varied in men, I was learning that it was equally so with women. Toni had alerted me to this caution early in my sexual exploits. However, it wasn't until I began my fucking career that I gradually realised the reality.

I was to realise later in my life that young women, in particular, needed patient stimulation to allow their vagina to fully expand to comfortably take the girth of my cock. There'd often be wide-eyed caution in a woman's eyes when she first saw my fully erect cock.

Janice, however, had ample vaginal capacity and was quickly stimulated and seemed to comfortably take almost every inch of my fully engorged, erect cock and enjoy it immensely.

With Janice's delightful sexual balancing therapy, I could maintain my resolve with my students throughout my many years at the college, despite their many and varied attempts to tease me till I wavered.

Janice was my age, and the school biology teacher, hence being a natural choice to be asked to tutor for the sex education course for the college senior students.

As a young female teacher, she also had a close connection with her students. She was at the extreme left edge of 'radical' feminism and had very strong viewpoints on equality and affirmative action for

women. As a teacher in a girls' school she had plenty of fervent 'tinder' in which to ignite many of her beliefs and behaviour.

I should add that Janice was a very beautiful and arousing woman. She was a tall, sinewy brunette. Her long dark eyelashes veiled captivating blue eyes that entranced most people, male and female, that she met. Coming from a repressed sexual background I couldn't help feeling totally absorbed by her relaxed manner with sex. I was learning so much about female sexuality from her and as it was to eventuate, learn so much, much more in our ongoing association.

I knew that Janice also had regular interviews with Sister Mary. I'm sure her radicalism was both a boon and a barrier to her employment in the college. Good qualified Science teachers were almost as rare as Mathematics teachers and being female aided in her employ. However, Sister Mary was keeping a close eye on Janice's integration in the college environment.

CHAPTER 33
Extra Curricular Sex Education

During one of our staffroom chats Janice mentioned that in her discussion with students from the boarding college she was becoming aware of the immaturity and lack of knowledge some of them had about sex. She was keen to help these girls avoid some of the unfortunate temptations and traps that awaited a naive young woman in society. She wanted to organize more extensive 'private lessons' for these girls, giving them knowledge beyond what they were getting in the sex education course. Knowing Janice as I did by then, I could well imagine the very explicit chats she would have shared with her students. She, like me, was only a few years older than our students and hence we could relate often as peers in many discussions we shared.

Apparently, Janice had mentioned this request to Sister Mary during one of her one-to-one chats. She had explained that these girls had NO contact with males while at boarding school and she seemed aggrieved that they were totally disadvantaged in developing their sexual knowledge. From the way Janice was now discussing the issue with me, led me to believe that Sister Mary had given qualified agreement to what she was about to ask me.

I was naturally curious! Janice explained that she believed that the college course didn't give the girls adequate 'life skills' for dealing with the men they'd meet very soon in their lives. She believed that the girls should have a greater opportunity to learn the more intimate aspects of male and female sexuality and asked if I'd be willing to provide more intimate assistance.

In what I sensed was an attempt to placate my cautiousness she said that I would be an ideal facilitator for these girls. "You are obviously very comfortable with your body Michael and don't seem to have any pretenses about helping our students learn about male sexuality."

By this time I had been teaching for over two years at the college and had become totally relaxed with the girls in the senior school and with virtually any request regarding my sexuality. I had been made well aware that my body had become a valued teaching tool and my comfort and confidence with exposing and utilizing these unique 'tools' had transferred through to the girls. They had become equally relaxed to satisfy their every curiosity in the safe environment of the sex education classes. There was an obvious and natural interest and intrigue in male genitalia and masculine reactions. However, as

teenage girls they had not as yet developed that more mature enthrallment and temptations for male sexuality that would come as they matured into womanhood. I felt respected and trusted and comfortable with virtually any request.

However, with the experience gained from my 'intimate' lesson with my honours class girls at the religious retreat the previous year, I was cautious not to transgress too far over the sensitive line between teacher and student. So, with a mixture of trepidation and excitement I was curious as to what Janice's girls wanted to learn.

Janice explained that she had planned to invite a few girls, who had expressed an interest in an 'extension' course, to join us, if I agreed, at her flat for a few hours on the following weekend. "Sister Mary has given me permission to run this course, but it can't be on the college grounds, we can only involve students who have turned 18 and we must get explicit permission from every parent," she explained.

Janice explained that she wanted to give her girls a more scientific and 'thorough' education about male sexuality. "Are you able to express your feelings and sensations during arousal and answer their questions?" Janice smiled. "I'm intrigued," I hesitantly smiled in return and then agreed to be involved. By this time I had appeared in a few professional performances at Sydney's Ensemble Theatre and had developed a practiced ability to using my body as a performance piece, albeit not as intimately as I had at various times at this school. However, my acting skills and working with 'theatre in the round' (as was the Ensemble Theatre) were to become very relevant as to what was to occur.

What she didn't know, of course, was that I had also experienced similar intimate 'lessons' with some of my own students previously, so was relatively comfortable with the request and what to expect.

Also, by now, it seemed that I had exhibited the most intimate details of my sexuality to almost every female over the age of 16 within the college complex. I had long lost any reluctance to utilize my nakedness to help answer the many wonders various young and older females had about the male gender. The appreciation I was afforded for my intimate revelations was truly splendid and doused many of my previous anxieties about sex.

So, Janice's request for my cooperation with this group didn't faze me one bit. I assumed it would be just a more 'personal' opportunity for these girls to understand more of what they had already learnt in their sex education classes with me.

When I arrived at her flat the following Saturday morning I was greeted by Janice and six of her students. I could tell the girls were glad that I had shown up and sensed they wouldn't have been

surprised if I hadn't, judging by what they were expecting of me, but of which I was at this stage not fully aware.

As a true science teacher, Janice began the session with a very anatomical description of male and female anatomy and respective reactions during intercourse and orgasm. I was invited to give whatever input seemed appropriate from a male perspective and as the topics and discussion became more open and erotic and the ambiance relaxed, Janice moved into the next phase of her 'lesson' and asked me to strip.

The girls smiled and shuffled in their seats and flashed a sideways dance of eyelashes at each other as I casually removed each layer of clothing to finish totally nude before them. I couldn't help smiling at them as my exhibitionist nature played with their senses and I watched their interest mount with each layer I removed. I was now playing a part as an actor on stage and teasing them and they reacted accordingly! They hadn't witnessed me strip in front of them before. In the school sex ed classes I always wore a robe and just removed it when appropriate. However, my sense of fun had kicked in and I playfully teased their erotic senses while going from my street clothes to stark naked before them. I thoroughly enjoyed this opportunity to remove my teachers 'hat' with my clothes and 'perform' as an artist for this delightful and ardent audience. I sensed by Janice's reactions, I was exhibiting just the right charisma for her agenda. When I was fully nude I sat on a large lounge chair facing the girls.

The initial expressions on the girls' faces was 'priceless'. There was wide-eyed wonder as they stared at my cock. Janice quickly dissipated some of the apprehensions that were building in each girl by assuring them that I was of 'generous' proportions and larger than most men they'd ever likely meet.

I now moved again from being a teacher to a male anatomical model and as it seemed the girls had been anxiously awaiting this stage in the lesson they all accepted this change in my role with ease and excitement.

This atmosphere was becoming much, much more erotic than I had ever experienced in the college sex education classes where I was the male model for either the nuns or the senior girls. In the college courses, there were always a few other female teachers or nuns in attendance and their presence always tempered any hint of sexuality or eroticism with my nudity.

However, here I was fully exposed in a room with just six 18-year old girls and Janice. I began to feel slightly uncomfortable with the situation, as I sensed the level of female pheromones rising in the room. Plus, Janice didn't seem to be offering the expected role of moderator to the session. In fact, her sexual energy was rising even

greater than the girls and I sensed she was 'feeding' off their energy and was now also highly aroused. I was becoming concerned that there didn't seem to be any restraint to the eroticism that was developing. In all other situations where my nudity had been exposed, I had always felt 'in control' and comfortable. However, now I was at Janice's mercy and the eager expectations of my female audience.

Janice invited the girls to ask me any question they wanted. She explained that this was to be a unique opportunity for them to get open and honest answers to their questions and concerns about sex.

Although I was the only naked person in the room, I didn't at first feel any discomfort. However, the obvious erotic fervor that was developing was causing me some concerns. I assumed that Sister Mary knew of this 'experiment' and my every response would be relayed to her in some form or another. Janice, however, showed no similar reticence.

The girls were initially shy to ask the burning issues they had floating in their frontal lobes, so Janice took the initiative and began a discourse of her reactions to feeling a man's cock engorge her pussy. She explained to the girls how to arouse a man, but also how to 'hold' his ejaculation till she was satisfied. She also anticipated the question of 'size' and comfort in intercourse. Everyone in the room knew my nickname and now knew how I had got it.

"Don't be overly concerned if you encounter a cock this big," she reassured the girls as she placed her hand around the girth of my cock, as if to indicate that mine was wider than normal. Sensing their concerns, I added, "A good lover should be aware of your concerns, if not, make him aware and get him to go slow."

Janice then took my cock in her hands with such a natural abandonment that the girls all drew a collective breath at her brazenness. Of course, they weren't aware that by now this familiarity between us was an almost daily occurrence after school hours.

Although the girls' embarrassment was blatantly obvious to 'Blind Freddy', Janice was oblivious and went about her demonstration without an 'excuse me, please or thank you,' in my direction.

Gradually, the girls' manner changed from mild shock to amusement at Janice's dexterity and familiarity with male genitalia. They were now obviously impressed with her 'experience' and began to afford her much more acclaim than as just their 'mere' science teacher.

For my part I was like a 'stunned mullet' and smiled in confused amusement at the situation that was developing in the room. I was initially concerned that we had already gone beyond the accepted limits for this 'special' class. However, I had underestimated the hidden 'maturity' of these young women. With the lid obviously now

totally blown on the topics for discussion they soon became quite animated and explicit with their questions.

I was asked about my erections, what it feels like to cum, what does sex feel like for a man… and the questions keep coming. Soon laughter replaced the shyness and the girls were now interrupting each other and giggling with questions.

I answered each question as best I could, trying to keep as straight a face as possible with some of them. Janice would often answer a girl's question with one of her own. "How would you react to that question, if you were a man?" She'd ask a girl. This got them thinking about the sexual similarities between male and female and gave them a better sense of how to answer their own curiosities.

Eventually, the girls ran out of questions and Janice suggested we take a break and enjoy a drink. I saw no reason to dress, so stayed naked as we all sat around chatting. The contentment in the room was beguiling. There was still an obvious interest in my nakedness from every girl, with occasional glances in my direction, as they chatted amongst themselves, as my cock and balls moved in natural rhythm. During the question and answer period my cock occasionally rose and fell and now was oozing a slight stream of fluid as it relaxed. This intrigued many of the girls and their focus returned to my genitals. I was asked shyly whether this fluid was cum. As I considered how to adequately answer the question, Janice quickly explained that it was a 'pre-cum' that men get as they get aroused. She went on to give a full description of male arousal and ejaculation as I smiled and watched each girl visualize each faze with my cock.

While we drank coffee and soft drinks, Janice casually asked me if I'd mind showing the girls a full erection. In the spirit of what she had just explained to the girls, it made obvious sense and she knew of my ability to get an erection at will. However, she asked the question so casually that I'm sure most of the girls were unsure if they had heard right.

I was perched on one of her kitchen stools and was also slightly stunned by the calmness of her question. I mumbled and spluttered a 'Yes, if that's what the girls would like to see?"

"OK girls gather around, I think you're going to enjoy this next lesson," she said with a wry smile on her face.

The girls started to shuffle around me as their anticipation began to grow geometrically. "Michael is kindly going to show you how a penis grows from flaccid to erect." She announced. Three of the girls shuffled their stools directly in front and lest than a metre from me while the other three stood watching over those girls' shoulders.

I mentioned that what I was going to show them was the mechanics of how a penis gets erect. I explained that I had an ability

to make my penis erect at will and that this skill is not usual for a male. So, with everyone watching intently I closed my eyes and focused my attention on a past memory. The fact that I had the undivided attention of these highly aroused teenagers made the process that much easier. Within a minute my cock was fully erect and arching toward the ceiling from between my thighs.

As I opened my eyes I was bemused again by the wide-eyed, open-mouth stares from every girl in front of me. They were totally mesmerized by my erect cock.

In her blasé manner Janice broke their trance with an attempt at a joke, “This is Michael’s extra foot, girls!”

They all laughed, but we could both tell they didn’t really understand the context.

“Can we touch it sir?” one girl asked!

“Yes, of course!” I replied and they all hesitantly reached out at the very same time. As hesitancy gave way to overwhelming curiosity they began running their fingers up and down and grasping my shaft to experience this unique and rare sensation for them.

Questions flew thick and fast and I again did my best to answer them as my cock slowly became flaccid once again.

With no more questions forthcoming, we ended the class. The girls were full of appreciation and as they left they each individually thanked me for this special opportunity.

After they left, Janice roused me again, as from then on she was constantly to do and we fucked each other thoroughly. She was a most unusual woman and I was most attracted to her individuality, radicalism and fervent sexual spirit. However, she was not the woman, I’d have taken home to meet my mum and dad!

That night at home as I rested in bed, it struck me that I was becoming very comfortable exhibiting such an intimate aspect of my being – my erection – for the pleasures of women, of all ages.

I traced back in my mind all my erotic adventures. Beginning with my teenage days entertaining crowds with my stripping routine as a hypnotist’s stooge. This was followed by the learning antics with the Woodlands tennis women and Toni’s assurances of my Goldilocks endowment. Then came assisting Gracie, my Year 12 ex-student, with her sexual education. I had then grown extremely comfortable masturbating for the pleasure of my housemates and those waggish erection and ejaculation performances for all their friends and my female football team.

Now, I was doing the exact same thing in this girls’ school! First for groups of nuns and then senior students and earlier that day even more intimately for a small group of 18 year-old girls.

I questioned myself as I lay in bed that night, over and over

again…. ‘Why?’ Why was I doing this?

I could honestly say, that a part of me was enjoying the attention and fame that my ‘skills’ were attracting. However, there was another part of me that felt totally impassive about the whole thing.

I had never seen any of this as being immoral or hurtful to anyone, but were these young women today being subjected to a subtle abuse that could harm their psyche in the future?

A cock is just a part of the human body and I just happened to have one that I’ve been told is attractive to the opposite sex. So, why not share that facet, just as a model shares her beauty in photographs or an actor shares a particularly unique talent? I was not seeking to take advantage of anyone by using this facet of myself, or subject anyone unawares to my cock. In fact, I had always been happy to share without recompense of any form, other than self-satisfaction from affording pleasure to others?

So, why was I concerned?

I tormented myself all night with these doubts, but had no way of satisfying them without further discussions with others.

CHAPTER 34
My Butterfly Gives Me 'Butterflys'

I had assumed Janice had emotionally prepared her boarding school girls for the extra-curricular session that we had run and trusted her commonsense to ensure each knew the sensitivity of the class.

I was so wrong!

Janice was a true 'free spirit' and assumed the rest of the world thought the same as she did. If they didn't then they needed to deal with their own insecurities and immaturity.

As we sat and chatted during a recess break at school the following week, Janice mentioned that she was going to discuss the option to organize more of these classes. I told her that I was hesitant to continue without knowing how the girls had coped afterwards. She said a few of them had spoken to her on the Monday back at work and said how wonderful the 'lesson' was and how much they appreciated us organising it for them.

I hadn't come in contact with any of those six girls in the interim period so couldn't verify that reaction for myself. Despite her assurances I still felt uneasy that these lessons took my 'mandate' in the school beyond that which Sister Mary and I had agreed upon.

I told her that I was concerned about the direction and explicit nature of the sessions and decided that I didn't want to continue with them unless we could agree on an 'acceptable curriculum'. Also, I wasn't sure whether Sister Mary had spoken to her and despite ongoing later requests from many eager girls to both of us, we decided to 'let the dust settle' for a few weeks and see what eventuated.

During this time I was repeatedly pestered by some of the senior boarding girls about when we'd run another extra-curricular course. I'd often get 'accosted' by a few of these girls while I was on playground duty. They had all become aware of the content of the course and were extremely eager to be involved. Some even asked specifically if I was going to demonstrate male ejaculation in the next one. I was becoming convinced that our course had not caused any harm whatsoever and had in fact been highly successful.

There were about 20 senior girls resident in the boarding college. We eventually had a demand for two more extra-curricular classes that year as girls turned 18. My doubts had been fully appeased, after chatting to a few of the early inductees, that no harm had been caused to them. In fact, they all seemed very upbeat and positive about the course. A few even asked if they could attend again in one of the later

groups, to which Janice and I agreed.

The next two sessions went very smoothly, especially as all the girls involved knew exactly the extent of the lessons. My erection was the highly anticipated topic that became the main topic in both sessions. Although, we anticipated only six to eight girls in the latter two sessions, many of the girls from the earlier sessions returned for 'revision'. By the last session we ran, we had a dozen girls crammed into Janice's flat.

Because of the success of the course, Janice ran a revision course, near the end of the year, for all girls who had done at least one session. She did a survey to see what they most wanted to know and almost unanimously, they wanted to learn about male arousal and ejaculation. Eighteen girls from the 20 senior boarders turned up! I was to learn that the other two were experiencing difficult menstrual pains on the day and didn't feel well enough to attend.

I surprised even Janice, when I demonstrated my 'hands-free' method of masturbation as well as showing them how to use their own hands to stimulate a cock. The finale was ejaculation, which I managed to reproduce twice during the two-hour session.

After the first demonstration the girls were quite studious and respectful. However, after Janice starting telling jokes about cocks and balls, nearing the end of the course, my final ejaculation had them giggling, with smiles from ear-to-ear. "Thank you, so much sir! That was the most amazing thing I've ever seen," was chorused in genuine appreciation from this room full of 18 year-olds.

There were about 50 females and myself on the teaching staff in the college. About 20 of the 50 teachers were nuns. The other 30 women had the full range of comfort with their sexuality. Some were very shy and inexperienced, others, like Janice who were 'out there' and highly experienced. The remainder filled the spectrum between these two extremes. I was sometimes very surprised to get an erotic invitation from some of the women on staff whom I had assumed to be at the 'shy' end of that spectrum, but who were indeed the polar opposite.

I still had little understanding of women in this regards. They still confused and intrigued me! In my life to this point I seemed to be attracting more erotically inclined females.

Janice's 'Butterfly Effect' and the path she introduced me to, courtesy of this extraordinary extra curricular class, set the scene for more educational sexual experiences I was to enjoy at the college.

In the following weeks Janice asked if I'd be willing to donate some semen 'in the name of science,' for her senior biology classes to study. Hell! After all the other wacky sexual things this woman had asked of me, this seemed tame!

So, on the day she had planned the study I rode my bike via her flat. She'd then gave me a healthy dose of fellatio with a specimen jar at her side. As she held my balls and we both sensed I was about to blow my load she neatly pointed the tip of my cock toward the jar and I performed as requested, enabling her to collect her 'samples'. The specimen was then refrigerated ready for her journey to work and the special treat for her students.

As I fully anticipated, Janice was to utilise my male reproductive system for practical lessons in her biology classes, a few more times during my years at the college.

CHAPTER 35
My Harem

Janice also introduced me to joys of multiple partners. She disclosed that she was bisexual and enjoyed threesomes and multiple female partners with a man. “Would you be interested?” was her question to me as we lazed, sexually spent one afternoon in her flat.

I had enjoyed a brief threesome relationship with two of my football girls and enjoyed it thoroughly and was keen to experience it again.

The very next day, Silvia and Rose from the science staff joined us at Janice’s flat. They had all been aware of my sex ed classes in the senior college and had known of the special nuns’ education program. They had heard of my nickname and were also intrigued by the rumours about my ability to get an erection on cue! They were all single women, but aged about ten years older than Janice and I. I’d estimate that Silvia was the oldest and although seemingly much older to me then, was probably only in her late 30’s at that stage. Rose was somewhere in her 30’s.

We sat and chatted and consumed liberal amounts of alcohol. Our discussion centred on the sex education course for both the senior girls and the nuns and my reactions and control. Amidst liberal amounts of erotic talk, liquor and laughter and intrigued by my nudist lifestyle, it didn’t take long for them to convince me to get naked, and demonstrate my erectile skills.

As usual, I was up for the challenge and as I sat beside them, I utilized my fantasies to produce my Goldilocks cock. They seemed impressed with my skills but as ‘mature’ feminists didn’t let it affect their poise. Equally, I resumed my composure and my cock became flaccid again and we went on chatting together as if nothing unusual had occurred.

As was usually the case, once a male had led, women would follow. So, once these women had adjusted to the ‘normality’ of my nakedness they gradually disrobed too as their hormonal energy increased.

Gradually, the eroticism in the room began to rise and Janice fell into Silvia’s arms. Rose and I found a comfortable spot on the floor and she started masturbating my cock and balls. I started licking Rose’s clit while she sucked me. I came quickly and Rose played with the globs of my hot cum. As we recovered from our pleasures we kept stimulating each other while we watched Janice and Silvia.

Silvia was sitting over Janice’s mouth as she gave her a healthy

dose of cunnilingus. Silvia then moved up on her knees and let out an orgasmic scream of delight. At the same time she sprayed a flow of cum all down Janice's body as she arched her back and pumped her female essences.

Everyone stopped momentarily to absorb this amazing display of female ejaculation. As the senior amongst us and the most mature sexually, she was totally unabashed about her display and continued masturbating, till she came again and again in equal measures of squirt. I was totally stunned by the continuing volume of cum spraying out of her hot, pink cunt. She seemed to be lost in her own quixotic trance of orgasmic delight and unaware or unconcerned about the rest of us around her. I made a point during one of her later sprays to get in close to catch some of her amazing fluids on my hand and taste her juices. From my intimate position to her cunt I could see she was spraying from her urethra but it wasn't piss she was spraying. It was a weak watery fluid and had a bland, non-aromatic flavor about it and was quite interesting to taste.

After a little rest, I was horny again and this time able to stay erect for an extended period. After the other ladies left, Janice and I fucked each other silly for another hour, till I fell asleep on her couch, totally spent and exhausted. I stayed at her flat that night and went straight to work from there the next day.

Ironically, in addition to my normal mathematics teaching, I had two sex education classes that day. One class was for a few of the new nuns in the convent who had missed the previous course and my regular sex education class for the senior girls. As fate would have it, the curriculum for both groups addressed male erections for this session. There was a silent expectation in both groups that from my well-publicized penile abilities, I would produce an erection on cue. I had to feign tiredness as an excuse. Intriguingly, I felt mortified and embarrassed that I couldn't 'perform' as expected. No one else had made me feel like this and it wasn't a problem as there were many other aspects of my male physiology and psychology that were discussed and explored in both classes. However, my male ego was 'giving me heaps'. Janice gave me a 'knowing look and smile' when it was obvious my erection wasn't going to make an appearance that day for the senior girls.

Janice was a voracious lover. She enjoyed sex and enjoyed it either with men or women. We did occasionally welcome one or two other female staff to join our quartet for sexual adventures back at her flat after work.

Our little sexually liberated group met many afternoons for a few drinks after work at Janice's flat. If it was warm enough we'd sit around butt naked and discuss some of the funnier incidents or some

of our gripes within the college. Although all three women were Catholic, they were not practicing Catholics when it came to the Pope's encyclical on the 'rhythm method' for birth control. All three were on the pill, so other than 'tampon time', sex was always on the calendar.

As our friendship grew, I asked them one day whether they felt the extra-curricular course that Janice and I had run for the boarders was appropriate for their age. I was keen to get some feedback on my doubts.

Everyone was totally positive and emphasized how much they would have appreciated such an opportunity at the same age. After hearing their comments, I was becoming much more comfortable with my input into the school's sexual education program and Janice and my extra-curricular course.

As we became more confident in our respective faithfulness to our 'fucking foursome friendship', it was decided that I didn't need to wear a condom.

Every one of my female fuck buddies had a healthy, vivacious libido. I came to appreciate that the intensity of their collective passions would vary and often depended on their cycle. However, when they were hot, they were very hot. Their imaginations for sexual fun would often overwhelm my inexperience and I'd sometimes just sit and watch and learn as they tantalized and played with each other. What a wonderful classroom it was! I came to appreciate that 'time' is the most effective aphrodisiac for women. Even when my sexual energy was ready to explode I came to realize that I'd be 'rewarded' much more intensely if I had patience and continued my steady stimulation on my friend till she exploded first.

As my friendship with these ladies deepened, I found our intimacy did also. It never failed to intrigue me how it is possible to fuck someone and remain relatively detached, but as soon as you kiss each other on the lips, the intimacy deepens considerably. After a few weeks of fucking each other and chatting and sharing laughter together, I found myself drawing closer to each of my fucking buddies. Eventually, in the passion of a fucking embrace I kissed each of my buddies. The eroticism released was amazing. I became much more attached to each of them and they became more than just 'friends with benefits'.

However, we were all adults and realized that the shared intimacy didn't imply any deeper commitment other than our special shared friendship – it was just MORE special. Both Sylvia and Rose assumed that Janice and I were 'an item' and weren't expecting any further commitment from me. However, Janice and I both knew we weren't 'an item' and were happy to share our fucking friendship with

these two other women.

In the process, I also learnt some valuable lessons in maintaining an erection, controlling my ejaculations and tempering my arousal to accommodate female passion. Within months I had my cock under total control and felt empowered by these much-appreciated abilities. It also gave me the confidence to know that I could totally satisfy almost any woman, which was to prove wonderfully beneficial in my later life. However, I also learnt enough to realize that conceit in this department had the opposite effect in arousing a woman.

I also had the opportunity from these many females to realise the awareness I needed to have, with a larger than normal cock, if I wished to pleasure women of varying vaginal capacities. Other than Janice, every other woman who shared my cock in her flat required limitations on the virility I could express when fucking them.

We enjoyed some amazingly erotic afternoons at Janice's flat and I was to graduate with 'honours' in Feminine Fantasies 101 thanks to my beautiful 'sisters'. They opened their minds and their gorgeous bodies to me and I am forever grateful for their tuition. That's not to say I didn't give as good as I got. I offered my body and its functions totally to them and they enjoyed playing with and enjoying my bounty whenever they desired. I'm sure they learnt much about male fantasies and eroticisms from me also. They certainly seemed to appreciate my presence and input into the fucking fun we all shared together.

After our chats it became a normal practice for some sexual activity to spark once a few drinks had gone down. We were all completely comfortable with our shared sexuality and most activities usually began with someone stroking another or just kissing them on the neck. If there was a welcoming response, then it was on! If not, there was never any ill feeling. It was simply assumed it was a bad time of the month or it had been a 'shitty' day and nothing was going to help.

Those of us not involved in any 'activity' would simply enjoy a drink or two or three while watching the erotic performances around us. Usually, these erotic displays and hot naked bodies writhing around us would be enough for the start of either personal self-stimulation or pairing up with anyone left for mutual stimulation.

In this relaxed shared enclave it became a normal practice for any of my 'sisters' to simply enjoy casual play with my bounty any time they felt inclined. I completely accepted the fun my cock and balls supplied and became completely unruffled at offering them access whenever they felt inclined. It wasn't unusual for example, for one or two of them to sit beside me and just fondle my balls or cock while we shared drinks and casual banter together with our other sisters.

This didn't seem at all distracting to anyone and amidst shared smiles and knowing looks we'd continue with our fun till someone in the sisterhood decided to begin another fucking or intellectual activity.

During these friendly fondles, I became acutely aware of the attraction my balls had for every one of my sisters. One of their favourite instinctive activities was to sit beside me and casually reach out and hold both my balls in the palm of her hand and roll them back and forward. This always seemed to mesmerize both them and me and we could sit like this for long extended periods and continue drinking and chatting to each other or others around the room, without any apparent regard to this shared intimacy.

A few years later while on holidays in Asia I discovered a product called 'stress balls'. These are two ceramic balls, the same size as man-balls, which were a popular item amongst women. They'd roll them around in the palm of a hand for hours and it was said to reduce stress. My balls were proving to have this exact same effect on my harem sisters.

Coincidentally, I also became aware how hypnotically alluring my balls could be while I was self-pleasuring my cock. It would not be unusual for any one of us to simply begin self-pleasuring while sitting and chatting together. I often sat with my legs spread and my balls dangling over the edge of my seat. When I was totally flaccid my balls hung very low in their extended sacks and this always attracted some occasional interested glances. As I masturbated in this position, I noticed how each of my sisters became attracted to the 'dance' my balls were presenting between my legs. However, as I became more aroused, my balls would gradually tighten and eventually retract into my body and their 'dance' and the 'spell' they held on my sisters ceased.

Even though it was (wrongly) assumed that Janice and I were a unit, she made it obvious to everyone, right from the day the others joined us, that she understood my 'toys' would be joyfully shared openly amongst every woman in our new fucking collective. Her eager erotic egalitarianism was just another aspect of her basic feminist philosophy surrounding male prostitution. I had obviously consented to this belief when I agreed to have her bisexual friends increase the members of our fucking alliance.

One day while trialing some sex toys she was keen to use, Silvia aroused me and put a cock ring on the base of my shaft and asked me to fuck her to test its effect on her clitoris. It did give her pleasure, but while playing around afterwards, she slipped the cock ring around my two balls. We were both amazed at how plump and round it made my balls appear. They dangled more profoundly and independently from

my cock. I also noticed, as Silvia fiddled and played with my enhanced balls, how extra sensitive my scrotum became in this extended state. During our playing we both noticed how much my balls bounced and danced around while Silvia played the puppeteer using my cock as the ‘string’ to my two loosely dangling baubles. She was transfixed and called the others over to watch the ‘puppetry’ she had just produced with my balls.

The unfretted freedom to play with each other like this opened each of us up to a realization that despite our minor genital differences, we were all very similar in desires, responses and dreams.

CHAPTER 36
My Harem Goes Ballistic

On one particular day two other women, Maryanne and Lee, from the Admin staff, who occasionally dropped in, had joined us for drinks. Janice started kissing me and I turned my head to take her lips square on mine. We both started fondling each other and Janice slid down to her favourite position kneeling between my legs and started sucking my cock. I was incredibly horny and it didn't take long for my loins to stir. Janice sensed I was about to explode and began gently squeezing my balls. That was it! I came with an almighty squirt that flew metres into the air. As she kept pumping my balls and stimulating my hood a second squirt followed immediately almost as high.

Janice was wide-eyed and seemed well pleased with what she had fashioned from me! She'd seen me react this explosively before but the others hadn't. The other women who were sitting nearby, nibbling on cheese and biscuits and sipping their wines, while they enjoyed the show, were equally wide-eyed.

"Wow! That was spectacular Michael!" Janice blurted. "Can you go again?" She teased, being all too familiar with my orgasmic incapacity. I was beginning to sense that this episode of fellatio hadn't been accidental. I was beginning to know her well enough to sense she was planning something.

I was spent and she and the others could see it, but they were all still intrigued and all gathered closer to examine just how far my ejaculation had gone. "There's some spunk over here," Silvia jokingly announced from almost halfway across the room.

At this stage of my friendship with these women I knew I was the 'relief hitter' in the entertainment they shared together. I was the 'mere male' and good from some cock fun when the mood moved them. I was unfazed by this nonchalance toward me and silently reveled in whatever attention I got and what I was learning about the female psyche, from this collective of bisexual women.

As I recovered myself, my teaching chums began an 'intellectual' discourse on the maximum distance for a squirt they'd experienced with the men they'd known. They teased Silvia if she'd defend the honour of women everywhere and be up for a man against woman squirting challenge, but she declined. "Why don't we do a few test runs on Michael and see if he's 'up' for it," Rose suggested. "Hey that'd be fun," the others chorused as they turned toward me. "Are you up for a squirting challenge, Michael?" Janice questioned, with a twinkle

in her eye and a huge cheeky grin on her face. Again, she knew me all too well. I was equally as horny as my fucking buddies, but also knew I had nowhere near their capacity for sex – as I secretly lamented the orgasmic limitations of my gender.

A 'book' and fantasy odds was set up on each of my buddy's chances for winning the 'Goldilocks Challenge', as it came to be named. They agreed there had to be an equal playing field and each contestant should get her chance, taking into account my ejaculatory limitations and the strength of my subsequent squirts on the same day.

I was as keen as mustard too! This seemed like a dream! I was going to get fellatio from each of my buddies every afternoon after work and all I had to do was to enjoy my natural sexual instincts. They were eager to test their manhandling abilities against each other, with the winner determined by the distance she could get my cock to squirt.

The 'playing field' was decided upon. I'd sit in the lounge chair in the far corner of the room and a long sheet of butcher's paper would be rolled out across the floor each day. The distance of each contestant's elicited squirt from my cock would be measured to furthermost droplet of cum and recorded.

Bets were taken and straws were drawn to decide the order of play. The first round would be held the next day immediately after work and at approximately the same time each day. That night as I lay in bed I was intrigued to guess what techniques each of my female friends would use to achieve their maximum cock squirt. My head was filled with wild dreams the whole night and I didn't sleep too well, but cared even less!

So, Tuesday afternoon rolled around and we all eagerly made our way to Janice's flat, all chuckling amongst ourselves. In our highly erotic imaginations, we believed that if any of our colleagues knew what we were about to do, we'd have to lock every door and window to keep them out.

What a hoot!

As it turned out Janice was first up. She had a distinct advantage over the rest – and they knew it – because of her history of fucking me. She knew most of my sensitive spots and how to make my spine tingle and my cock grow long and proud.

She began with her usual fellatio technique… good so far! Then moved onto my balls while still licking around the edge of the hood of my cock. I could feel the 'timber stirring'! She then grabbed a bottle of baby oil and began a good round of lingam massage. I was gone and about to blow, when she grabbed the base of my cock and with a huge grin looked me square in the eye and said… "not yet my lovely!" I could feel the urge slowly subside, but before I could take another

breath she was back down sucking my cock for all it was worth, but still with a firm grip on my balls to sense the impending cannon fire.

Just as I thought I was going to fill her boots through her throat, she pulled back and began vigorously wanking the hood of my cock.

My cannon exploded, accompanied by my almighty groan. Janice held tight onto my cock ensuring it was pointed with an inclination and direction to achieve maximum trajectory down the line of the paper. Her astute knowledge of physics and rocket science didn't go to waste.

As my orgasm subsided and my ejaculations spent, everyone went down on their knees to find the most distant cumdrop on the butchers' paper. Once agreed upon, a tape was run from my groin to that mark. Janice's name and distance was written down. "Woo Hoo!" Janice boasted. "3.25 metres, beat that losers," she taunted the others and we all chuckled at her sassiness.

Each afternoon the exact same routine was played out back at Janice's flat. Player Two was Rose, who despite excellent skills with my cannon balls only managed 1.5metres.

It was Silvia's turn Thursday afternoon.

What my fucking buddies hadn't known was that on that day at lunchtime I coached my athletics group down on the oval. After training when most of the group had returned to college three girls stayed behind. As they slowly changed one of them asked if I could help with some advice. I was increasingly being consulted by many of my senior students for sex advice, so this request wasn't at all unusual. Apparently, two of them had boyfriends who were prematurely ejaculating and the girls were getting very frustrated. "How can we stop our boyfriends from cumming too early, Michael?"

These young women had truly passed the mark of false modesty and schoolgirl immaturity and had developed a rationality toward sex education. Hence posing this question to me didn't warrant the least bit of embarrassment and was particularly pertinent to the difference in our gender. They'd just been totally naked in front of me, without the least bit of hesitation, while changing to and from their athletics tunic to their school uniform, and as was usual on training day none of them wore knickers. Also, as we regularly saw each other naked, it didn't seem an 'unusual' question for them to ask and also expect an 'intimate' explanation.

We had about 15 minutes left in the lunch break, so I agreed.

I had given Sister Mary my absolute assurances that I would never take sexual advantage of any of my students. These were vulnerable young women and I recognized how easily their emotions could be compromised had I ever physically touched their person. I kept my hands to myself in their company, but had no qualms

allowing them contact with me, when they showed the maturity to understand the reasons and it was appropriate for their learning.

Naïvely and trustingly, I had been ultimately persuaded, by both students and staff, that my nudity wasn't seen as sexual in the college environment and when appropriate could be used for genuine female edification.

From my history with these particular senior girls there was never a question that my nudity would be a concern for them and they had shown themselves to be emotionally prepared for the lesson they requested. Also, by the tone of their questioning there seemed a natural and presumed expectation that I would utilize my male assets to demonstrate any solutions to their dilemma. So, to clearly explain my answer, I loosened the fly on my pants and without any hesitation or reticence liberated their anticipated instructional resources from inside my jocks.

I was by now semi erect, which for most sex educational presentations in the college had become quite normal and aided in this demonstration. I never failed to be aroused by the thought that my body was genuinely satisfying female curiosities.

I explained to them that one way to delay a man's ejaculation is by pressing firmly on the base of the shaft of his penis as his arousal builds. "You can feel a man's arousal by the increasing tightness in his balls." I explained.

To demonstrate I gently took one girl's hand and got her to lift my balls to locate the shaft that ran beneath them and along the extended length of a man's penis. I explained that this point on a man's anatomy is in the exact same spot on his body as the entrance to their vagina is on them. This fascinated all of them and I angled my hips to give them a better view as they each came in close to see this spot beneath my balls.

My cock gradually bent like a banana and became firmly erect at the tender and delicious warmth of her hands around my balls. I could see that the other girls became highly excited at this reaction she had induced in my cock. Everyone seemed completely comfortable with this intimacy with my cock and balls and showed an intense eagerness to learn more. "Keep pressing and as you feel my balls ease in tightness you can then release your thumb." I haltingly murmured, as my breath momentarily left me.

As my cock began to droop I was asked, "Will that work every time Michael?" "More often than not!" I assured them, feigning my sensations as my own fervor diminished. The other two girls then each took their opportunity to feel the 'pressure' point on my cock and cup my balls in their other hand. They each seemed puzzled that my cock didn't respond as it previously had done. Without them verbalizing

their disappointment, I quickly explained that once the initial arousal had diminished in a man's cock there is a delay in subsequent arousal responses. If this action is continued, he may lose any sensation for ejaculation and often remain fully erect for any mutually desired intimacy.

"What about 'blue balls', I was quizzed. Obviously, this lament had been put to these girls more than once. I explained that 'blue balls' is simply a sensation a man may experience when he doesn't climax. I assured them that it does not damage a male and not to be overly concerned that you're harming your boyfriend.

"Thanks so much, Michael," they chorused. As we shared such a unique intimacy, it seemed appropriate for them to call me by my first name, outside school grounds. As we walked back to the college together they asked other questions regarding how to respond to other boyfriend issues and excitedly chatted amongst themselves as if they'd just discovered electricity.

Now this lunchtime eventuality and the arousal it built within me was going to greatly affect my performance in the competition that afternoon. However, I couldn't tell my buddies about this extremely private connection I shared with some of my students.

So when Sylvia began her turn at the firing line, I was ready to unload a pent-up volume of frustrations that would blow the roof off Janice's flat.

Silvia's skills were nothing to match Janice's, not that I'd ever tell any of them their rankings.

I literally exploded out of the top of my head. My heart pumped, lights went out, fireworks were popping in my brain and my vision was totally lost.

"Oh my God!" I could faintly hear from behind my blinding curtain of exquisite release. "He's blown onto the opposite wall," I could hear Janice proclaim. "What did you do to him?" she jokingly asked Silvia, who was more than a little surprised herself. Judging by what I knew of her, she had limited experiences with men and even less experience with their 'block and tackle'.

Maryanne and Lee, as relative newcomers to the group, decided to combine their talents for Friday's event. They began their attempt with a winning technique. Maryanne began by sucking my cock as Lee gathered both my balls in the palm of her hand and began gently stretching them and stroking my ball sacks with the fingertips of her other hand. The combined sensations were amazing. I always enjoyed the pleasure of having two experienced women tantalizing my tackle.

Lee could feel my tensions building in my balls and tapped Maryanne on her shoulder to release her oral grip on my cock. Just as she did I exploded in a gush that sent my heart racing and head

spinning. However, as they hadn't clearly planned their 'exit' strategy my spray was poorly directed and most went vertical rather than horizontal.

I had a feeling they would have easily have won the contest, but the rules were rules and Sylvia was the winner.

A total of $30 was in the betting pot and Silvia took the lot!

We all sat around afterwards and laughed and joked about the whole contest. Janice was keen to try again as soon as I had recovered. So, an hour or so later she blew me again, but could only manage 2.2 metres. My stamina was faltering and I jokingly apologized for my lack of cum. "I want a re-run," Janice demanded!

With a flash of heads they all immediately turned to me. "I'm up for it, if you all want to go again some time!" I smiled.

CHAPTER 37
Man Versus Woman Challenge

And so during 'periods' when periods collided and sexual penetration wasn't on the 'rhythmic' calendar, the Goldilocks Challenge became an occasional part of our afternoon playroom activities over the rest of the year. Maryanne and Lee were adamant that they be notified, whenever the contest was being held. However, it was decided that they'd have to be separated and perform as individuals in subsequent challenges.

I did eventually convince Silvia to take a squirting challenge. We agreed to hold the contest on a college sports afternoon as we usually finished teaching duties a little earlier on that day. This would give us plenty of time for reruns if necessary.

Margaret from my staffroom, was a friend of Rose and had heard of this challenge and was keen to join us. I was never told whether other staff had asked to join us, but suspected only those 'in favour' were invited. So, Rose and Janice, as was normal, got naked and sat on the floor on both sides of the 'squirting chair'. Margaret who was a relative newcomer to our fucking family, initially remained clothed and sat on a divan nearby. Silvia and I tossed a coin to see who would go first. I won (or lost depending on the point of view). I got myself comfortable in the squirting chair and the girls laid out the butcher's paper before me. I started masturbating! The vision before me of these gorgeous naked women proudly exposing their pussies put me quickly on the way down that exquisite path to orgasm.

With all the fucking fun I had enjoyed over the previous few months with my sisters, I was developing a good control over my ejaculation skills and felt confident I could produce a winning load on cue.

However, I knew I had to keep some control about the process as I'd learnt from Janice's expertise with my cock that direction and inclination are vital if I was to achieve maximum projection.

I came and squirted well down the floor. "3.5 metres Michael! Well done!" Janice announced. I fell back into the chair, well pleased with my efforts.

Silvia quickly took up her position next in the squirting chair. She gave her 'squirter' a better inclination by positioning a pillow under her bum. This raised her hips and her urethra to a better angle for maximum length of squirt. She then began her self-pleasuring. It didn't take her long either. I suspected my display may well have given her plenty of sensual stimulation to achieve a quick orgasm. She

fired her hot cum in an inverted parabolic arc with a force that surprised us all. Her squirt projected like piss in continuous gushes of female fluids that reached well past the roll of butchers' paper. There was no need for measurement.

I took defeat like a man and kissed her manfully and sportingly on her lips. I then knelt down, as if to be knighted and kissed her cunt. "Hail to the almighty yoni!" I chanted. I then grabbed her butt cheeks and tilted her hips upwards and ran my tongue the length of her pinkish, pouting cunt with a long languid lick from anus to clit. She laughed and pulled my head back onto her cunt and rubbed her dripping wet labia all over my face. "Take that serf! Take defeat like a man!" she teased.

Yum! I just loved the taste of her cum. Every time I suspected she was going to masturbate I'd try to be nearby to savour her spray. Otherwise I'd often give her a kiss while we were chatting to see if there was a positive response in my favour. She enjoyed cunnilingus and I was always a willing applicant for the job. The other women knew my weakness for female squirting and often teased me about it. Silvia never minded one bit!

Then Margaret surprised us all by announcing that she ejaculated also and wanted to join the challenge. I was slightly taken aback as Margaret was a relatively quiet member on my staff and never seemed overly sensual or interested in any risqué banter that occasionally occurred in the staff common room.

She got completely undressed and I was absolutely stunned by the shear beauty of her cunt. I was unintentionally becoming quite the cunt connoisseur with my experiences in this college and my casual observations in various nudist clubs around Sydney.

Margaret's quim was neatly shaved and her ruby-red aroused clit was well engorged and almost fully exposed from beneath its hood. Her lavish elongated labia protruded like two finely-defined butterfly wings from between her thighs as she took up her position on the 'squirting chair' and spread her legs. The imagery of her beautiful butterfly wasn't lost on me at the time and I wondered whether she was to create another flutter in my journey of sexual enlightenment? As she spread her legs to reveal her intimate beauty, her moist vaginal cavity became exposed to fully reveal all her delicious charms. I made sure I had a very clear view of her proceedings as she gradually began to stroke her clitoris. She utilized the continuous flow of fluids from her vagina or licked her fingers to lubricate her clit.

Every now and then she'd insert her two middle fingers inside onto the 'roof' of her vagina and stroke her g-spot with increasing intensity. At the same time she'd continue her pulsating attention to her clit with her other hand.

She was obviously a little nervous performing before our group as she didn't know most of us that well, so it did take her a little longer than most to fully relax and achieve her desired goal. However, by now our group were so relaxed with our shared erotic displays that we exuded total acceptance and encouragement of any and every female sexual fantasy. This always seemed to inspire 'outsiders' to lose all their inhibitions.

After about ten minutes her breath became shallower and quicker and her face flushed. Her hips started thrusting back and forward and then with an explosive gush and expressive moan she came.

Her ejaculation was unbelievable. She splashed globs of her juice all over the wall at the opposite side of the room. It was almost as if she had a hose inside her and someone had fully turned on the tap.

Her cums continued over and over again and I was the first to get in close and watch every explosive spray after her initial gush. I put my hand in front of one spray and licked her juice from my hand to taste her. Her cum had a different blandness to Sylvia's – equally as intriguing but different. Again, I could confirm it wasn't piss.

All my fuck buddies were equally as impressed as I with Margaret's 'talents'. Just like Sylvia, Margaret was not the least bit embarrassed by her unusual abilities. Once she had collected herself, I sat next to her and asked if she always ejaculated. She confided that she rarely did during penetrative sex but nearly always when she masturbated.

Her disclosure was like a red flag to a bull for me. As well as being fascinated by the beauty of her cunt, I was now keen to see if she could ejaculate when I was fucking her. I didn't want to seem too insensitive, so didn't suggest it then.

The next day we were alone in the maths staffroom and chatted about our fun the previous day. I took the opportunity to casually mention whether she would like to experiment with achieving ejaculation while enjoying intercourse. Judging by her smile and bright reply, I sensed this was the question she had long been waiting for me to ask, over the two years we had worked together.

During the next recess, I wandered down to Janice's staffroom and mentioned the proposition I had put to Margaret and whether she would welcome Margaret joining our fucking group at her place of an afternoon. Janice had a voracious sexual appetite and as I suspected eagerly agreed.

There was a real shared sense of relaxed and uninhibited erotic fun between us all in this delicious fucking friendship group. Sex was a therapeutic way to unwind from the cares of the working world and to counter the silly restrictions of stereotypical gender conservatism that surrounded us all.

This little harem I had joined, was to teach me many valuable skills when it came to pleasuring women. Janice's virulent advocacy for male prostitutes to be easily available to women in need and the concept to be equally accepted as female prostitution became a major influence in what we shared together.

I grew to realise that they were just as happy as I was, for me to be an integral part of their group. They appreciated my sensitivity and my willingness to learn and control my orgasms to accommodate their needs and desires. It was 'nice to have a man about the house'! But one was enough… they all had a bisexual preference for their own gender and the male to female ratio was 'just right!

We had formed an amazingly intimate friendship between us and Margaret fitted easily into the fold. The girls regularly fucked each other, using a myriad range of toys that sometimes had my eyes spinning. I'd often just sit and watch, totally intrigued at the positions they get into and the implements they'd use to achieve orgasms together. They'd tease and laugh at me in my stunned silence and sometimes when they felt cheeky would gang up on me and fuck and suck me till my head was spinning. We'd finish on the floor rolling around like drunk monkeys, laughing, touching and teasing each other. A naked group hug was always mandatory after one of these delightful fucking sessions together.

It wasn't always fun and laughter in the flat of an afternoon. There were times when due to pressures from work, bad period pains (it's true that when women bond together their periods sychronise) or even just miserable weather outside, we'd just sit around and listen to music have a few drinks and then head back to our respective homes. These times were not uncommon and we each accepted that the mood had to be 'right' for our fun. However, we were all highly charged sexual individuals and sex was nearly always the number one activity in our after-work 'play pen'.

I was generally seen as the 'little brother' they never had, but with benefits! Interestingly, not one of them had a brother and I had no sisters. So, they too became the sisters I never had… also with benefits. Thankfully, despite our unique family, we were not guilty of incestuous relationships!

They each took me 'under their wings' many times as we 'played together' of an afternoon and showed me many of the mysteries of female eroticism and gave me extremely intimate personal lessons in female sexual anatomy. I got front row seats to lessons on tantalizing a clitoris, licking labia and tickling her g-spot and the myriad other 'spots' inside a woman's yoni and so on and so on! I was 'carefully taught' by my 'sisters' the many variations in the use of my cock to pleasure different women each with different sexual triggers.

However, the lessons certainly weren't all anatomical. I was carefully taught the wonderful ways of the female mind and how to arouse a woman with just words, actions or a simple look or touch!

I was a keen and quick learner.

Initially it seemed obvious to all of us, that the best way to maximize my fucking utility to them was to get me to cum early in the afternoon then arouse me again. They quickly learnt that if one of them massaged my balls as I, or one of the others, pleasured the tip of my cock, was a sure way for a quick cum. I was then good to go for an hour or so before I came again. This was often long enough for two or three of them to enjoy a good satisfying fuck from my erect hot cock. If we had time enough and I came again, then the third time was the charm and I'd last into the evening, if required.

On one occasion the suggestion arose for us all to move in together. However, we all enjoyed our own space way too much to squeeze into a flat together. Much like marriage, we all felt it would be a good way to ruin a good relationship!

CHAPTER 38
Life Away from Work

It may seem that my life revolved around my sexual activities. However, I also had extensive sporting interests away from my teaching and extra-curricular sexual activities. During summer I was a volunteer lifesaver on Bronte and then Tamarama Beaches and played and trained for State Grade squash. At this time professional sportsmen and women were not permitted to compete in amateur competition. I was a professional footballer, so was excluded from amateur sports. I was an elite runner and being excluded from amateur athletics I competed in the professional footrace series around the country. During winter I played professional soccer, training three nights each week and playing on a Sunday afternoon. I also still coached a women's soccer team, training them twice a week and coaching them during the Saturday afternoon league. I was also the NSW State women's soccer team coach. When required I'd prepare the State team for international and interstate games.

My weekly routine was never dull and boring. After my daily teaching duties I'd invariably end up back at Janice's flat a couple of times each week and fuck myself silly. From there in summer I'd head off to running training and then onto squash. In winter, after enjoying my pleasure at Janice's place I'd head out to train my women's footy team twice a week, then on to my own football training three nights each week and after that on to squash, once or twice a week. On many nights I'd finally find myself in bed around 1 or 2am.

Of a winter weekend, after my athletics gym group at Bronte surf club on a Saturday morning, it'd be my women's soccer team's competition in the afternoon. I might be found in summer down the beach or joining the nuns at their rooftop health retreat, either in the morning or afternoon. Once a month I'd travel to a pro running race around the country for the weekend. On a summer Sunday I'd be at a nudist club somewhere in Sydney and in winter, it'd be football for most of the day.

Except for the football and squash competitions and the occasional surf lifesaving patrol, most of my activities were very fluid and could be varied to suit my mood on the day. I could never stand still for more than a few moments and always found something to do.

However, there were days I can remember where sex featured for my whole 18 waking hours. It wasn't unusual for me to have gone from involvement in sex education duties in the school, then to have fucked up to five different women later that day.

I did have the occasional girlfriend. One friend, was a member of the NSW women's soccer team, called Tricia. Although she was the same age as me, she lived at home with her parents. To get some privacy we would go for the occasional drive in the country. Sometimes on these drives we would find a quiet dirt track off the main road and pull over, put down a rug and enjoy the pleasures that a man and woman can mutually enjoy when hormones are racing in tandem.

She didn't seem the least bit fazed that I was part of a female collective. In fact, I think she appreciated the fucking skills I bought to our friendship, as she knew little about men. She was always keen to hear of my latest adventures with my 'sisters'. I suspected she was highly bisexual and my experiences further inflamed her passions.

As I was learning most talented female athletes are either gay or bisexual and Tricia was no exception to this rule.

After a few months of dating, Tricia asked if another teammate from the state team could join us on one of our outings. Her name was Suzanna and she was my star centre forward. She was a few years older than Tricia and I and I had never considered she would be interested in me. Inevitably, we all ended up on that blanket on that day and Tricia and Suzanna consummated a friendship that apparently had been bubbling for some time. I was well practiced at assisting from the sidelines for bisexual women, while they played their game. I then dutifully completed their match by fucking them both after they had exhausted their gay fun. Their experience with the round ball proved useful as they each played with mine while I fucked the other. I knew the angles that only a hot cock can reach to please bisexual women and they were both appreciatively fucked afterwards.

We sat around sharing drinks and talking football tactics after the final whistle!

In deference to my harem sisters I always wore a condom for fucking fun outside our collective.

Tricia and Suzanna became an item after this episode and I continued as their football team coach and an occasional 'reserve player' in the change rooms after training nights, when they needed a healthy cock to keep them in shape.

I gradually became aware of when I'd be call upon to 'play'. Their game tactics were easy to read. After the rest of the team had showered and dressed and left following a training session, Tricia and Suzanna would linger in the showers and when we were finally alone, they'd attack me dripping wet and laughing and 'pants' me and start sucking my cock. After a few of these random attacks I suspected what was up, by their delay and take a condom and my engorged cock and join them in the showers, to avoid unnecessary dressing and

undressing. We'd then laugh and joke as we fucked each other silly while still dripping wet.

I was always up for their games!

CHAPTER 39
My First Steps Toward He Whore

I was thoroughly enjoying an exciting 'harem' with my beautiful work colleagues. In addition, Janice frequently had one or two of her feminist friends 'unexpectedly' drop by (I guessed not), while I was there. The inevitable always eventuated! In hindsight, I realized, in line with her feminist philosophy of accessible sexual services for women seeking satisfaction, she was facilitating my male services for some of her friends. I was always ready for a fuck and I was good at ensuring every woman was satisfied, thanks to my fabulous tuition. It was obvious the satisfying sexual services I provided for her friends was increasing Janice's esteem in her bisexual circles. In essence, she was my pimp and I had become her 'He Whore' – and I loved the role!

In hindsight, I often think how lucky I was not to contract any nasty sexually transmitted infections during these years. Our intimate fivesome had made a pact not to fuck others without protection. However, their female predilections gave me some assurances that these was little chance of them sharing 'nasties', should they have 'strayed' (which I'm sure they did). However, when Janice and I 'entertained' some of her 'drop-in' friends from outside our group, we never used condoms. It was not unusual for one or two of our 'harem sisters' to join us in these 'orgies' and no one ever seemed to give it any consideration either. At any stage during these orgies my cock would become a focus for the oral gourmands amongst these bisexual women, so obviously a rubber appetizer was not so popular.

Thankfully, these were the days prior to AIDS, so that hadn't been a concern.

It was generally accepted at the college that Janice and I were a 'item'. However, we both realized that our connection was purely sexual. We were different people bought together by sexual chemistry in extraordinary circumstances. Janice made no secret that she was more interested in women, rather than men and I had no problem with this. I was single and loving my lifestyle. I enjoyed the friendships I had amongst many female staff and students at the college, so I was never wanting, for female companionship.

Margaret and I regularly experimented in attempts to get her to ejaculate during penetration. Eventually, we found the solution to her dilemma. One day we again found ourselves alone in our staffroom together. She dragged her chair over to my desk to ask a question, but moved in closer than usual. I could feel her soft breast pressing against my shoulder. So, I slid my hand under her dress to see what

reaction I'd get. She didn't flinch and as she wasn't wearing knickers, I began playfully stimulating her clit as we sat side by side working at our co-joined desks.

She reciprocated and unzipped my fly and released my cock and balls from my trousers. She often mentioned how much she enjoyed my 'amazing' cock, so this was an opportunity for both of us to enjoy some fun. She then played with her 'toys' both with her hands and mouth as I continued her clitoral stimulation.

We were both fully aware of the precariousness of our position in the college surrounds and kept a wary ear out for any approach from down the corridor. We could not fully relax and enjoy ourselves, but at the same time it also added an extra 'edginess' to our play.

Just as my cock had reached full extension and was protruding well past the top of my desk, I head our staffroom door move. I quickly removed my hand from under her dress and shuffled my chair further under my desk with the hood and top half of of my cock now pressed hard up against the underside of my desk. It was one of the teaching staff nuns who poked her head through the door to ask if we knew of a special staff meeting that afternoon.

I sure she realised something was going on between myself and Margaret but certainly didn't know my cock was fully exposed underneath my desk.

She chatted for a few minutes, filling us in on the agenda for the meeting, then smiled and closed the door.

Margaret and I both laughed out loud at our 'near miss' and went back to stimulating each other.

We didn't get much academic work done!

This playful preparation had obviously helped her get quickly aroused when we adjourned to Janice's place that afternoon. We quickly found ourselves fucking each other with passionate vigour. On this occasion though she squirted and ejaculated all over my tummy as she reached her wondrous orgasm, with my cock still fully engorged in her cunt. It was like being hit by hot spray from a fire hose and I didn't mind. Eureka, we'd found the answer! It became obvious to both of us that 'edgy' foreplay was all that was missing from her normal fucking routine with men for her to be able to ejaculate. As mathematicians – it was QED!

We were later to discover also that cunnilingus was another effective method for her to ejaculate when she climaxed. I was always a willing volunteer and Janice and I would joke together as we raced each other for this duty. However, you had to be wary of her explosive cum and clear actions stations prior to her ejaculation. I was hit in the face and forehead many times for being tardy and overly keen to continue my lip smacking duties on her pretty cunt.

It seemed that my empathy for female orgasms with my intimate colleagues hadn't gone unappreciated. One afternoon, during one of our 'lazy' fucking sessions, Janice divulged that she and the others had been discussing the idea of 'teaching' their 'little brother' some extra skills. They enjoyed their bisexual pleasures and had appreciated my restrained and compassionate input of my cock into this pussy tryst. It seemed my father's words to 'respect women' was about to pay dividends in ways he had never envisaged.

Thanks to my practiced restraint in my naked lessons within the college and the initial techniques Janice had taught me, I was developing an ability to hold my orgasms till my partner(s) seemed satisfied. I got the sense from her tone that this was a 'kinky' fun challenge for them. In the process they'd improve my fucking skills for their pleasure and also educate their young male protégé in the wondrous ways of female sexuality.

I could sense a more advanced course than that offered by Toni a few years earlier at Woodlands was about to commence. I was about to begin an 'honours' program called Females 201!

Of course I agreed to their delightful invitation – what man wouldn't enjoy being taught 'secret women's business' in a highly intimate classroom with four beautiful, sexually avaricious women.

My lessons began immediately.

CHAPTER 40
My Learning Continues

The initial topic was devoted entirely to controlling my ejaculation. I sat naked on the couch while my four naked 'big sisters' each manually delighted my manhood. We all laughed and joked about the physical reactions of my cock and balls to their touch and it seemed that my 'bits' were like putty in their creative hands as they played and teased each sensitive inch. Janice held both my balls in the palm of her hand and as she felt the pressure building within them she'd give Rose the signal to squeeze the base of my cock. As I knew would happen, I instantly felt the desire to blow dissipate. Silvia continued to slowly massage the ultra-sensitive hood of my cock and I had the weird sensation of wanting to cum but couldn't.

Margaret, realising my cultured appreciation of her cunt would kneel on the arms of the chair and press her cunt into my face. I'd eagerly lick every inch of her perfect pussy as the other three tantalized me 'down south'.

There was much good-natured banter and laughter amongst us all, with various sledging comments on my state of arousal and the effectiveness of their own techniques on my manhood. This nonchalant atmosphere in the room aided in my learning to maintain my control.

After a series of short breaks for a drink the stimulation would begin again. With continued applications of this technique by my four 'white witches' I began to gain the sense of how to control my physical need to cum by myself. My memories of reading Macbeth as a schoolboy and the passage describing the witches, "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble!" flashed before me. Here my cock and balls was the cauldron for my four 'white witch bitches'. There was tense trouble brewing and I knew where the juices from the cauldron of my balls would eventually end – inside the juicy, hungry cunts of one or more of my gorgeous wanton witches.

I wasn't mistaken! Janice jumped me first! It was obvious all four of my pussy pals were as excited as I was. I could see their juices oozing from their cunts and dribbling down their thighs. Janice humped me as I sat on the couch and she came with a scream that made everyone laugh. Rose gradually edged Janice off and pushed me prone along the length of the couch. She had one leg on the floor and the other knee on the couch and humped me a dozen or more times then came with a gush of hot ooze that flowed down over my cock and onto my aching balls.

I was getting to a point where I was about to explode and didn't think I could hold on much longer and said so.

Silvia and Margaret had moved to frigging themselves in chairs facing us and Silvia then came in a gush of spray all over us. Janice, Rose and I looked at each other and with an exchange of playful, cheeky smiles all took up positions around Silvia and Margaret and continued to tease their cunts as they each came over and over again, in gushes of hot spray.

As part of general housekeeping, we always had a plentiful supply of towels over the floor and furniture just for this very expediency. We each took it in turns to do the washing after each day's activities.

The pressure in my balls had eased a little while attending to Silvia, but the four women then 'attacked' me with a hormonal charge of uncontrolled female sexual energy. I can't remember whose mouth had my cock and whose mouth was sucking my balls. The room began to spin! I could feel by balls tighten and I lost all inhibitions and pumped my hot cum over and over, deep down the throat of the woman sucking my cock. Oh, my God! I'd never experienced such pleasure in my life before. It took me what seemed like hours to fully recover. The waves of pleasure pulsated through my body. Two of my fucking friends continued their attention to my cock and balls while Janice held my head and kissed me passionately on my lips with her tongue tickling every part of my mouth. I could taste my cum in her mouth as we kissed and knew who had been working my cock!

This was exquisite Bliss!

Future 'lessons' focused on the female anatomy and each of my female fucking friends gave explicit details of their own personal sensitivities and fantasies. I'd watch intrigued by each of their personal self-pleasuring techniques. There certainly were discrete differences in their eroticisms. Clitoral sensitivities varied slightly. Rose loved firm and direct attention to the hood of her clit, while Silvia enjoyed a well-lubricated up and down stroke to the underside of her hood (preferably with my tongue), while I had come to know Margaret's clitoral preferences in our regular staff room friskiness and Janice I knew loved to have her hood stroked in circular motions.

Silvia showed me how to fist a woman safely. The slow build-up and stimulation of her g-spot allowed her hips and vaginal cavity to gradually open and increase the number of fingers I could comfortably insert, till my whole fist engorged her cunt. While my hand was totally consumed, I could stroke her g-spot with the knuckle of my thumb and pump her cunt with my fist till she came in wave after wave of body consuming orgasms. As she regularly ejaculated when she came her spray would spurt in erratic flows from her urethra as my fist moved and released the pressure on the roof of her pussy

allowing her spray to escape.

Margaret was the only one I was unable to fist completely. I could get four fingers almost inside, but not five. Rose and Janice both occasionally enjoyed this treat from my 'small' man-sized fist.

Rose and Janice both taught me how to find the many other sensitive 'spots' within a woman's pussy. I was well taught and eventually all four women thoroughly enjoyed my gradual and sensual approach to stimulation of their g-spot.

They then focused on my techniques for fucking women with varying size vaginas. It was obvious that my 'size' could be a concern for some women. However, our fivesome had developed to an extent that my cock was never utilized until each woman initiated a desire for my cock and by then they were well lubricated and I could enter without concern.

On occasions when some of their friends 'dropped by', I would be 'requested' to share my cock with the 'new girl'. Dependent on her vaginal capacity, I would need to prepare entry accordingly, as I had been taught. I was a quick learner and every new girl who did fuck a hunk of 'Goldilocks' reported pleasurable entry and exit.

These 'occasional' lessons continued for the rest of the year, usually once every week or fortnight. There was never any planning on when the lesson would be held and often it just developed depending on who was there on the day, while we sat naked and chatted over a drink. One of my sisters would usually start by spreading her legs and with a smile or raised eyebrow invite me to sit at her side or between her legs. The lesson would then begin!

I greatly appreciated sharing these pleasures with these beautiful women. They were so totally open and honest with the intimacies of their bodies and their feminine 'secrets'. I'd often just sit and listen while they shared amongst themselves some of their erotic fantasies or details of a wet-dream they'd enjoyed from the night before. I was their little brother and they my big sisters in this fabulous fucking family. We shared a wonderful friendship between us. Our gender difference was important, but not divisive.

We'd fuck each other regularly and enthusiastically share all our physical sexual attributes. But there were times when we'd just sit and chat and share our emotional highs and lows.

These were heady days of sex, sex and more fucking sex! From my first days of employment at the college to a point less than two years later I had gone from a sexual nerd to a fucking expert.

From these women and my work and interactions in the girls' college I now appreciated the vital necessity of a healthy sex life amongst women as opposed to the supposed female sexual antipathy and perverted abuse I experienced as a boy.

We had an amazing Christmas party at the end of final term that year. Many of the female lay staff, a few of whom Janice and I had fucked through that year, attended after our final day of teaching. There were 15 hot, sweaty, horny, women crammed into Janice's tiny flat. Most were stark naked by the end of the evening! I was initially 'dressed' only in my Santa hat and beard straight from the staff/ student tennis challenge. To add the Christmas spirit, I had two jingle bells attached to my balls and as my cock moved my bells would jingle.

As the fun and frivolity continued and alcohol consumed, every now and then I'd feel a tap on the shoulder, or pinch on the bum, to adjourn to Janice's bedroom with one or two ladies. A couple of times there'd be a joking comment from the others as we tried to stealth away, such as, "Don't kill him with kindness," or "Leave some cock for me."

By the end of the evening the skin on 'Santa's' cock had been rubbed, sucked and fucked as red raw as Rudolph's nose. I was impressed with myself that I had managed to satisfy eight women that night and enjoyed a couple of personal orgasms but, as a result, my balls were totally drained dry as a prune. I'd also gone through two packets of condoms!

We laughed, drank and ate ourselves silly. As the only male, I enjoyed a parade of beautiful naked eager pussies and hot girl-on-girl action to last me a lifetime (which it didn't, thankfully). However, I certainly didn't feel different! What was so pleasing, was that I was accepted as 'one of the girls' in all ways, BUT with one slight difference and 'vive la différence'!

The conversation and jokes were unbounded by my presence and I was privy to some of the most uninhibited 'girl talk' imaginable. Goldilocks was regularly called upon to make an appearance as comments got more and more ribald. Hands and tongues were always looking for something big, but not too big and hard, hot and horny to play with. My cock had never been in such demand and I couldn't help laughing as female after female lost every inhibition and took liberties with my cock, that I was told, some of them had long been dreaming about.

My hot cock and tight balls melded seamlessly into this sweet, sweaty and intoxicating mix of bobbing boobs and purring pussies. The air and furniture in the room was flooded with female pheromones and fluids. What an amazing visual array of shaved or hairy, glistening wet pussies and bobbing boobs of all shapes and sizes, I enjoyed.

What amazed me more was that some of the women at the party had been amongst the ultra-conservative staff at the college and I'd

have never guessed that they would participate to such a degree in this erotic fun. It is true that in the quiet ones dwell the deepest desires. I was particularly surprised that another of my maths staff colleagues, and ex-nun, Margarita was quite possibly my most enthusiastic fuck. She sucked and fucked my cock as if it was the last thing she would ever do in life. I sensed it had been a while since she enjoyed cock and she was making up for lost time. She thanked me profusely after she had cum and I tried to convince her that it was equally my pleasure. However, I doubt she believed me! I knew I'd have other women eager for a fuck that night so I had held back on releasing my jism inside her and this affected her confidence that she had pleasured me.

It wasn't going to be the last time Margarita would call on me to satisfy her sexual frustrations during ensuing years at the college. Whenever I had time (and the energy) to satisfy her regular invitations to her home, we'd enjoy some exquisite shared pleasures. She often confided in me that our fucking sessions helped her to cope with the conditions she endured from her former religious sisters during her teaching career at the college.

As an ex-nun, I was keen to get Margarita's perspective on my involvement in the sexual education of the senior girls. She admitted she had harbored doubts when she first heard of the courses, but after getting to know me better and talking to many of the girls in the school, she had come to recognize the immense potential these courses offered them.

"Every girl I spoke to who has done your courses, either in the school sex education classes, or the extra-curricular courses was full of praise for your forthright, factual and selfless contribution of your body," she told me. "Every one of them was amazed by the size of your cock, though Michael. You certainly left a big impression on all of them in that department," she laughed. Finally, she repeated a sentence I was to hear all too often, "I only wish I'd had that opportunity at that age."

My friendship with Janice, Rose, Margaret and Silvia led me to believe that all women are bi-sexual. However, due to the perceived negativity associated with bi-sexuality most women won't admit it to themselves. None of my future relationships with women ever caused me to doubt this belief.

Janice often questioned why I never considered becoming a male escort. She pointed out that there was an obvious demand for such services, not just from amongst her friends but almost every woman she knew and was adamant that women should have the right to them. At times, I almost felt as though I had an obligation to take up the profession after all the intimate and precious training they had

given me. My fivesome of willing wicked witches had certainly well prepared me for such a career. I now knew the female body and sexual appetites, much, much better than most women know their own and better than I knew my own body. However, I had no need for extra income at the time and I was certainly getting enough ‘action’ from my friendship with my fucking friends. Plus, I genuinely enjoyed ample sensual interaction in my intimate lessons for students and the religious sisters, so never gave her encouragement much consideration – then!

That changed 20 years later!

CHAPTER 41
I Leave School

In my fourth year at the college, Janice left to take up another teaching position. She continued to live nearby, so we would catch up, from time to time, for a friendly fuck and occasional threesome with one of her current 'squeezes'.

Her position in the sex education course was taken over by, Susan, her young replacement on the science staff. However, we had no sexual chemistry and were simply friends and colleagues in an unusual teaching partnership.

Susan was incredibly shy and I often wondered whether she had volunteered or wasn't given a choice to take over Janice's role in the sex education classes. The first time she saw my cock during our 'rehearsals' for the course in her staffroom, she almost fainted. I had to stifle my laughter at her reactions as she seemed genuinely uncomfortable. However, she assured me she was OK and we continued. Her natural hormonal energy invigorated her interest. Gradually after an hour of touching my cock and balls, revising the lesson she had to give, she became very comfortable with the intimacy and seemed to be enjoying it.

My next two years of teaching were wonderful. Life was sweet!

I continued to enjoy my sexual friendship with Margaret, Rose and Silvia, who continued teaching at the college. It was purely sexual for each of us and we did continue our very close bond through that time. No one knew we were 'fuck buddies' and the four of us preferred it that way. I also enjoyed the occasional sexual liaison with a few of the other females on staff, with whom I'd come to know intimately at various parties.

As each new group of girls entered the senior school from the juniors, I was challenged by the usual 'teasers' with no knickers in class, tricks on retreats and school camps, and many other amusing experiences. Each girl thought they were the first to 'try it on' (that should be 'take it off') with me and watch my reactions. By now I was totally immune to this 'teasing' and this intrigued them even more to persist longer with their pussy teasing. I had become a 'fixture' in the school and all staff and students were as comfortable with my presence in any intimate personal situation as they would be had I been female. My maleness was never a concern when it involved nudity – mine or theirs.

Sister James confided in me once during a conversation on the convent rooftop that everyone in the college saw me as a charming

and trustworthy example of the sensitive qualities in men. They also appreciated the fact that I was comfortable and poised enough to offer them a delightful and rare opportunity to safely enjoy and enlighten themselves on male sexuality and physicality.

That was the most wonderful compliment I'd ever been given and I've never forgotten that day!

The sex education courses for senior students remained a highly popular course. In addition, I'd often be asked to assist with 'catch-up' sessions on male sexuality for new initiates into the convent or for those nuns, keen for a revision.

I developed some very close platonic relationships with a few of the younger nuns, thanks to the regular conversations and nude recreation I enjoyed with them on the convent rooftop.

I remained at the college for a total of five years, before accepting a position with the NSW Department of Technical and Further Education (TAFE). My reasons for my resignation were many and varied. Despite my valued position at the college and the wonderful times I had enjoyed, I could not see a future for promotional advancement in the Catholic teaching system, as a non-Catholic.

Sister Mary left me in no doubt that she was completely devastated by my resignation. I often wondered whether the sex education courses continued after my departure?

To this day, I regret that decision. Those years at the college were the best years of my life and I know I learnt so much more than I had ever taught my students, either in mathematics or sex education. If there had been an external final exam in female sexuality at the end of my five years employment, I would have achieved First Class Honours!

CHAPTER 42
Feast To Famine

After enjoying many years of both emotional and physical intimacy in this all-female domain, I was to move into what could best be described as a sexual 'feast to famine'.

In this short period, I had moved from total ignorance to relative understanding of the female psyche and sexual appetites.

I met my wife-to-be, Fran, while shopping in a hardware store where she worked part time while studying full time to be a teacher. She was an extremely attractive woman with beautiful blue eyes and long blond hair that reached to her waist. I was totally smitten!

We dated for a few years, while I taught at TAFE and she completed her teacher training studies.

During this time, I had no interest in 'chasing' other women and was quite content to spend my spare hours in her company and we enjoyed a 'good' sex life together. She was obviously sexually inexperienced but I was untroubled by her lack of 'skills' in the bedroom.

We married and lived in the Sydney Eastern Suburbs. I firmly held onto my marriage vows to 'love and honour' Fran and was happy to become monogamous. Early in our marriage, an Anglican Priest who enthused me to undertake adult confirmation mentored me. I then became very involved in the Church and a committed Christian.

However, I was finding my work life extremely unsatisfactory. After the wonderful years of teaching keen and interested students I was faced with adults who had dropped out of school, for various reasons, and were now attempting to acquire qualifications to allow them to move into better jobs. There was little interest in classes and no interaction afterwards. Also, there was absolutely no camaraderie amongst my teaching colleagues. It was simply a factory process line of education and equally as boring! The blank, bored faces on teaching staff gave me the impression that 'he/she looked as though the lights are on but no one's home!'

Fran and I were attempting to start our family and with this in mind, I applied for a country appointment. We believed the city was not a healthy place to raise children.

I was eventually appointed to a country TAFE college as the Adult Literacy Officer. This position meant I had to reskill myself in literacy. So, I enrolled externally to complete a post-graduate degree in Reading and Language.

At the same time our family was growing. First came my beautiful

daughter, then two wonderful sons.

During my 15 years on the NSW mid North Coast my life changed dramatically. To relieve my frustrations with my job and an unhappy marriage, I threw myself into my sporting activities and started many sports groups in the town. As well I was playing all these sports at the top level in the district. I became ‘Mr. Sport’!

However, from the first days of our marriage in Sydney, I sensed a difference in Fran. Although I was aware of her ‘inexperience’ I was starting to notice her lack of interest in sex. I had to initiate all sexual contact, which I became reluctant to do regularly.

My years at the girls’ college had taught me that women had an equal measure of sexual appetite to men. So, I assumed that Fran would eventually initiate some interest in our bedroom. I used my every skill my harem sisters had taught me to arouse Fran, with little reaction. I was confused and frustrated!

Not once in our 13 years of marriage did she ever initiate sex!

It’s the main reason I became so involved in community sporting activities and my studies. I also became interested in the media and began a volunteer job at the local community radio station.

Two years prior to our separation, Fran admitted she had been unfaithful. However, it was not the actual transgression that stunned me but the gender she chose with whom to enjoy the transgression.

Finally, I had an answer to the lack of interest in our bedroom.

Fran was lesbian!

Our marriage had virtually dissolved long before this admission, so I wasn’t too upset. We agreed to try to keep some semblance of a marriage for our children’s sake and to give them some stability.

However, after many lesbian parties at our home and no personal interaction between us at all in the final two years, we decided one Sunday afternoon to separate.

I can still vividly remember every moment of that discussion and the horrible feeling I had as I walked out the door of my home and waved goodbye to my children. They were still all pre-teens so had little conception of what was happening.

At the time, I felt a huge sense of relief that my torment was over and I could now start living again!

But this is where the ‘Butterfly’ effects from 20 years previous began to ‘flutter’ again.

CHAPTER 43
Alone Again, Naturally

I was initially appointed to the region to teach mature aged students at the local TAFE college, many of whom were older than myself.

In all my years of teaching to this point, I had never fucked any of my students. Even though relationships between teachers and students were quite common up till this era, I had considered it inappropriate to take advantage of the ample opportunities I had been offered by many of my female students as I was married and faithful.

However, that was to change, now that I was single.

My years as a 'monk' had finished and I began to explore my sexuality with women who had an equal, if not extra, interest in sex to mine.

However, my relatively brief period of 'enlightenment' about female sexuality up to and including my career as a young teacher in the girls' school had been seriously undermined by the next fifteen years as a celibate husband associating with my wife's lesbian friends. These lesbian friends of my wife exuded narcissism, which, to me, explained the attraction of lesbianism. So many partnerships between lesbians result in 'mirror' images of each other, right down to their choice of clothing and hair styles. They also seemed emotionally immature and unable to manage adult conversation with a male.

The women I had met while married reflected the repressed sexual attitudes of women that I'd experienced in my youth. I was again in a state of denial of true female sexuality.

One incident not long after my separation from my wife, was to blast those doubts away.

I had moved into a single-story unit complex and was enjoying a lazy Saturday afternoon, masturbating in my lounge room. As I became more aroused I had an uncanny sense that someone was watching. I had never seen anyone in the backyards of this complex, so never felt the need to close my curtains. My upper half was hidden by a plant on my balcony but I had limited vision through its branches and saw a woman smoking in the backyard of a unit next to mine. She initially, showed slight embarrassment at what she could see and kept looking around to see if anyone else could see her watching me.

I could best describe her attention as the 'train-wreck' look. It's the look you have watching a train wreck – you don't want to look, but can't look away.

My immediate reaction when I saw her was to move further

inside my unit. However, I hesitated as I was intrigued to see what her reactions would be if I continued. I was curious to see if women were still aroused by such a sight. It had been so long since I had witnessed those raw erotic reactions by a woman and I questioned whether anything had changed during my sexual sabbatical. The exhibitionist in me quickly diminished the conformist and I began to move my masturbation into a much more erotic mode, with long slow strokes of my cock and accentuated thrusts of my hips with each stroke.

The woman finished her cigarette but didn't move and was totally transfixed on my movements. She did occasionally look back at the rear door to her unit to see if whomever was inside was coming to investigate her extended period outside.

I continually aroused myself to near ejaculation and then released the tension. I'd occasionally cup my balls together and stretch them and squeeze them as my fully erect cock swayed back and forward and continued this arousing process for more than half an hour. The whole time she was riveted with complete fascination. I was enjoying my fifteen, nay thirty, minutes of fame – in her eyes. It had started to drizzle with rain but this inconvenience didn't faze or distract her attention from my 'show'.

Just as she was relishing my erotic performance I was equally fascinated by her lustful attentiveness. My 'faith' in female sexuality was slowly being restored. As she enthusiastically watched me amorously massage each engorged inch of my nine-inch cock I watched my vigilant pervert's face flush and gasp.

Finally, I could not hold my final orgasmic climax any longer and I sat up so she could see my face. I caught her eyes and gave her a very cheeky smile. She was surprised at first when she saw my face and initially blushed and momentarily turned as if to go back inside. In that moment when looks speak sentences, I held her stare with a promise of something special to cum. I was apprehensive of what my next actions would be, but she returned my budding blushes with a smile and a tilt of her head, intimating, 'I'm enjoying this, what's next young man?'

So, gaining some assurances from her unwavering stance and quizzical smiles, I stood up and faced her and smiled broadly at her. She smiled back appreciatively and the 'game' recommenced.

With the eroticism between us now at fever pitch I climaxed and let out an orgasmic groan. Through my fading vision I could see her stiffen in her stance. She was rooted to the spot and wistfully watched as I let go with an almighty rush of cum that spurted out over my balcony railing and onto the ground in front of her. All the training I had received from my teaching harem sisters, hadn't been lost in the intervening years and my ejaculatory muscles were still strong and

capable of pumping out amazing emissions when I needed to make an impression.

As I enjoyed every moment of my climax, I lost vision and awareness for what seemed an eternity till my senses returned. As I regained consciousness I noticed my audience of one was still ardently watching my every sensation, so with my cock still oozing, I took a step out onto the balcony and gave her a shy but unabashed wave. Her face lit up with a huge smile as she waved back and began to laugh.

There were still no words spoken between us but a message of understanding was received loud and clear. Around fifteen minutes later she was knocking on my door. I never wore clothes in my house and answered the knock still totally naked, but now limp in the groin.

We introduced ourselves, her name was Joy, but the introductions didn't last long as we both knew the reason for her visit and I led her to my bedroom. She pushed me onto my back on my bed and immediately began to suck my cock and squeeze my balls.

I was erect again in minutes!

She lifted her skirt to reveal no knickers and a clean shaved muff and she mounted me and began to fuck me with an enthusiasm I had not experienced for many, many years.

I could sense that my engorged cock was hitting her 'sweet' spot exactly where she wanted and she came in a gush of emotion, sighs and excitement that sent shivers through my spine. My God! It had been so long since I had seen a woman enjoy my cock so much. I sat up took off her remaining clothes and spun her onto her back and entered her very juicy quim with a passion that surprised both of us. She came again with a scream of absolute delight as her eyes rolled back in her head. I was gone! I came too and filled her with what remained of my fucking juices.

I fell onto the bed beside her and Joy and I laughed with a joy of pure delight.

Our liaison was truly serendipitous!

As we lazed for the next fifteen minutes, naked and sweaty beside each other, she told me she was from Sydney and on holidays with her husband. I was initially shocked at her honesty and brazenness to come up to my unit with her husband just next door.

She said it was a sexless marriage and he often encouraged her to seek satisfaction elsewhere.

I told her of the sexless marriage I had just left and we realized how special our meeting was.

Needless to say, we fucked each other every day and sometimes more than once a day, for the remaining two weeks she was on holidays. She also asked me to reprise my masturbation performance

for her a few more times during that time. She'd gleefully watch me repeat my performance while enjoying a smoke from her unit backyard. I found it incredibly arousing to know she was watching and enjoying it so much. She'd always come up to my unit for 'seconds' (and sometimes thirds or fourths) afterwards.

I was also fascinated and excited to realize Joy was a 'squirter'. I hadn't met another woman who ejaculated since my experiences with Silvia and Margaret in the school harem over a decade earlier.

I realized I needed to add a few extra layers to my bed to cater for Joy's joy, but I didn't mind!

She tasted delicious and I could feel my juices flowing just knowing she would squirt at any moment while we fucked each other. Every now and then we'd head down to a deserted beach and have fun with a squirting competition. She nearly always won, despite what I thought were my extraordinary capabilities. She had a voluminous flow of cum that would splatter on the sand many metres away from her gorgeous gushing cunt.

I was to learn that Joy's husband was not a squirt enthusiast and it was one of the reasons he had lost interest in sex with her.

She was initially reticent to let her body express its full potential until I finally convinced her of my admiration for her extraordinary capabilities. She told me that my enthusiasm released her from the sexual 'prison' in which she had felt trapped.

We developed a wonderful fucking friendship with each other over the next few years during her vacations.

CHAPTER 44
The World Turns

I became aware that in the intervening two decades female attitudes had changed dramatically and I was totally unprepared for the 'aggressive' sexual attitudes of women in the singles scene. Women were now voracious and unequivocal in their 'hunt' for a mate! They were no longer the 'retiring violets'. During the intervening decade since my marriage, the sexual revolution convinced women that they were men's equals in the all matters, including making the first move. I make no claims on my attractiveness, I was fit and healthy and relatively attractive middle-aged man, but I sometimes found myself in the midst of two women 'fighting' over me. It was embarrassing and demeaning for everyone, but it happened.

As I rarely saw another 'neighbour' in any of the adjacent units, I often returned to my masturbatory chaise in my lounge room. It was cool and comfortable and I enjoyed the soft breeze through the doorway caressing my balls as I masturbated.

However, on a few occasions over the next few years I would inadvertently attract another occasional 'spectator'. The units on either side of mine were all holiday rentals, so I wasn't overly concerned if my actions were noticed. I reasoned, I was in the privacy of my own home and people could look away if they were embarrassed. Plus, the fence between us was too high for children to be able to see me.

I have always been a 'people watcher'. I believe you learn so much about human nature by watching people when they're unaware someone is watching them.

Most women would take the 'train-wreck' approach and eventually stand and stare. If a male saw me, he'd look, maybe shake his head and smile and look away or go back inside. If a woman was 'sprung' by a male partner, she would sometimes pretend disgust or disinterest, even though she'd be staring for some time prior to this. On the odd occasion, both would laugh together as they continued to watch.

I was rarely game to be as demonstrative as I was with Joy. I rationalized that probably had been too exhibitionistic and risky and I was lucky that Joy was as receptive as she turned out to be.

On one occasion, though, a woman in an adjacent unit noticed me leaving my unit one day and started a conversation. She told me that she had seen me masturbating the previous day and was I aware that I could partly be seen through my balcony window?

I feigned ignorance and apologized if I had embarrassed her. She told me she hadn't been the least bit embarrassed and laughed and said she had enjoyed the 'performance' and jokingly asked when the next one was scheduled. She just wanted to save me any oblivious embarrassment.

That afternoon, I noticed her in her backyard again and walked out naked onto my balcony and waved to her. She laughed and waved back. I then moved back inside and began to masturbate in my 'favourite' position. She grabbed a seat on her balcony and got herself comfortable for my reprise performance.

As I neared my climax, I stood up and looked straight at her and smiled. She stood up and began to point, I thought to encourage me. However, I was gone and ejaculated with a gush and groan over the fence between us.

As I regained my composure, my neighbor laughed as she pointed off to one side of me. I turned to notice another woman in the unit on the other side, who had apparently also been watching my explosive performance. Both women waved to each other and laughed loudly. I was initially stunned, but shrugged my shoulders and then waved to both of them.

I sensed another repeat of the look between the three of us that Joy and I had shared in our previous shared fun.

Both ladies arrived at my front door within minutes.

They didn't know each other, but after a few drinks and shared laughter we had struck up a friendship.

Independently, they both returned over the next few days with a request for me to satisfy their 'holiday' sexual tensions. I was happy to oblige! They both complimented me on the size and beauty of my cock. I hesitantly, mentioned the nickname I had been given many, many years before and they both laughed.

We met for dinner later that week, prior to them both returning home. They were both single women enjoying a break from busy jobs in Sydney and had much in common. I didn't hear from either of them again!

CHAPTER 45
My Skills Go Into Action

While I was living at my unit after my marriage breakdown, I was asked by a younger woman from my squash club, if she could move in with me temporarily following her separation from her partner. We were good friends, but just friends and I agreed. She was incredibly attractive and this played an obvious motivating part in the arrangement for me.

Her bedroom was next to the bathroom and she never dressed to move between the two rooms. She knew I was a nudist and assured me she was also comfortable with me being naked around the unit. So, it became common practice to get naked as soon as either of us got through the front door. She'd always greet people at the door without embarrassment in this state of undress and I soon followed suit. It seemed totally natural to both of us.

We never fucked each other, but she'd occasionally invite me naked into her bedroom to share a 'joint' together and some laughter and chat. She had as many boyfriends coming and going as I had girlfriends. In a small two-bedroom unit it was impossible not to share the fucking noises we were enjoying with our partners. This made for much shared hilarity and teasing during our 'bong' chats together.

Because we had ample fucking friends, we never felt the need to fuck each other. Also, I felt that her situation as my rent-paying tenant would have been compromised if we had fucked each other.

There was one occasion however, where we almost 'crossed that line'.

I had met a woman who lived in my complex at the local Hash House Harriers club. We became very 'intimate' friends and she would often knock on my door with a routine expectation from me to satisfy her sexual needs. It wasn't uncommon for her to playfully push me onto the floor as she walked through the door and fuck me there and then. This floor fucking only happened when my flatmate wasn't home.

One night while the three of us shared some alcohol and played cards together, my fucking friend demanded she was ready for sex (she was of German decent – hence her abruptness) and led me to my bedroom. As we enjoyed each other's bodies, my flatmate had become aroused by the sloppy sounds of our fucking frenzy and for the first time joined us in the bedroom.

My experiences assured me that all women were bisexual so I saw nothing unusual in this development. However, she became totally

agitated when she realized that it was my flatmate's hand and not mine stroking her cunt and announced that she didn't do 'threesomes' and left. My flatmate and I were a little stunned as my fleeing fucking friend had always seemed open to any sexual fantasy and actively sought new and unusual ways to enjoy sex.

Realising our passions were still highly active we looked at each other while glancing at the other's aroused organ. An obvious amicable solution immediately presented itself to both of us! If I sucked her cunt to satisfy her passions, she'd return the favour to my cock. Without a word and just a simple smile we assumed the '69' position and resolved our mutual frustrations.

She was extremely delicious and seemed to equally enjoy my full load down her throat. I had by now tasted many women and unfortunately some were extremely bitter with unpleasant vaginal odour. However, my flatmate's juices proved to be highly tantalizing and I began to look forward to more of her twat taste testing.

This became standard practice from that point on, when either of us was in a state of unrequited arousal without a partner to help satisfy that passion. It was a simple friendly arrangement that didn't require us to fuck each other, yet allowed us to benefit from our unique harmonious living arrangement. She'd only have to say "Michael?" with a knowing inflection in her voice and I'd get her message. While I could be eating or watching TV and she'd be orally eager to reciprocate if my cock began to twitch.

She was a normal, healthy, sexual woman!

Thanks to my flatmate's welcoming encouragement and on her request, I would revive many of my yoni massaging skills that my harem sisters had helped me to develop.

Also, the 'threesome' episode didn't affect my friendship with my fucking friend, but it did mean our fucking took place more often at her place than mine from then on.

It gave me a perspective that obviously some women AREN'T bisexual?

However, over time as my yoni massaging skills improved, my flatmate began to spread word at the squash club during the post game (piss-up) socials about the exquisite pleasures she was enjoying from my yoni massages. She wasn't the least bit shy about her sexuality, even though many of those she regaled sometimes felt it was in the 'too much information' basket.

At first it became a joke that everyone loved to tease me about. I was called the 'crack addict'! I wore the jokes and eventually the humour gave way to genuine secretive enquiries from women who were suffering from sexual frustrations.

Most of these requests resulted in a genuine yoni massage in my

bedroom or at their home with financial compensation.

My flatmate knew of my nickname and had spread it around town. So, every now and then one or two of her friends would join us for dinner, a few drinks, a bong or two and/or strip poker, so that they could see 'Goldilocks' for themselves. Eventually, we'd all end up in her bedroom where I further honed my yoni massaging skills and usually put Goldilocks to work inside a cunt or two. If the situation turned more erotic than therapeutic it sometimes became an all-in orgy.

Eventually my flatmate met 'the man of her dreams' and moved in with him.

My reputation for yoni massage spread by word of mouth around the region and I had a regular flow of women seeking out my professional therapeutic services in the years that followed. In a large regional area this resulted in bookings on average once a week, with more than 50% of these being permanent clients.

My 'endowment' also became common knowledge amongst locals and many women would book a yoni massage, partly for the opportunity to 'meet' Goldilocks. Even if I didn't utilize my cock during these yoni massage sessions, it certainly helped to attract clients.

A few psychologists in the region came to know of the therapy and its benefits from client testimonials and I even occasionally got referrals from these sources.

I was amazed how much I enjoyed facilitating these experiences for women. At first, I must admit there was a sexual component to my involvement at a yoni massage therapist. However, within weeks I was finding the joy it gave women was infectious. As my hands wove their magic on a woman's yoni and she began to respond instinctively to the eroticism of the massage, I became 'connected' spiritually to her eroticism.

Each therapy session would begin with a casual chat, allowing my client to relax and become more comfortable in my company. I had an ease with women, that had grown from my many years working in all-female domains. Invariably, each client quickly lost any initial nerves after our chat and a drink. Once she was comfortable in my company, we'd begin the massage.

If nothing else, the main feature I learnt about women from my many 'butterflies', was that 'time' is the most effective aphrodisiac. All yoni massages built slowly and sensually allowing each client to reestablish her erotic pathways within her body.

I came to recognize the physical reactions within a woman's yoni that signaled what stage of her erotic journey she was enjoying. When a woman's vaginal cavity begins to expand and pulse, it is an

indication that she is nearing her orgasmic climax. Then, her hips will instinctively begin thrusting and her vaginal cavity will pulse in a climatic implosion.

She is then on the crest of her orgasmic wave and breathing quickly and shallow.

Her stamina and physical reactions would determine how long I'd continue stimulating her yoni. Once she began to breathe more regularly, I'd hold the pressure on her g-spot and allow her to enjoy the recovery stages of her orgasmic wave. Most women will feel the urge to pee with this pressure, but I'd always assure them to relax and go with the feeling. If this pressure on their g-spot is intense enough many women will ejaculate when they orgasm. This capacity for female ejaculation would often totally amaze these clients.

The beauty of that connection with a woman as she relishes true orgasmic bliss is a sensation that cannot be replicated by any other experience. I never took this wonderful pleasure she was enjoying for granted or cut short the time she wished to continue. Almost always, a client would book a one hour appointment and sometimes three hours later as she recovered, be astonished at the time.

I can honestly say that facilitating yoni massages is one of the most rewarding experiences I've enjoyed in life. There had to be a financial component to this therapy otherwise other emotions become involved.

It was the same with my male escort work. Often I could feel an emotional connection being established with a client, but they knew it was a financial arrangement and this helped maintain the intimacy on a professional rather than personal level.

I was obviously good at what I did, as my word-of-mouth 'advertising' was highly successful.

CHAPTER 46
Highest Bidder Please

Eventually my resolve not to fuck a student was to be broken after my marriage dissolution.

I was approached for a dance by one of my TAFE students one night at the local RSL club. She eventually invited me back to her unit and we enjoyed a very wonderful night of fucking and sucking each other. She admitted she had been keen to fuck me since her very first class. She was an enthusiastic lover but my confidence and skills had been lost in the intervening years during my marriage.

There was an uneasiness between us in classes after that and I became reluctant to repeat the experience with other students afterwards.

During this period I was also put up for auction at a fund raising benefit for the local surf lifesaving club.

This was the late 1980's and women's liberation had established itself on the social scene. As a way of establishing their 'equality' to men, women felt empowered to run these benefits, which were considered the equivalent to the traditional trashy female beauty contests. I was perplexed how these women made this connection?

I was one of a dozen local 'celebrities' who was asked to volunteer myself for this 'worthy' cause. At this time I was now also employed part time as the Sports Editor for the leading regional radio station. I also wrote a regular back page feature for the district newspaper and I was a sports identity in the region. As well, I was still employed as a Head Teacher at the TAFE college. In a regional setting I was a 'celebrity'.

I had performed at a few 'hens' nights for my housemates some twenty years earlier but had never been a spectator at a male strip show. I was now experiencing the voracious behaviour of a group of sexually charged, 'liberated' women, who were liberally intoxicated. Generous amounts of money were being offered in the auction for a one-night date with each man.

The organisers had purposely kept the more 'high-profile' males till the end of the auction to stimulate higher bids. I was 'offered' second last. A much better-looking colleague of mine was last. However, little did any of the women in the audience realise that my colleague was gay, in the days when AIDS was rampant and it was unwise for public figures to 'come out'.

My bidding increased in $10's until only two women remained in the bidding. Finally, the hammer went down on $210. I couldn't see

the winner very clearly in the crowd. When ‘claimed’ after the auction, my bidder was a reasonably attractive middle-aged woman, probably in her 50’s who worked with NSW Rail in Sydney and was on holidays at the time.

We had a drink at the surf club and she invited me back to her holiday cabin where we ‘consummated’ our date. She had my pants off me as soon as I got through the door. I was amused and intrigued by her vigour and enthusiasm and her stunned reactions when she saw my cock. I suspected at the time her eagerness was more influenced by her alcoholic levels rather than my attractiveness. She went down on her knees as I stood there bottomless in the open doorway to her cabin. I could see car lights moving in the street behind me and could only assume what they could see in the lighted doorway of her cabin.

She was good at this fellatio game and I came in her mouth as she continued to eagerly suck and gulp my juices in her mouth. She then stood up and wiped the mix of saliva and cum from her mouth and planted an open mouth kiss with sloppy tongue on my mouth. I stepped back to catch my breath. Although I’d just managed to orgasm I wasn’t overly ‘turned-on’ enough to reciprocate her enthusiastic sloppy advances.

Trying not to make her feel rejected I suggested we retire to her bedroom where it would be more comfortable. She took my cock in her hand and led me in that direction. As we did I started removing her clothing and bra. Only her skirt remained as we got to the bed and I gently pushed her onto her back on the bed. I slipped off her skirt and found she wasn’t wearing knickers so the next move was obvious.

I hopped up on the bed with my knees astride her body and edged myself toward her head. As my balls moved above her mouth, she pounced. Her hands moved up from her side and she wrapped one hand around my balls and then took them both in her mouth and began sucking. I grabbed my cock which still had my cum and her saliva all over it and started masturbating to get myself erect again.

I’m a ‘sucker’ for having my balls stimulated and I quickly became erect again. I edged myself back down the bed and spread her legs and slid my hot cock gently inside her very, very wet cunt. She was generously loose, vaginally, so my size wasn’t a concern. In fact, I could sense that this could have been the first time for a long while where a cock had amply extended her vaginal cavity and created a sense of ‘fullness’ in her cunt. She moaned and let out a deep breath and then grabbed the cheeks of my bum and pulled me further inside her. I was a little surprised at how many inches of my cock she eagerly ‘consumed’.

I could feel the warmth of her vagina as it opened to receive my stiff shaft. Her body totally oozed and she let out a rush of breath as I

tilted my hips to maneuver the hood of my cock to position against her g-spot. I then began my thrusting inside her and exciting her clit with my fingers. She kept yelling “harder, harder,” then screamed “Stop!” and held my bum tight as she grinded her hips backwards and forwards. I could feel my stiff cock rubbing against her g-spot on the roof of her vagina. She finally let out an almighty scream of ‘Oh, my God!’

I thrust my cock just a little deeper inside her and held her tight for a few minutes then started thrusting again. She came multiple times and finally I could feel my juices starting to stir uncontrollably. I came with a rush that made my head spin. I collapsed exhausted onto her with my cock still firmly engorged inside her tight twat.

We smiled at each other and I fell into a brief unconscious stupor.

As I rolled over onto my back she sat up and then went down onto my cock and began sucking vigorously on my limp lump of man-meat.

After we both recovered, shared some pleasantries and a drink, I got dressed ready to head home.

As I left she asked to see me again, but explained that she had to return home the next day. So, she offered me a free First Class Sleeper rail ticket to Sydney at a time convenient to both of us. I saw this as an ideal opportunity to take my kids on holidays with me to see their grandparents, so asked if I could include my three kids in the sleeper cabin, which was agreed.

My ‘bidder’ and I arranged to meet at her home on Sydney’s north shore for another ‘date’. Her daughter, aged in her 30’s, was there when I arrived and I was curious if this was going to be a threesome, which I wouldn’t have minded one bit. However, her daughter left and I could sense there wasn’t any intention for us to leave either. Soon we were fucking each other enthusiastically in her bedroom. She had shaved for this date and I found this very appealing and found myself actively applying liberal doses of cunnilingus to her creamy cunt. In appreciation of her generosity for the rail tickets, I felt obliged to satisfy her needs before mine and she came multiple times before I finally mounted her and fucked every last drop of cum from my balls into her craving cunt.

This was my first experience of fucking a mature woman and I liked it. She knew her own erotic triggers and most of mine. However, distance was the enemy and we never saw each other again.

However, I could sense she was to be another ‘Butterfly’ for me!

CHAPTER 47
A He Whore Appears From His Cocoon

There was an overt enthusiasm and obvious hunger for male sexuality from the women at the auction. In addition, my 'bidders' bedroom appetite and lack of opportunities for her and my vacationing friend Joy to satisfy their natural hormonal hungers was further proof of the need for male prostitutes, in this new era of feminist liberation.

My auction bidder had paid to have sex with me, plus by now I was earning a small income from my yoni massage business. On occasion, I would oblige a client who had a genuine physical reason to request cock penetration during the therapy.

For example, some women had lost all confidence in their ability to experience an orgasm during penetrative sex, due to a series of poor lovers down the years, or loss of libido after menopause, etc. After reestablishing their confidence to enjoy an orgasm with a male through yoni massage, there was invariably a request to continue the therapy through to full penetration and orgasmic bliss.

So, it seemed I had already 'dipped my toe in the waters' of prostitution.

While ten-pin bowling in a weekly league I came across a guy who went by the name of Robert. Robert made no secret amongst the women in the bowling league that he was a male escort. I'm a keen observer of humanity so I watched the female reactions to him.

Despite most of the female comments about him being made as disinterested banter, their body language was totally different. As I watched I could see most women subtly observing his every move with intense interest. I asked Robert how 'successful' he was in his 'profession'. He told me he was busy most nights and days.

By now I was 'retired' from teaching and working part time in the local media. My income wasn't great and I was being pursued by my ex in court for child support, way beyond my means to pay. So, the opportunity to earn some extra cash seemed obvious.

All my 'Butterflies' were now flying home to nest.

Sexually abused as a child! Then as a young man came my many sexual lessons at Woodlands. Shelly's primer to teenage female sexuality, complimented by Sister Mary's nuns' project had further opened my eyes to the female gender. This was then followed by Janice's introduction and encouragement to satisfy adult female sexual appetites. Finally, my post-marriage awakening in this New Age of female sexuality had led me to become a male prostitute.

Each subtle flap of a butterfly's wings had taken me down a series of binary paths to this point.

I advertised my services in the local newspaper using the pseudonym of 'David'.

My first client was a middle-aged woman, who had recently separated from her 'unfaithful' husband. She still had access to the joint account and was intent on spending as much of this money as possible in the shortest time.

She brought a young female friend with her to our appointment in a local hotel and the three of us drank and chatted for an hour before she gave an obvious 'predetermined' signal to her friend to leave. It was obvious she had intended to 'check me out' first and use her 'cover' as an excuse in case she'd decided not to progress any further with the booking.

She then took me back to her home. There was no more need for 'niceties' and she began to strip me, leaving my now aroused cock till last for an unveiling.

As soon as my cock sprung free from my jocks she smiled at my size. However, this only intensified her lusts and she went down and devoured every inch of my manhood. I fell back into a sitting position on her bed while she continued her lusty sucking. She cupped my balls into one hand while she continued sucking and then groping my shaft with her other hand.

I whispered did she want me to cum in her mouth. She said "No, wait!" and quickly stripped and fell back onto her bed with her legs spread invitingly wide and welcoming. "Fuck me!" she demanded!

In the few minutes it took for her to position herself on her bed my arousal eased. I could feel the pressure of my juices draining back into my balls and I mounted her, confident of my orgasmic powers.

All those 'lessons' my 'big sisters' had taught me at Janice's flat many years prior now started flooding back. I remembered that if I could hold on for a few moments, this need to ejaculate would ease and I could continue fucking her for much longer. If I repeated this process a few times I would no longer get an urge to orgasm and could fuck her for an extended period.

My harem sisters had reveled in their success at teaching me how to hold my ejaculation for as long as I wanted and releasing whenever I wanted. I had almost lost this ability in the intervening years through lack of use, but was confident I could quickly regain it again with just a little practice.

What a marvelous revelation for a male escort just beginning his journey into pleasuring women for cash.

Also, my vasectomy after my third child had made me sterile, but I could still produce and enjoy the same orgasmic abilities. What a

fucking bonus, sterile with long lasting erections! In hindsight, I should have used this as my selling point on my male escort business cards.

However, there was a 'down side' to this profession. The sexual tensions in me mounted as I prolonged my orgasm to fully satisfy each client. I found myself in a constant state of arousal as I dared not masturbate to maintain my full fucking abilities for my next client. This became very distracting emotionally.

Word of mouth and my regular advert in the local paper, kept me busy as a male escort for the following few years I remained on the NSW mid North Coast.

Not every woman who booked my services was necessarily seeking penile penetration to ease their sexual tensions. For various reasons, some women requested a simple sexual massage to bring them to orgasmic relief. Many of these women were married and did not want to be 'unfaithful'.

Utilising both Toni's teaching and my cunnilingus exploits with the Woodland's tennis ladies and my harem sister's techniques I was familiar with the various 'trigger' points within a woman's cunt and was by now quite proficient with yoni massages. In fact, I found this to be a great way to begin a session with most clients. Invariably, everyone would enjoy multiple orgasms from the yoni massage and for those women who requested it, I'd compliment their appointment with a languishing, juicy fuck. As AIDS was now a real threat, I'd always insist on using a condom for all my appointments. Occasionally, a woman would offer to pay me more if I didn't wear a condom, but I always refused their offer. My health was paramount!

My male escort work wasn't sufficient to support me and I took as much work in the local media as I could. I still held a position as the Sports Editor for the regional radio station and wrote a weekly back page sports column for the district newspaper. I also worked part time for a major regional TV station, as their mid North Coast news reporter.

What surprised me with my escort work was that despite my image appearing nightly on the TV news and regularly in the sports pages of the local newspaper and my voice hourly on the local radio news, I was never identified by any of my escort clients. It confirmed my conviction that women aren't that observant.

Most women seem to exist in a bubble filled with their own image and concerns for their comparative appearance with other women.

CHAPTER 48
A New Town, A New Journey

My media work was beginning to be noticed and I was approached by a capital city TV network to be a news journalist for their new service on the Gold Coast. I was very reluctant to leave my kids but my ex, her lesbian partners and the lesbian collective on the mid North Coast were making life difficult, so I accepted the position.

The TV journalist position on the Gold Coast was only a part time position so this gave me an opportunity to continue my male escort work in a much larger market place.

Utilising my media skills I advertised myself as a private entertainer and nude home handyman. I called my new business 'The Naked Knight'. I submitted a press release to the opposition TV station on the Gold Coast prior to commencing my job with their rival. I had a flare for writing press releases – I had read thousands as a journo and was immediately contacted by Channel 9 on the Gold Coast for an interview.

The reporter, a young female, had set up a mock handyman job with a few of her older female friends. I was to mow the lawns and then serve drinks to a group of five mature ladies who were supposedly booking me as a nude handyman. The filming went well and the final interview that was aired was very well presented. I was inundated with calls for work.

I was booked for a wide variety of jobs.

Some involved me appearing in my 'birthday suit' at the front door for a birthday girl, with a certificate in my hand from her friends for an hour of handyman duties. I'm sure most of the time these women knew I was coming, albeit not naked at their front door. I'd prepare myself by arousing my cock so as to be 'presentable' for the birthday girl and wear shorts to their door, then drop my daks as I heard them approach. The shock on their faces as they greeted me and took in my naked body and my engorged semi-erect cock, was always priceless. I couldn't help laughing with them as they laughed or gushed with delight and quickly shuffled me inside.

Usually we'd sit and exchange casual chatter and enjoy a drink. I would always tease them by 'manufacturing' a full erection, as I casually chatted, seemingly totally oblivious to my erection emerging from between my legs. This ALWAYS aroused every woman and they'd escort me to their bedroom and set about fucking me. Occasionally I might be asked to change a light bulb or something banal while fully erect. There was a definite delight from these ladies

to watch me work while my rock-hard cock bobbled and bounded with my movements. Then, they'd escort me to their bedroom and get me to finish my Naked Knight's work – horizontally.

Other bookings might require me to serve drinks or finger food and entertain at hens' parties. I'd always enquire if they preferred me fully naked or with an apron or some similar genital cover. Most of the time I'd be asked to wear a waiter's apron. My apron would never fully cover my cock and the hood of my cock would dangle, tantalizingly just below the bottom of the apron. The apron never lasted longer than the first round of drinks. Invariably one woman would appear behind me to remove my apron, or someone would have her hand up inside groping for my balls and cock as I served her a drink.

I charged by the hour for my services. However, I was always asked to extend so that I could adequately 'service' the usual requests for sex during or after the party. I was totally at ease and comfortable in women's company and was never fazed by being surrounded by drunk, horny women. My comfort in female company afforded me a certain respect and I always felt in control of most situations or requests. I had come to understand and respect women for their basic instincts and their many wonderful qualities, such as caring and compassion. Women have a duality of personality much like men and if I was a gentleman, whether they were a saint or sinner, I'd always be treated likewise in return.

As women get drunker some get very sexually aggressive and demanding. Basic female instincts become unbridled when women feel they are safe and respected and have the freedom to express their sexuality. I found if I was booked for more than two hours, I'd always be asked to sexually satisfy a few women at each party. I learnt to expect at least one or two 'sinners' amongst the saints.

My party tricks usually involved, the dick tricks I'd developed with Juliette at the nudist club as a young man, and to entertain some of the girls while on retreats or tours with students. I had become very proficient with a standard array of tricks. I had also learnt from my female teenage students what tricks would likely please adult females – female instincts and fascination with a cock and two balls are the same, irrespective of age.

Many years later as publisher I interviewed two of the guys who were part of the 'Puppetry of the Penis' show touring the Gold Coast at the time. As a mathematician (I have a PhD in Mathematics), I did a statistical analysis of the number of Gold Coast women who attended one of their shows. Using the statistics for women aged 20 to 45 on the Gold Coast (the age of the audiences for these shows) I calculated that 82% of females on the Gold Coast paid to see this show. My

analysis simply confirmed my own intimate experiences of female fascination for male genitalia.

During my own dick trick demonstrations at hens' parties I'd either stand on the party table or in the middle of a room to perform. Depending on their levels of intoxication and mood in the room, I found that most women appreciated the opportunity to 'feel' each trick. This 'intimacy' and trust I afforded guests was often the 'spark' that brought the party to life. Without exception, even the most blasé or shy women in the room, would 'light up' and shuffle their way toward me to join in the frivolity bubbling around me. If they were too drunk I'd find the most sober, or the party hostess and use her as my 'assistant'.

As my cock grew and female eyes widened, I'd move into the 'stiff' tricks until it was obvious that my cock was now only good for one thing… and it never took long for a volunteer or two… or three… or four…or more, to excitedly accept my engorged offering. Depending on whether the partygoers were close friends and family or just a collective of females, these fucking favours would be presented as part of the party entertainment or individually in the privacy of a bedroom.

My earlier learnt skills at maintaining orgasmic control were invaluable here. I could easily fuck three or four women in rotation as part of my performance for hens' parties. Even if, as often happened, I had a few women eagerly sucking or playing with my tackle during the party, I could still maintain a strong engorged erection without any fear of premature ejaculation.

As the ultimate climax to a performance and usually as a special presentation for the hostess or the birthday girl, I'd release my load of hot cum appropriately and considerately. To heighten the climatic performance, I'd get the group to count down from 'TEN' as my 'lucky' assistant continued her skills on my cock. Then on cue, accompanied by a crescendo of female squeals, I'd ejaculate. My cum would invariably end up in that woman's mouth, on her face, her cunt or tummy, or even fired direct into a laughing crowd of tipsy women, depending on where the hostess had aimed my cock.

I came to fully appreciate how much women love the sight and feel of a man's ejaculation. My many reservations as a younger man of entertaining numerous women, young and old, with this eroticism, by now had been totally nullified. There was something primal in women's appreciation of this ability of mine to present my cum on their command and have my seed fertilize their most erotic fantasies.

I thoroughly enjoyed these exhibitionist opportunities. The flushed faces and howls of laughter and delight from a group of hot and horny women touched a very primal chord within me also. I

always felt a definite sense of control over female sexuality to balance the lack of control I experienced as a boy. However, no matter how many opportunities I had to 'balance' this memory, it never seemed enough.

At nearly every one of these parties, as the 'hens' relaxed with alcohol, their inhibitions flew out the cage. It could sometimes get a little rough, but I never felt 'out of my depth'. I suspect my comfort being surrounded by women at Woodlands and stripping on stage as a hypnotist's stooge and during my early teaching career and understanding their passionate interest in my naked body, was standing me in good stead now.

At the time Bootscooting was all the rage. I loved to dance and took up this new fad early. Bootscooting, or linedancing as it was also known, was predominantly a female activity, but as someone comfortable in female company this didn't faze me. I introduced a linedancing routine into my party entertainment. I'd first do an erotic linedance while stripping down to simply a pair of cowboys chaps and hat, to get everyone laughing. I'd then teach everyone one or two basic dances. I was competent to mirror the steps, so that I could face women and give them ample opportunity to enjoy my bouncing bounty as I moved through each routine. A typical hens' party might continue with my dick tricks, a few fucks, then depending on the ambiance after the pussy pleasing pause, finish with my climax on cue for the party princess.

The more parties I did, the more I realised I needed another more sophisticated routine to add to my repertoire.

I developed a hot Latin routine based on a few dance sequences that included the rhythmic rhumba, the erotic tango and the fervent flamingo. My 'costume was a red cummerbund, a red bow tie around my neck, plus a small red bow tie around my ball sacks and black tap shoes. The audience usually only first noticed the smaller bow tie when my erection began to rise and my balls became exposed. This always caused much hilarity!

I'd gradually roused my erection by swinging my hips in rhumba rhythm and then using a tango routine, began my hands-free masturbation by a combination of quick thrusts caused by contractions of my bum and tummy muscles. When fully erect I'd go into a flamingo tap dance using my erect cock as the 'red flag' to the circle of happy women, pulsating and purring around me.

As I brought the performance to its 'climax' I'd puff my chest and with my hands above my head, in toreador stance, shout 'El Toro'. At this volatile moment, I'd thrust my ejaculation into the 'bullish' crowd of screaming, scattering women.

The cowboy, linedance and Latin routines were the three most

popular I did at hens' parties.

Although I didn't have a bulky muscular body, I was very athletically fit and regarded as attractive. Women seemed to enjoy looking at my naked body and appreciated my masculinity and my Goldilocks cock. However, despite my other party routines, I realised my main performance asset was the size of my cock and my erectile and orgasmic control. These skills never failed to entertain women!

The strength and distance of my ejaculations regularly proved to be a performance highlight for party girls. When my cue to ejaculate came at a party, I'd always manage to send my seed many metres into a group of women yelling and laughing for my orgasm. This invariably brought the house down with cheers and shouts of amazement at my ejective talents.

Again, the techniques regularly practiced at Janice's flat after work at the girls' school had well-prepared me for this path in my life. My record in the Goldilocks Challenges at Janice's was 5.5 metres and I'd sometimes cum close to this at these hens' parties.

As my business became more and more popular through word of mouth, my orgasmic skills became infamous. There were occasions when the woman making the booking would offer to pay above the going rate if I could perform my ejaculation trick more than once at her party. Often there would be specific details on who the target for cum would be.

At one hens' party, I was feeling very 'backed-up' and so introduced the Goldilocks Challenge involving the bride and her two bridesmaids. I allowed roughly half an hour between rounds, so that I could achieve another healthy erection for the next contestant. Obviously, I invited the bride to go first as this ensured she'd win the contest. I was blown away by the response from women to this performance. My ability to ejaculate on cue for each contestant ensured no one was embarrassed in front of her friends by her lack of fellatio skills. This party trick in my repertoire proved to become one of the most popular requests from hostesses, once word spread.

Fortunately, for me at this time, medical science had developed a penile injection that would give a man a rock-hard erection for up to an hour. I was made aware of this medical marvel during one of my regular STD check-ups. My doctor knew of my profession and offered me a regular prescription of the injectable fluid. The down side was the inconvenience of sticking a needle into my cock whenever I needed a rock-solid Roger.

Prior to this medical marvel, I always found that my ejaculation performance would always arouse many of my female fans and I'd be pressured for more than a few fucks afterwards. I'd never disappoint any of these ladies, but even with my best intentions all I could often

offer was orgasmic pleasures from a yoni massage. Now I had the ability to truly finish my performance in proper and considerate style.

Word of mouth of my new capabilities spread like wildfire.

The more my reputation built, the more specific and erotic requests became. If I was given enough notice, I could prepare well in advance for a specific request. Multiple ejaculations were obviously difficult within a set party timeframe. However, by drinking plenty of fluids in the days prior to these engagements and restraining from any orgasms for at least three to four days prior, built up my reserves and I was always able to manage at least two or three specific performance ejaculations, if required, at a party.

However, that's not to say, everything always went to plan. Depending on the levels of unrestrained oestrogen at a party the hostess and her 'special guests' would sometimes still request a farewell fuck once her other party guests had had their fun. If it was convenient, in regards to my onward bookings, I would usually comply – if they agreed to the surcharge for these services – which they nearly always did. I always carried with me a supply of erection injections for these contingencies. I wasn't fond of using these needles as they gave me an artificially rock-hard cock and it could become quite painful after fucking more than a few women. I also lost my well-developed performance skills with my cock for up to a day, which would have affected any party or escort bookings, I may have had immediately afterwards.

I enjoyed recreational sex! Sex to me was a blissful and natural experience to share with women of like mind for our mutual enjoyment. I saw nothing morally wrong with responsibly sharing these pleasures, so long as those I shared it with were equally as enthused and willing to take the same journey with me. However, I particularly loved entertaining and titillating women with my body. My childhood abuse and subsequent doubts about female eroticism had created in me the need to continually debunk these myths right from my days as a teacher in the girls' college. Plus, my female butterflies had prepared me well, emotionally and physically for my abilities to continue down this life path.

Often there would be an initial shyness amongst my audiences to my nudity. Just mixing amongst them naked and serving drinks or food and chatting would help ease their discomfort and fuel their hormonal fires. Once I began performing most women quickly absorbed and reflected my relaxed attitude to my nakedness. The talents and the skills I had developed with my sexual implements always amazed and entertained most red-blooded women. Any initial shyness in a group soon dissipated as their innate voyeuristic inclinations and the normality of their own sexual appetites overcame

them in the heat of a pheromone charged hens' party.

One enhancement technique I always used prior to any engagement was to engorge my cock a few times with a penis vacuum pump. These pumps would give me a momentary erection till I released the vacuum in the cylinder encasing my cock. However, if done a few times, my cock would stay semi engorged for an extended period, certainly long enough till I became naturally aroused during my performances. This technique gave me an even more enhanced length and girth to my cock and enabled me to make a captivating first impression at my performances for my female audiences.

I knew from the appreciative reactions of women on my life's path to this point, that my orgasmic skills for a male were extraordinary and I often got some generous tips following my performances. To promote myself I had business cards made with my Naked Knight business details on one side and my male escort work details on the other. I had two separate phone numbers so that when I received a call I'd know what it was about. I always made my business cards freely available and after every party I'd always get many bookings for both my male escort work from individual women as well as more group bookings for my Naked Knight services. This proved to be the most effective way of getting work and eventually I didn't need to advertise elsewhere at all.

CHAPTER 49
Another Mother / Daughter Double Act

As my Naked Knight business gradually grew, I was offered a part-time position as a mathematics lecturer at Bond University on the Gold Coast. I had always enjoyed teaching and felt my academic qualifications were not being utilized. I taught there for a few years while continuing my sex business.

Unfortunately, the university was in a political quagmire at the time, as Bond University was Australia's only privately owned university and competed virulently against the more established academia. I never felt intellectually challenged or scholastically appreciated in the job, so resigned after three years of lecturing.

Looking for a new challenge I moved into publishing. I founded a nudist lifestyle magazine and became a one-man operation. I was journalist, photographer, editor, sub-editor, graphic and layout artist. This was my 'baby' and I worked hard to make it successful.

However, it allowed me the opportunity to 'stretch' my creative talents, while I 'stretched' my physical talents with my Naked Knight business.

I worked long and hard hours, but loved every minute of both sides of my businesses.

The magazine became an international success and allowed me the opportunity to travel extensively around the globe.

One aspect I enjoyed was the photographic opportunities the publication required. I would regularly visit nudist resorts and clubs around the globe and photograph people enjoying their wonderful lifestyle.

Being a single man in a nudist environment can be very difficult. Usually most single men are treated with suspicion and caution. However, as the publisher of a highly successful magazine, I was welcomed eagerly into every establishment. Being single and attractive also opened many opportunities with the opposite sex. However, I was extremely cautious not to transgress intimately with any married women I met at a nudist venue. I was representing my business and needed to protect that credential.

The publication also required some professional images to be used to help promote both the nudist lifestyle and the magazine. As such I would regularly do photo shoots with beautiful naked women, of all ages, for possible use in the magazine.

Most of my 'shoots' were done on South Stradbroke Island. This is a relatively deserted island, only accessible by private boat. However,

it is only a few minutes from the ‘beating heart’ of the Gold Coast.

On most shoots, I’d be naked also and I found this established a mutual trust between myself and the model. It also helped to establish a more ‘natural’ nudist environment that was reflected in their faces for the images I hoped to capture.

On one particular shoot I was photographing a beautiful young woman, Jilly, who was accompanied by her mother,

Gail, for the shoot. I had no problems with models bringing a ‘chaperone’ for a shoot. However, it was usually their girlfriend!

I had met Gail when I had previously interviewed her daughter for the job.

Both Jilly and I were naked as we moved from one location to the next, searching for another nice locale. Jilly and Gail were walking behind me, when I overheard Gail say to her daughter, “He does have a nice arse, doesn’t he?” I could sense she had said it loud enough for me to hear. I turned and smiled at her. Gail was my age in her early 40’s and a very attractive woman. I could tell where my model got her genes from.

As we got to a good photographic spot, I asked Gail whether she’d like to pose with her daughter. She feigned shyness but I could tell she had been waiting for me to ask. With Jilly’s enthused encouragement she agreed and took off her clothes.

I mentioned that I couldn’t afford to pay her in addition to her daughter and she nodded her understanding. However, she surprised me with her next comment. “Would you be willing to help me in another way, as compensation?” she softly murmured in my ear as we set up for the shoot. I thought I could sense what she meant, but as it was to eventuate, it wasn’t exactly what I had anticipated.

Her request momentarily floored me, although I had been asked this same question many years earlier.

She sat down next to me and whispered in my ear, “I would like you to help me educate my daughter. Jilly and I have a very close relationship and she has indicated that she would like to sexually understand men better, without taking unnecessary risks.”

I had a real sense of deja vue!

I could tell Gail was slightly nervous at asking the question, so I took her hand and said ‘of course!’ I then told her of my experiences at the girls’ college and she was both stunned and very pleased with that experience and that I had responded so caringly and positively.

At this Jilly joined us and we all sat naked with our feet dangling in the water and chatted for over half an hour about what Jilly wanted to know and experience.

Jilly had experienced some unfortunate relationships to this point and although not a virgin, had not experienced an orgasm with any of

her boyfriends. She was both frustrated and confused as to what this experience was. She also had little experience with intimacy with a man's genitals and had no idea how they worked.

I could tell by Gail's occasional nods as Jilly spoke that she had some curiosities bubbling within also. I was to learn that Gail had raised Jilly as a single mother and Jilly was a 'mistake' that happened when she was Jilly's age. With a baby to raise, Gail had not had many opportunities for sexual experiences either, so didn't feel 'qualified' to help her daughter with her many questions.

They were both keen to start these 'lessons' immediately and as I had no pressing engagements agreed.

As we were all naked there was little formalities needed to get the 'lessons' underway. I invited Jilly to just start asking questions and I'd answer them as we went.

So, as we all sat enjoying the sun on our backs, while dangling our feet in the cool water, Jilly began.

She was a little hesitant, but as I looked at her with reassurance, she said, "All my boyfriends get erect quickly, but they cum before I can get fully aroused. What can I do to get them to satisfy me?"

I assured her that this was a common question I got from many of my school students throughout the time I taught at the girls' college.

I took Jilly's hand and moved her to put it around my cock. She was hesitant at first, but when Gail giggled, this eased her caution and she complied. I asked Gail, if she'd like to assist? She readily agreed and I put her hands around my balls.

My cock began to grow and both women became more interested in the lesson.

As my erection took 'firm hold', I showed Jilly how to stimulate the hood of my cock and Gail how to roll my balls in her hands.

"As we continued this process I got them both to notice how my balls were becoming tight and retracting into my groin.

Their interest further intensified!

I could feel my balls stirring in a 'familiar way' and then showed them both how to 'halt' this ejaculation process by putting pressure on the base of the shaft of my cock.

My erection eased and both women were amazed.

I told them if they continued this process a man can hold his ejaculation for an extended time and with his cooperation his partner will have time to become aroused and possibly orgasm.

Gail was intrigued! She had never known this 'trick' and asked if I could demonstrate with her.

Wow! I thought to myself, mother and daughter really, do not have any secrets between them.

Jilly was obviously keen to see how this worked also and so the

three of us moved up the beach to a grassy spot under some trees. I laid out some towels and to my surprise Gail produced a condom.

'Hang on!" I thought to myself, this was not such an unexpected development for these women.

Gail asked if I'd mind if Jilly put the condom on my cock. It was an obvious rhetorical question, and Jilly fumbled the condom down the shaft of my cock with a huge grin of accomplishment all over her face.

Gail reclined on her back and my invitation for entry was obvious. I moved into 'auto pilot' from my many escort work encounters. I went down and licked Gail's cunt to generate ample entry moisture for my cock.

Gail was extremely willing and wrapped her legs around my shoulders thrusting her hips upwards to accommodate my cock to her awaiting g-spot. It was obvious that Gail was not a complete novice in this 'subject'. She was obviously enjoying the deep thrusting movements so I began a rhythmic pumping motion that gradually elevated her hormonal energy in equal harmony.

Jilly sat enthralled and watched every movement. By now Gail was well and truly lost in her own passions, but every now and then looked over at her daughter to reassure her of the pleasures she was experiencing.

As I felt my energy rising to a near explosive event, I stopped my humping momentarily and invited Jilly to find the spot on my shaft where she could halt my ejaculation. She fumbled and I took her thumb and placed it in the exact position and told her to push hard.

I could feel the dissipation in my sensations immediately and assured Jilly she was successful and she gushed.

I then recommenced my pleasuring of Gail and within a few minutes she exploded with a moan and muffled scream that caused both her and Jilly's eyes to pop.

As Gail gathered herself, Jilly indicated she was keen enjoy what her mother just had, so Gail assisted her to take up the same position on the towels and asked me whether I would be able to give her daughter a similar experience? I smiled and assured her I could and I was happy to comply! This was becoming a teaching lesson I was enjoying immensely.

As I moved to take up position with Jilly, Gail took my hand and whispered again in my ear, "Oh God, I wish you were around when I was 19. Don't get me wrong, I love Jilly with all my heart, but my life changed totally by my one mistake. If I'd had this experience then, I know I would have been much less anxious to fall into bed with the first man who came along."

I had heard these same sentiments repeatedly in my life and felt a

surge of pride in my capabilities and sensitivities to facilitate this opportunity for the women I'd encountered.

I could feel Jilly's cunt was well moistened from what she had just witnessed, but still gave her clit a few languid licks to get her 'motor running'. She flinched with each lick and her hips jumped with the unexpected pleasure she was experiencing.

Gail reassuringly placed her daughter's legs around my neck and I began the same rooting routine with Jilly that had just caused her mother to explode in pleasure.

After the pressure point demonstrations on my cock, I was now rock-rigid but in total control of my emissions. As Jilly's eroticism was different from her mother's I knew she'd need much longer to achieve a similar effect.

During her 'lesson' I'd occasionally stop my cock stimulation and feel inside her cunt to get an awareness of her engorgement and to manually stimulate her g-spot. This rotation of movements caused Jilly to build slowly to achieve her climax.

Her orgasm hit her unexpectedly and she cried out "Oh, my God!" as her orgasm consumed her whole body. She humped her hips over and over again, thrusting her cunt upwards to hungrily devour my cock with each contraction.

She had achieved her first orgasm and her mind was exploding with an unfamiliar experience that left her breathless and flushed.

As she recovered she looked at her mother with a look of both gratitude and disbelief.

I mentioned to them that ordinarily I'd normally facilitate a wave of multiple orgasms for them, but time was running short. They both looked at me in disbelief and mild astonishment.

"You mean, we could enjoy that same experience over and over again?" Gail asked.

I confided in them that pleasing women with multiple orgasms was my 'other job' – I explained that I was a professional male escort and sexually satisfied women on a regular basis on the Gold Coast.

"What do you charge?" Gail asked with a hint of disbelief. When I told her, she was astounded. "We couldn't afford that unfortunately," she lamented.

I explained that maybe we could come to an arrangement for professional services for both modeling and teaching. "I'd be willing to offer you both a few more sessions, if you'd be agreeable to model for some other projects I have in mind."

I explained that I was producing a nudist holiday video with a few other women. We were going to take a three-day trip in a houseboat on the Broadwater and I was intending to produce a video from the project.

It was a win-win offer, as they would get a holiday and two more sex lessons for Jilly, just for being models for the video.

They smiled broadly at each other and then immediately agreed and we arranged to meet again the following week for Jilly's next lesson. The holiday video shoot was set for later in the month.

Jilly's next two 'lesson's included answering many of her curiosities about men and male sexual reactions. She wanted to know how to give 'effective' fellatio and how to turn a man 'on' emotionally. Gail proved to be equally interested in all her daughter's questions and seemed pleased with the knowledge she was gaining as well.

I allowed plenty of time in the next two sessions to allow both women to 'ride their orgasmic wave'. I also introduced them both to the delights of a yoni massage and suggested that I could offer then a good discount for any future massage therapy, if they felt their needs were pressing. I saw Gail a few more times over the next six months, with Jilly joining her for one of these yoni massage sessions. Jilly then met a boy with whom she could enjoy a satisfactory sexual relationship.

The houseboat video shoot was also highly successful.

The three other women were aged between Jilly and Gail's ages, so it gave a good cross-section of feminine sexuality and sensuality to the nudist experience.

We were all naked for the whole three days and at night as we relaxed after a day of myriad activities many inhibitions were released over a bottle or three of red and white wine.

Needless to say, the 'out-takes' from the video shoot were not publishable in a G-rated video.

Two of the other models on the houseboat were regular escort clients of mine. While the other one, was another of my models for the magazine, who had become one of the few close female friends I had made from my various businesses.

We all got on very well together, which I was initially concerned about. With five different personalities thrust into a confined space and in erotic situations, could well have been a recipe for disaster.

Sensual energy was high the whole time and in the still of each evening, I was able to offer sexual solace to satisfy raging hormones, mine included. It made for some funny 'Benny Hill' moments as I dashed from stateroom to stateroom answering the 'calls of nature' that were requested prior to bedtime.

Everyone was aware of and appreciated the situation with the other women on board but there were no petty jealousies or bitchiness. The fact that everyone knew I fucked women as a profession stopped any 'silly' possessive nonsense from emerging. They just appreciated that I could adequately satisfy everyone without

favour.

I didn't get much sleep – and didn't care!

CHAPTER 50
The World Had Spun, While I Wasn't Looking

Working as a male escort open my perspective to all sorts of personalities.

When I began in a large country regional area, my clients were mostly of similar characteristics. They were women who had relocated to the country from a capital city, usually Sydney or Melbourne, with their former husbands and were now middle-aged, divorced and looking to enjoy their new life as a single woman again.

However, just as I had discovered, they found that the singles scene had changed considerably in the decade or so during their marriage. Women, generally were much more aggressive in their 'hunt' for a man and more often than not, these women weren't necessarily looking for a husband, but more likely a 'fuck buddy'. Someone to satisfy their sexual desires, but not complicated this new 'freedom' they had found.

The one problem with this feminine freedom was that there was a lot of competition. Men on the other hand had not adapted as rapidly with this feminist driven protocol and were feeling intimidated.

It was an ideal situation for an emerging male escort business.

Most of these women, simply wanted someone to treat them nice, offer stimulating conversation and then when they were ready, satisfy their sexual needs.

I enjoyed the work!

I enjoyed flirting with women and as a journalist was adept at listening as they 'unloaded' their emotional baggage stored up from years of marriage. Often, their husbands had run off with another woman and they now wanted to prove to themselves that they were still sexually attractive and could satisfy a man in bed, which I always was able to convince them they could.

I felt sorry for many of these women as they were still attractive and sexually active but their confidence had been totally deflated. I understood, because I'd gone down that same road. By simply just allowing them time to build their hormonal energy prior to falling into bed, they could perform with the best. They also, had greater motivation to allow themselves the freedom to enjoy their erotic desires. It usually wasn't difficult to bring them to a delicious climax and often in multiple doses.

When I moved to the Gold Coast, the clientele changed. I still had

a good percentage of horny divorcees but an even greater percentage of women on holidays or businesswomen looking for some sweet satisfaction to highlight their few days away from home.

I did advertise initially in the Gold Coast Bulletin newspaper, but also did the rounds of the major hotel and resort complexes on the beach strip. I'd approach the maître d in each location and offer a bottle of Johnny Walker if he would offer my business card to any single lady enquiring about escorts. For each client that made a booking based on his recommendation I'd return the favour with another bottle of his favourite 'drop'.

This worked a treat and I soon had a regular supply of clients.

These women were different from the divorcees. They wanted to be entertained! When they rang to make a booking, I'd asked what they required for the booking. Often it was dinner, dancing and then back to their hotel room. Sometimes it was just to sit and chat over a drink and then back to their hotel room.

One client was a combination of all of the above. Judith had just been divorced and had decided to holiday on the Gold Coast, prior to changing her whole life and leaving for India to work as a volunteer abroad.

She had a lot of her ex-husband's money to spend before she left the country and was determined to spend as much of it as possible 'getting laid'. She was staying at Jupiters Casino on the Gold Coast. On her first appointment we enjoyed a few drinks at the bar and chatted. She then played the roulette wheel for a short time and then wanted me to fuck her. The next day she rang me early in the morning and asked if I was available for an early morning call. When I got to her room, she was still in bed and wanted me to join her. She was an obvious 'morning person' as she quickly orgasmed and continued for the next hour riding a wave of orgasms and screams that I feared would bring hotel security banging on her door. Thankfully, it didn't!

As I was about to leave she arranged for another booking after my last appointment for the day. I arrived back at her room around 11pm. I was truly fucked! I'd had three other appointments that day (which was an unusual number of bookings for one day) – all of which turned out to be two or three hour appointments, climaxing with exhausting fucking sessions.

To my surprise Judith had 'buddied' up with two other bisexual women in the casino through the day and they had all decided to share my appointment together.

It was a fun evening. They were very merry, but not drunk. I think they all realized that they needed to be semi-sober so that they could fully appreciate the cost of the appointment.

As soon as I got through the door they stripped me naked. The

excitement exploded when they saw my cock and they kept joking and laughing amongst themselves at their ‘luck to get such a big one’.

We sat, drank and chatted as they played with my cock and balls. As their imaginations became more and more excited, they started thinking up silly ways to have fun with the sexual options of having a naked man at their beck and call. They challenged me to ‘satisfy’ all three of them at the same time. So, while they laughed, I maneuvered us in a ‘Naked Twister’ of arms and legs. Amidst riotous laughter I managed to get my cock in one cunt, fist another and lick the third. They then insisted on rotating positions as they giggled and joked amongst themselves. It became a rooting riot of naked bodies.

As their laughter eased and their sexual tensions increased they grabbed a deck of cards to ‘draw’ for the first fuck. One by one I bought each of them to a groaning climax. Judith managed to almost burst our eardrums with her screaming orgasm.

It was almost 4am when they finally fell exhausted and I left with a bunch of notes in my pocket and absolutely ‘rooted’.

CHAPTER 51
My Butterflies Multiply

One particular hens' party was to open many more doors in my life as a 'Naked Knight'. It was a Melbourne Cup party at a high-class, canal frontage home on the Gold Coast. As requested I initially wore a waiter's apron, while I served everyone drinks. There were about 30–35 women aged from 25–40 at the party. The hostess was some high-profile socialite I didn't know, who obviously had plenty of money, or more likely as was often the case, had plenty of her ex's money. The women were all finely dressed in magnificent attire with the usual Melbourne Cup hats and fascinators.

When I entered, I was a little apprehensive as this audience looked too sophisticated for my type of entertainment. The ladies who usually booked my services were usually in the 25–45 age group and were usually secretarial types, of average means out for a few laughs and some innocent sexual pleasures. Amongst these groups I'd always get a few 'drop-kicks' who wanted to show their superiority to males, at my expense. I'd always tolerate and humour these arrogant women, so as not to affect the entertainment for the 95% of women who were enjoying my show.

I was concerned that this group of 'seemingly' sophisticated women might include more than the usual 5% of arrogant 'ladies'.

My apprehension was to be proved totally wrong.

The hostess, Robyn, was a very beautiful well-dressed woman in her late 30's with jewels from ear to ear. She was wearing the most alluring perfume and I was slightly intimidated. She was very sweet and outlined my duties for the afternoon. I was to initially serve drinks and finger food prior to the Cup race, then cook a BBQ while the race was run, ready for her guests to eat afterwards.

I asked if she required any other duties or entertainment from me for the afternoon and she said "No, I'd just like you to mingle with my guests!" In our earlier phone discussion she said she'd leave any individual requests for intimacy solely to her guests. So, in preparation, I included my normal supply of condoms and needles in my kit.

For the first hour, everything was going to plan and I was kept busy serving drinks and finger food as requested. I wore my waiter's apron with nothing else underneath, so my bare bum and the hood of my cock were exposed as I mixed amongst her guests. I got the usual pinches on the bum and 'friendly' gropes of my cock and balls, but nothing wilder than that. This seemed to be a quite refined group of

ladies, so I was anticipating a relatively easy day. As the horses entered the mounting yard for the Cup, everyone moved toward the television, so I began to prepare the BBQ.

However, as I stood at the BBQ, on the verandah outside the TV room, a guest joined me and began casually chatting as I cooked the sausages and steaks. She was a few years older than me, but very beautiful, very sophisticated and well dressed. She was drinking champagne as was everyone else but she wasn't tipsy. She spoke with a slight American accent that made her more intriguing. However, after a few casual words she moved in next to me and slid her hand up my apron. I was very familiar with this type of greeting from women so I didn't flinch and just smiled back at her. I guessed that my apparent approval of her familiarity was the only sign she needed. She smiled and asked me if she could taste my meat and before I could blink she had twisted my waist toward her and was down on her knees in front of the BBQ and sucking my cock under my apron. I casually continued cooking, again not the least bit concerned as this was often very normal behaviour at hens' parties.

She was extremely proficient at her task and I was immediately erect. However, a lack of any other reaction from me seemed to challenge her and she grabbed my balls and began her skillful techniques on them too. I must admit I was very impressed by her talents and felt my whole body reacting to her enthusiastic fellatio skills. As my meat was being prepared, the meat on the BBQ had cooked. I placed my hands on her shoulders and apologized and said I had to move so that I could serve the food. She came out from under my apron with a smile a mile wide and kissed me on the lips, saying 'I'll be back, big boy!' As she did she untied my apron and threw it in the bin next to the BBQ.

I now had an enormous erection as I moved the food from the BBQ to the serving table. The serving table backed onto a 25-metre swimming pool and overlooked the canal. As the race had finished all the women began to return from the TV. There was a collective surprised sigh as they each sighted my now very engorged foot of meat arching up in front of me. Smiles appeared even on the faces of the Cup race losers and a few women quickly came over to help me put the food on the table.

I then stood at the end of the table, still fully erect and both hands occupied with tongs, ready to serve each woman her meat. They lined up and took a plate each and filed past me. As I served each woman, many would have a grope of my cock and balls. Their tender touch was extremely sensual and my cock remained steadfastly erect from their collective attention. Trying to stay as composed as possible in the vulnerable position I was in and in my most refined

voice I asked each woman, ‘steak or sausages?’ I’d get a giggle and a response such as “one sausage, a piece of steak and some cock please.” Or “just a piece of steak and your two meatballs please.” One woman slid her cold plate under my balls as if to indicate that was what she required to be served. I laughed along with her. However, the chill from the plate made my balls squirm around on her plate, much to her amusement and she bent down and sucked on the tip of my cock. The amusement this created from those following her in the line resulted in similar responses a few more times as women passed.

The last guest to be served was my fellatio pal. She wasn’t holding a plate and just said, “I want you on this table please, Michael!” At this the whole place broke up with laughter. Everyone was watching us and I suddenly realised unbeknown, I’d been set up for a special performance by my hostess and my ‘pal’, whose name I was to learn was Patty, was part of her plot.

She quickly pushed plates and cutlery aside to clear a large space on the table. All I could do was smile in reply. I gave a mocked shrug of my shoulders, as if to say ‘what else could I do’ to the encircling female audience and climbed up on the serving table. I was now standing butt naked and fully erect well above the height of every woman in the courtyard and in clear view of the houses on the opposite side of the canal. However, as I was facing the party guests all that could be seen from other side of the canal would be my naked bum.

Everyone sitting around the pool gave a loud cheer as they juggled their lunch on their laps, while continuing to down gallons of champagne. As I stood totally vulnerable on the table my meat and balls were at perfect height for Patty’s mouth. She gave a casual wave to her audience who all replied in unison “Go get him girl!”

Struth, Patty obviously had a reputation for this kind of talent and was about to prove her skills once again with me as her ‘crash cock dummy’. However, I was determined she wasn’t going to win this contest easily. I knew I had skills many of these ladies weren’t even faintly aware of but were about to discover.

Amid encouraging cheers, claps and laughter as guests enjoyed their own lunch, Patty went about her expertly refined skills and lunched on my cock and balls. I played along to build the tension for our audience, occasionally letting out a gasp or sigh and posing my body to enhance my masculinity as Patty played each erotic chord on the engorged flute arching from my groin. I tried to catch as many eyes of my female audience and give them an erotic invitation as if to say ‘Are you next?’ as Patty continued her performance.

The previous sophistication of my audience had changed and I could see ‘real’ women appearing from behind their painted faces.

Their eroticism was palpable and their comments became more risqué and raw. They were all laughing and cheering at Patty and I, encouraging her to 'eat more meat', as they consumed more and more wine and champagne. A few women had released one or both boobs from their low-cut gowns and were wobbling their 'puppies' in my direction to increase the eroticism and expecting to encourage my orgasm.

Patty was damn good at what she did and on another day I might have succumb and blown my wad in response to her amazing talents.

However, after 10 or so minutes my orgasm was still intact. She was getting tired, I could sense her saliva was drying up. Cheekily I suggested she take a break and grab some refreshment. She was mildly peeved by my comment, but took it in good humour. "OK, I'm moving into faze two with you big boy," she loudly proclaimed for her enthusiastic audience to hear. They all seemed to know what was coming even if I could only suspect it. She lifted her very expensive dress up around her waist to reveal she wasn't wearing knickers and then bent over in front of me in 'doggy fashion'. "OK, show me what you've got now big boy." She challenged.

By now the eroticism of the day had built to fever-pitch! Every woman in our audience was very merry, with inhibitions well reduced by the gallons of champagne consumed. My balls were fully engorged and my cock was rock hard and ready to service Patty's wet and very inviting cunt.

I jumped down from the table and turned Patty around so that she was now bent over and leaning against the table. I was well and truly up for this challenge and gave a salutary wave to the cheering party girls and gently slid my hot rod as far as I could into Patty's juicy quim. She was very tight and as I slid in she activated her pelvic floor muscles to firmly grab my engorged cock by the shaft. Wow! She is amazing, I thought to myself.

Gradually, I increased the tempo of my thrusts and as I did my audience of very tipsy women, began to chant encouragement for each thrust – as my thrusting pace increased their chant sychronised in equal measure. I then reached over and gently started massaging her now fully engorged clit. This was all she needed and she came with an explosive guttural groan that stunned everyone. The chanting stopped and mouths fell open. I had the feeling that Patty had never lost this fucking contest before and this genuinely stunned everyone. I remained fully engorged inside her as she continued to orgasm and then as I felt her cunt relax again from her grip on my cock, I slowly started thrusting again and continued titillating her clit.

I had obviously, stumbled upon Patty's favourite clit stimulation. She had a predilection similar to one of my harem buddies, Sylvia,

who taught me how to stroke her clit vertically from the base to just over her hood. There is a 'magic' spot on every woman's clit that when stimulated correctly will give her pure ecstasy. From my many escort clients I had realized that the 'Sylvia' technique was often favoured by women for clitoral stimulation. I had also learnt that it is possible to overly stimulate the clitoris, which could cause discomfort for its owner.

Within minutes Patty had cum again. I gently took her by the hips, lifted her up onto the table and rolled her over and pulled her dress up around her waist and went down on her now very wet cunt. I concentrated my attention with my tongue particularly on her ruby red clit and its hood. She groaned as I touched her clit with my moist tongue and began thrusting up and down with her hips.

I had momentarily been lost in the passion and had not recognized that our audience was now totally silent and completely absorbed in our performance on the serving table. I also realised that as I bent to give Patty cunnilingus my legs were spread wide and my balls and semi erect cock were now dangling and gyrating in rhythm with my bodily movements from between my open legs and in full view for the majority of the guests. I knew from many similar situations that some women find the sight of a man's dangling balls an extremely hypnotic and erotic vision. At this realization, I momentarily paused my attention to Patty, turned my head toward my entranced audience and gave them an inviting smile and curve of my finger as if to say, "Cum and play!"

As I then continued my cunnilingus, a few women got out of their seats and accepted my invitation and were now playing with my balls. Others had moved in on both sides of me and I had many soft, warm hands wrapped around the shaft of my erect cock or attending to Patty's two ample breasts as I knelt and orally attended to Patty's quivering quim.

As I tantalized Patty with my tongue I inserted my two middle fingers and gently massaged her g-spot. She had a few more minor orgasms and as she came her cunt would contract around my fingers. However, I sensed a difference in the next contraction. I could feel her Skene's Gland, which is situated near a woman's g-spot, was now swelling. As this gland engorged, Patty's whole vaginal cavity contracted down and around my fingers, in a similar fashion to the contraction in a man's balls as he's about to cum. I had come to realise that this unique combination occurring within a vagina was a possible sign of an impending female ejaculation.

Suddenly, Patty confirmed my suspicions and screamed, "Oh, God I'm going to cum." I'd now had plenty of practice with this propensity in women and quickly moved myself clear of her 'squirter'. Her cunt

was now clearly aimed directly at our spellbound audience. Without warning, she squirted multiple, pulsating, orgasmic rounds and an amazing volume of female fluids, all over these fashionably dressed group of women. They all screamed and ducked for cover, but for most it was too late. Their fine Melbourne Cup frocks were now erotically blessed in Patty's cum.

Those who managed to avoid Patty's joyous blessing were falling over themselves with laughter. Those affected soon saw the funny side also and joined the hilarity. Their fine dresses were now well soiled, so one by one each woman removed hers. Most weren't wearing knickers or bras so they now stood stark naked. As everyone was now both very horny and very tipsy, this had a domino effect on the remainder of the women. Glamorous dresses were discarded in a flurry of fine feathers and soon most everyone was naked. Most followed the 'blessed' ladies into the pool.

Patty had come up for air and was a little weak in the knees, so I helped her remove her dress too. She gave me a huge sloppy kiss on the lips and thanked me profusely for what she said was "the best fuck I've had in ages!" I teased her by saying… "this big boy ain't finished yet!" I quickly donned another condom and slid myself down on top of her now prostate body. She was 'stuffed' well and truly, but I knew her orgasmic waves were not finished.

As I entered her, she took a deep breath and gave a sigh that pulsates through every red-blooded man as he pleasures his woman. I lifted both her legs up over my shoulders and tilted her hips to allow my cock access to her g-spot as I began to gently thrust myself inside her.

The rhythm of our bodies and our animalistic groans attracted the attention of the women now splashing around in the pool and soon a ring of dripping wet, naked women had surrounded us on our elevated table, each hypnotically fascinated by this new and unexpected addition to their entertainment.

As the intensity of our fucking elevated, the women around us began clapping and chanting, again in rhythm with our pulsating bodies. Two women fascinated by my gyrating balls had mounted the table and taken hold of one each and were gently squeezing and playing with them as Patty and I continued our horizontal passionate tango together.

Their chants, the sun on our bodies and the pure eroticism of the whole scenario brought Patty to an amazing climax and she exploded her joyous juices again, this time all over my tummy. The feel of her hot bliss bombs on my skin and the warmth and stimulation from my female attendant's hands on my balls was too much for me also and I came too with a guttural groan that emanated from way down in my

balls and resonated through my whole body. The primal depth of my sensations surprised even myself. I couldn't remember experiencing such a wondrous orgasm for such a long time.

Cheers and laughter rang out loud and long as I fell, totally spent, onto my back next to Patty. My manhood now lay totally open for the enjoyment of every woman present as I lay prostrate and spread-eagled on top of the 'serving' table. It seemed my now flaccid cock and spent balls were to become desserts to follow their 'main meal'. Women lined up eager to touch and tease my freshly prepared hot, moist delicacies.

This sophisticated group of women had changed into normal, healthy, sexually avaricious women, eager to enjoy the pleasures of their flesh in common with every woman down the ages, which thankfully has ensured the survival of the species.

Patty had gathered herself next to me as I propped myself up on my elbows. As I cheerfully welcomed and watched each naked diner giggle and play with her mouthwatering dessert, Patty whispered in my ear… "Thanks, big boy, I'll see you later!"

Robyn, the party hostess, then came over, stood next to me and caressed my chest with her warm hands as women continued to take their eager turn between my legs. She asked how I was and whether I would be up to continue the entertainment. As she hadn't mentioned any other definitive plans prior to my employ, I wasn't sure what she meant.

It seemed details of my popular ejaculation routine had filtered through with one or two guests at this party. Robyn wasn't fully aware of what this involved but was interested to know if I'd be willing or able to perform this amusement for her guests.

"I've also had a few women ask me if you were available for 'private' sessions today? They are more than happy to pay you extra for these services. However, after your delightful performance just now, I wasn't sure what to tell them?" She coquettishly whispered to me.

After all the attention I had been enjoying from the passing parade of avaricious women, my erotic reserves were returning. I told her, I should be OK. "How many requests are there?" I queried. "At the moment, three of my guests have approached me," she said apologetically. "Is that OK?"

I mentioned my fee for 'extras' at these parties but explained that I wasn't too sure how effective my ejaculation trick would be after having blown my wad inside Patty. However, if she'd like to announce my availability for private sessions, I'd be happy to satisfy intimate requests first and then perform the ejaculation showpiece to the best of my abilities to complete the entertainment for the day.

Robyn seemed excited with my compliance and immediately took the ‘stage’ and asked for quiet. Everyone by now was sitting or standing around. Most were either still naked or had a towel wrapped around them. It was a delightful warm sunny day and there were still copious amounts of champagne being consumed while women excitedly chatted amongst themselves.

As calm was restored, Robyn announced… “Attention, everyone, I’d first like us all to show our appreciation for Michael here for being such a great sport and entertaining us today…three cheers!” At this the crowd complied and three cheers for me rang around the pool surrounds. I gave a showy bow and salute to the sea of smiling female faces before me. As I looked around I became aware how spectacularly arousing this group of naked women appealed to me. They were all having a great time and were genuinely appreciating my contribution to their entertainment and it showed on their faces.

“Michael has agreed to perform some special skills with his cock later today and I’ve been told it is quite spectacular and very arousing.” Robyn continued. There were a few loud cheers from the sections of the group who obviously knew of these ‘tricks’ and were keen to see them again.

She concluded her speech with, “But first for those ladies who have requested special services with Michael, he has kindly agreed to spoil you each first and I’ll organize this with you shortly. If anyone else would like to enjoy this service, please see me as soon as possible. However, for now please enjoy the wine and the pool and this wonderful day.”

CHAPTER 52
Please Cum Again

As Robyn melded back into the crowd, I grabbed a champagne and wandered off to chat with the guests. I approached a couple of the women nearest me and smiled and started chatting. However, a few others gathered around me and soon I was encircled by a giggling group of lovely naked women. I was asked many questions about my work, how, when and why I did it and whether I enjoyed it.

My senses were again reeling as women began to edge ever closer to me, pressing their boobs and naked bodies against mine as the conversation and laughter and champagne flowed. As the conversations continued, a woman would take one of my hands and guide it to her quim. I'd tease her clit while she teased my cock and we'd chat, smile and continue to drink. This 'greeting' continued till another smiling face would come along and guide me to her quim.

As the mood became more familiar, I'd invariably be greeted by a guest spread-eagled on her chair with a sassy request to 'sup at her cup'. I have always enjoyed comparing flavorsome fannies. The wide variations in tastes and aromas in women constantly intrigued me. Often a horny honey would pour some champagne over her fanny and I'd be invited to taste-test her 'fine feminine wine'. Some ladies would demand a reciprocated offer to taste test my man-meat. This always drew a gathering of cat-callers and eager assistants.

About thirty minutes passed by the time Robyn came back and 'rescued' me from the encircling women. "Your first private sessions are waiting Michael. Your list has grown so I hope you don't mind. I've prepared one of the bedrooms for you. Do you mind if anyone else watches?" I had no objections to spectators, as this was my business. Also, I had been well taught in the finer arts of fucking by my harem 'sisters' and extensively conditioned, from an early age, to expose every aspect of my sexuality for the edification of both inquisitive and hedonistic females.

The 'special' bedroom was amazing. It was a huge room with an equally large revolving circular bed and large ceiling mirrors. The room overlooked the pool area and the canals and had huge sliding doors that were now fully open to this vista.

There were six women sitting on the edge of the bed. As I entered they took me by the hands and gathered around me. I asked who would like to be pleasured first and one woman laid back on the bed. The others then encircled the bed. There was an almost religiosity to their movements and they had obviously previously agreed to the

order of service.

I was a bit unnerved by their formality. However, I'd been in stranger situations before and hopped up on the bed and began gently stroking my first naked cohort. My usual technique in these situations was to begin with a gentle all over stimulation of a woman's body gradually centering on stimulation toward her yoni. I'd then concentrate my attention solely on her yoni and gradually begin an internal massage. Once she was fully lubricated and responding, I'd mount her and gently begin arousing her with penile penetration while continuing clitoral stimulation.

This was going well with 'Ms Number One' – her name I can't remember. However, I'd always personalize this intimacy by chatting to her and use her name. I asked her what Robyn had mentioned about the fee. She surprised me by saying that Robyn was paying for all of them!!!

As our fucking continued I noticed more and more women were gathering to watch from the pool doors. Soon it seemed the whole party of women had filled the room and were casually watching and enjoying our shared fun, while they continued to drink. Again, I had no problems with an audience, but I did ask Ms Number One, if she was comfortable. By this stage she was almost ready to cum and didn't seem to care either.

Due to time restraints each woman was only able to enjoy the single orgasm and when they'd cum and recovered, they'd dutifully get up to allow the next women to take her place on the bed. It was all very civilized and slightly eerie.

After about twenty minutes Ms Number One had been replaced by Ms Number Two and so on for the next hour or so. The parade of naked female spectators from the party continued to come and go through this time. After Ms Number Six had enjoyed her orgasm, the room began to empty and Robyn appeared to escort me on to my next performance… the climax to the day…. my climax!

As a healthy, fit and active man I had developed amazing resiliency in my sexual capacities. Despite just having fucked – and admittedly only briefly satisfied six women and having blown my bellows into Patty's hungry cunt, I was still feeling confident of my abilities to perform another of, what was becoming, my famous ejaculation performance to please this group of very happy and horny but 'sophisticated' women.

My harem mistresses and associates during my teaching career had introduced me to what was possible with my projectile ejaculations and how an erotic presentation of this propensity would definitely please a female audience. Over time and trial and error, with my harem sisters' encouragement, I had also discovered some

unusual exercises involving my pelvic floor and phallic muscles to improve the distance I could achieve. I would regularly do these exercises while either peeing or before, during and after I ejaculated to increase the ejection distances of my cum. I also came to understand my body's physical limitations and natural ejaculatory reserves.

Also by studying female ejaculation with my teaching 'sisters' and later my many escort clients, I developed an idea of the biological basis for this gift. Male and female ejaculations have similar commonalities and this study improved both my personal abilities as well as my skills in facilitating female ejaculation.

I was escorted to the 'serving' stage and Robyn announced my performance. Patty kindly volunteered to assist me on stage and everyone grabbed a chair and gathered in closer to get a better view. Although I was more than ready to cum then and there after fucking six beautiful willing women, I extended the eroticism of my performance to maximize the tension and enjoyment for my audience.

At this stage of my life I estimate I was at my physical and sexual peak, in terms of propensity for ejaculations and ability to control my arousals. As a nudist I always had an all-over tan, was supremely fit and my body was well developed, muscular and athletic.

I had stamina to burn!

Hence, even though I had been sexually active for most of the afternoon, and now nearing five hours of performing and fucking, I still felt totally at my peak. I really could go all 'fucking' night – and often did when party bookings and escort work combined in the one day.

Everyone was by now well and truly drunk. After just having enjoyed the fucking performances, comments from the crowd were getting crude and rude. The women who had previously seen my show were purposely standing at the rear of the crowd of women gathered around the stage. They were now quite rowdy and getting slightly obnoxious and crudely challenged my capacity to be able to squirt cum on them in the back row.

This squirting talent I had developed did bring out very basic instincts in women. In an inebriated group a woman's normal behaviour monitor is often disabled and her primal instincts surface. In the female subconscious, a man's capacity to ejaculate is linked directly to his abilities to impregnate. Hence the sight and propensity of his seed triggers in women an sub-conscious instinct to judge a male based on this virility. By overtly performing this erotic masculine function, I fully realised I was opening myself to these very basic and demeaning comments. Hence, I made allowances for women like this during these performances and either just ignored them or invited the

woman or women making the most demeaning comments on stage with me. To the encouraging cheers of their peers I'd challenge them to wank an orgasm out of me to their best of their ability.

All women believe it is easy for them to bring a man to climax. Most have been disappointed by premature ejaculation by their partners in their youth, or by men rolling over and going to sleep before she has even gotten to 'first base'. So how difficult can it be to get a man to cum whenever she wants?

However, as I was easily able to control my ejaculation, I could make them 'sweat' just a little in front of their peers. This usually had the desired effect of diminishing the offensive comments.

I invited my two hecklers at the back to join Patty and I on the stage. They were quick to respond and without much invitation began to wank and suck and lick my cock and balls to their hearts content. I played along and pretended I was on the brink, encouraging them to try harder. This brought most women to jeers and cheers at the girls' frantic efforts to make me cum.

Timing was essential for this climatic performance and letting the tension build too much could have the opposite effect on its reception. So, finally, I sensed it was time for the crescendo that everyone was anticipating. I had a special spot on the hood of my cock that when I quickly flicked it a few times, it would 'flick the switch' for my ejaculation. I'd only ever met one or two women who could repeat this exact same intimate technique.

I took my cock out of the girl's hands and invited them to jump back into the throng of women below us as the performance was about to cum to a climax. I shouted to the crowd that on their count of ten there would be a 'fucking shower of cum'. I then squeezed my balls and aimed my cock ready for a perfect parabolic release of cum. I shouted, "Are you ready girls?" "YES!" came back at me in a loud harmony of female voices. "OK, start counting."

Collectively, the high-pitched chorus of female voices began 'Ten…Nine… Eight… Seven…. Six…. Five…. Four…. (at this point the tension amongst them was palpable and a few women opened their mouths eager to taste my shower). Three…Two……ONE! Here I cum, ready or not!"

On cue I released my mighty orgasmic load of my hot jism all over the crowd of screaming naked and semi-naked females hooting and hollering below me. Some women were ducking for cover, while others stood with eager open mouths trying to catch cum-drops from my spray. Others just laughed out loud or were totally stationary, engrossed by my body's orgasmic rhythm.

My ejaculations continued for three or four more loads with each spray falling shorter and shorter of my original release. I did manage

to hit those cheeky women from the back row and one shouted with glee ‘you fucking beauty, you got me’.

I was pleased that despite blowing a good volume of my load into Patty earlier in the day, I had managed to pump another good volume all over these appreciative partygoers. However, I was now starting to feel the loss of my manly fluids and had to sit down on the edge of the stage. My head was spinning and I was feeling weak and would have easily just fallen into a post orgasmic stupor had I not been working.

The women were now all laughing, with many wiping or licking cum from their hair, faces or boobs or from various parts of the woman next to them. Finally, there was a huge cheer from everyone and I waved and bowed as I sat on the stage. I could still feel my body pulsating from the final throws of orgasm. As I attempted to gather myself my post-ejaculation juices were still oozing from my cock onto the floor in front of me.

As I regained some composure, I eased down off the stage and wandered around laughing and smiling with each woman as I helped wipe my cum from various parts of their anatomy and they ‘kindly’ helped wipe the drops of cum from my cock. Eventually, everyone ended up back in the pool, splashing and playing like schoolgirls.

As I relaxed and sat on the edge of the pool I was asked how I managed such an extraordinary display. I admitted I had to train ‘hard’ for this skill and they all laughed at the images that flashed through their minds.

The remainder of the afternoon became more and more erotic as women became more and more drunk. As usual, I was continually asked for fucking favours. Each of the women making the request accepted my excuse that, as much as I’d have loved to fuck them, I was unable to comply due to my earlier ejaculatory performance. I never wanted to disappoint anyone as my reputation was built on my ability to entertain and please women. However, once I came more than once in a few hours my eroticism and enthusiasm for sex was diminished until my testosterone reserves were restored again.

However, I’d always offer them a private escort session at any time that suited them in the days or weeks to follow. I’d always get a number of bookings from this spruking.

To appease those most persistent immediate requests for sex, I offered the alternative of a yoni massage. This alternative was often eagerly accepted and each woman would lay back, spread her legs and luxuriate in the massage at the side of the pool or inside on a lounge or on the floor. I’d always attract spectator interest for these massages and many women were keen to watch my technique and then experience it for themselves.

CHAPTER 53
Offers Start Flooding In

Patty eventually, found me and invited me inside the house for a quiet chat. It turned out that she was an erotic performer herself and had been invited, specifically to fuck me and entertain Robyn's guests.

I was not overly surprised as I told her I had guessed something, as her skills and abilities at handling cock were beyond those of the average woman. She admitted she was as equally impressed with my skills and abilities at handling cunt – hers in particular and the group in general.

She asked if I'd be willing to partner her at any future bookings where a double act was required. I was keen and said so. She suggested that we should get together in the following days to practice our technique and performance strategies. We agreed to meet the next night, at her place and she gave me her address.

Patty was to become another of my 'Butterflies' and as it turned out so was Robyn.

Robyn then found me and took me back to her amazing bedroom. She said she regularly organized these social events for her girlfriends and associates. They were all business colleagues and contacts in her hairdressing empire. Seems Robyn was a VERY 'rich bitch'.

She asked me if I'd be interested in future bookings. It seemed she had many ideas to entertain women and wanted to meet with me again to discuss them. I told her I was very interested.

However, she did say that she expected special personal favours in return for these business opportunities. I had absolutely no objections to this clause in her business contract. I told her that she was an extremely attractive woman and I'd thoroughly enjoy pleasuring her. I was completely open with my comments. She asked if I would be able to 'offer' her anything now. I knew that I had my erection injection in reserve in my kit, so assured her I would be more than happy to give her as much of my time as she needed.

I sensed a hint of my college colleague, Janice, in Robyn. She was forthright, confident, sexually aggressive and very, very attractive. She was stirring my sensual core and I could feel my balls squirming and her eyes allured me as we spoke.

Despite her assuredness in our conversations to this point, she now became excited and I could see her basic feminine desires filtering through her external sophistication. We arranged to grab a drink and meet back in a few minutes. I took the time to grab my needles and went to the bathroom and injected my cock. By the time I

was back in her bedroom my cock was rigid and she was obviously impressed with the way I could seemingly control my virility.

Our fucking fun lasted for almost an hour and the sounds of the happy throng of females in and around the house faded as we were lost in our passions. I managed to get her onto an exquisite wave of orgasmic delight that she didn't want to stop. As the day began to dim outside I sensed she needed to attend to her guests. We lingered in a long, languid naked embrace, before she left to farewell her guests.

I relaxed for a while on her bed, just regathering my energy and contemplating the day that had unfolded and the exciting opportunities that it had created.

About 15 minutes later Robyn reappeared with two women in tow. She introduced me to Virginia and Veronica. "These are my closest friends Michael and they've asked if you could satisfy them now also."

'Ooops, this was looking awkward', I thought to myself. I could see Robyn was expecting more of me than she had indicated. However, my injection erection was still strong and healthy and the women could keenly see that so I had no excuse to deny their advances and accepted her request.

All three of us rolled around the bed naked and laughing together. While I was fucking one of Robyn's friends she and her other friend would be frigging each other. Bisexual women were common in my life, so their fun was not the least bit disconcerting to me. I could sense they were aware of my comfort with their bisexuality and this just added to their fervor.

Eventually, my injection induced erection subsided but I continued pleasuring each of them with my yoni massage and cunnilingus skills. They continued to orgasm and we kept on sucking and kissing and licking, till well into the evening.

As hunger pangs overcame us, we eventually took a collective breath, looked at each other, had a group hug and laughed out loud.

I sensed I was about to be invited into another harem.

Over a meal, we discussed the whole day's fun and got into discussing our life histories. When I mentioned my teaching career and my experiences with my harem from the female staff they became excited. "We're currently looking for a man to join our feminist collective," Virginia said. "Would you be interested to join us on a trial basis?" Veronica added. Just the fact that she was happy to announce this as a 'trial' indicated the confidence these women had in their sexuality and attractiveness. It was slightly confronting, but as I had had plenty of experience with women of this ilk, I was equally confident I'd be able to satisfy their demands.

I had long missed my harem days at the college and was keen to

explore those fantasies again. I asked how they saw me fitting into their ‘collective’. Virginia explained they were a close knit of hairdressers on the Gold Coast who were bisexual with lesbian leanings. However, there were occasions they would have welcomed a regular and reliable male into their sexual activities. However, she specified that they had experimented with other men, but each man had became frustrated by the lesbian activities when they were experiencing their own masculine needs. “We realise we can be demanding and fickle with our sexual needs and our man must be patient and understanding of his role.” Veronica added.

I sensed this was a different harem to the one I had enjoyed earlier in my life. However, I had been married to a lesbian and understood them, so agreed to join them on a trial basis.

“We’re all meeting this weekend back here at Robyn’s place if you’d like to come along and meet the other ladies.” I gave them each a kiss and said I’d be happy to come…. and cum I would, as I was to find out.

CHAPTER 54
Let's Party Girls

Wednesday was one of my days free from TV work and I had no escort bookings. When I arrived at Patty's place, she had some wine and nibbles prepared and we sat and chatted. She told me she was a freelancer in the adult entertainment business and worked part time as a model. Most of her work was either as an adult entertainer at hens' parties and strippergrams. As I had only recently moved to the Gold Coast it didn't seem unusual that our paths hadn't crossed till this point.

She was impressed with my physical attributes and intrigued with my orgasmic capacities and my ejaculation trick and was curious to know how I developed such an extraordinary skill. I explained about my harem sister's tuition and my other experiences. She had migrated to Australia ten years previously as the bride of an Aussie. That marriage had ended a few years earlier. She had no kids and with her highly charged libido saw adult entertainment as an obvious income earner.

She had been working on the Gold Coast for a few years and in this time had regular requests for couples work, but often had to turn them down as she couldn't find a reliable and talented partner.

She explained that occasionally there might be bookings from adult and swingers' groups for performances of sexual intercourse. However, the vast majority of bookings were for entertainment and demonstrations at women's sex toy parties. This field of entertainment was relatively new to me and I was curious what was involved. "Mainly demonstrating the use of unusual products," she explained. However, Patty found that often as the sexual tension at the parties intensified there would be a call for more erotic performances and she often had to simulate the male role, which never proved overly effective.

Patty had a huge supply of amazing and wondrous sex toys and we played with some and laughed out loud at others. She asked if I'd be interested in partnering her at the next party where a couple was required. She offered to split the fees 60/40 basing her percentage as the source for bookings. She had the music and would MC the shows. It sounded like a lot of fun to me and I agreed.

We then retired to her bedroom where we fucked each other in front of her mirror to get a sense of positioning and attractiveness for staging. It was a lot of fun and we both fell about laughing at some of the positions we found ourselves in. She continued to be fascinated by

my ability to induce my erection on cue, despite the interruptions caused by our laughter. I didn't let on that I was highly aroused by her and her whole mature attitude to sex and could easily have dated her in other circumstances.

She rang me the following day and asked if I was available for Friday night as she had a sex toy party booking and they had requested a male stripper and entertainer. I had an escort booking for the afternoon, which was booked purely as a simple fucking session with two women and told her I'd be there.

Friday came and the booking with the two women went smoothly. As it turned out they were sisters and both VERY heterosexual. They'd booked a three-hour session and by the end of the three hours they'd both thoroughly enjoyed themselves and confirmed they make another booking soon. As I knew I had the sex toy party to come, I purposely did not orgasm and was well-charged with testosterone by the end of their session.

My erotic skills did not come naturally and I had to practice my dick tricks and related dancing and cock moves daily. Also, to maintain my erection and ejaculation skills I would regularly practice the talents my harem sisters had taught me by masturbating to the very point of orgasm and then stop. This exercised and helped me maintain my phallic muscle control in my cock, but also made me extremely horny. So, as I had not ejaculated with Patty, or anyone else, through the week, it was now many days since I'd cum and my balls were 'full to overflowing'.

I drove to Patty's and we then drove together to the party. There were about a dozen women at the party and the hostess was a plump but chirpy woman in her 40's who introduced us to her friends and we sat and chatted over a few drinks with them before the demonstrations began. The women were aged in the 30's and 40's with way too much make-up and extra short skirts and obviously most weren't wearing knickers. A typical 'Westies' crowd! However, that didn't necessarily mean they'd be uncouth, as I'd learnt long ago not to 'judge a book by its cover'. Also, these parties often gave these women the opportunity to take charge of their sexuality, something that most women don't have in their relationships with men.

Often this type of crowd would be the most receptive and fun to entertain.

The women were all seated in a large outdoor patio area and encircled our performing area. Patty had bought her sex toy catalogue and an array of toys and began the show. Her American accent gave her a professionalism that intrigued everyone.

She was good at what she did. She introduced my strip to the hit song 'You Can Leave Your Hat On' playing in the background. I had

‘warmed’ up in the kitchen and had my erection at the ready. I had a standard dance routine that Patty and I agreed would fit this song. My Ensemble Theatre acting abilities proved a great bonus for this strip. I performed my hedonistic dance routine to each of the women encircling me as I teased each layer of clothing from my body. I finished the strip with my hat propped over my erect cock, which brought, laugher, whistles and cheers from our audience. I then counter-announced Patty’s striptease to ‘The Stripper’ and this proved equally as popular with the women.

I then distributed an array of flavoured condoms. The cheekier women would look up into my face with a smile and giggle to the woman sitting next to them, as they’d lift my hat, as I moved around the circle. Patty asked loudly if they’d like a real model to test their condom skills. The question was rhetorical! “YES!” was the chorused reply. I moved from one woman to the next as they giggled embarrassingly and fumbled their condom onto my cock. Patty encouraged them to taste the finished product they’d just freshly applied on my erect cock. This proved a great ‘ice-breaker’ to the evening, as once each woman had held and sucked my flavoured cock, their juices started flowing and so did the party.

Patty kept everyone happy and jovial with her ongoing routine of jokes and sexy comments about the activities some of the women were enjoying with my cock. Occasionally, she’d come over and start wanking me or put my semi erect cock in a woman’s mouth to encourage more inclusive action by the audience.

I was beginning to appreciate Patty’s influence in these parties. Her familiarity with the conflict many women had with their innate feminine desires and cultivated reticence was to prove invaluable to ‘unwrapping’ another layer of female eroticism that I had not previously discovered. Her raunchy humour relaxed everyone, which disarmed their nurtured ‘lady-like’ reticence and now had them hot and keen to explore their natural sexual energies and latent fantasies. She was also able to project her own feminine erotic desires into the party, which encouraged every other woman to feel comfortable doing the same.

There was a regular pattern to these parties. Most women were always animated and excited for my performance but still reserved to let themselves be totally open. I had long been totally relaxed to be naked and erect while surrounded by women. My experiences had taught me how to use my body to entertain, amuse and arouse women of all ages, while maintaining a feeling of camaraderie and integration to share this fun together.

I never saw myself as anything special!

I had an attractive body and generous ‘tackle’, but anyone of a

thousand other guys could boast similar qualities. My one ‘ace card’ was my familiarity and understanding of female sexuality and my comfort in sharing my ‘assets’ intuitively with women.

There were always one or two furtively reticent women in every one of these hens’ nights. These women would usually be well known to their friends and as I danced around the room, I would pick-up on the reactions of the audience as I approached these shy ones.

When working on my own, I’d often have to judge the sensitivities in the room before I focused on these ‘ladies’. However, Patty was as adept as I was at sensing these reactions and she quickly joined me in ‘tempting’ each shy lady to explore her erotic nature. Her feminine intuition in knowing just how far to extend their sensitivities was invaluable. Patty would either spray whipped cream over the tip of my cock, or drip some champagne down my shaft and then invite each lady to ‘taste test’ my ‘tempting’ cock. This disarmed them and within minutes every one of these shy women would have my balls in her hands and soon after my cock in her mouth, sucking and licking for ‘dear life’. This brought the room to tears of laughter and outrageously erotic comments.

Again, it was a case of ‘still waters run deep’. These women were aching for cock but found their learnt inhibitions stopped them from enjoying themselves to their full desires. There were three women in this group who fitted this profile and two of them were amongst the women who eventually booked me for private escort sessions in the week that followed.

Many alpha females would often want to prove their cock wanking skills to their girlfriends. They’d suck and wank me with increasing vigour, in the hope of getting me to cum and impress their friends. I never did! I rarely came across a woman who could get me to cum just with her hands and/or mouth. As no one was successful, no one was embarrassed. Of course, I’d always play the role of ‘almost’ blowing my load, which was enough to satisfy their egos.

I then assisted Patty as she gave a great trial and review of the myriad dildos available. I demonstrated a penis pump and gave a demonstration and my opinion of the cock rings and artificial pussies. One woman lifted her short skirt and challenged, “What do you think of this pussy?” When I answered that I didn’t know till I’d ‘tested’ it, the room erupted. She got slightly embarrassed at my unexpected response.

The effects of the penis pump and its effect on my cock proved an eye-opener to many and it also swelled my cock’s appearance for my next performance.

Patty had agreed that my penis puppets would be a great item for these intimate parties. So, while Patty and the hostess started taking

orders I went into the dressing room set aside for us and got my cock and balls dressed and ready for my cowboy puppetry dance routine.

I went through my warm-up routine and got my cock fully engorged and erect and in prime shape for the routine. After entering the adult entertainment industry a few years earlier I had been practicing these puppetry routines on a regular basis. I was in perfect shape! After years of regularly engorging my cock for female audiences my erection had developed to an eye-catching length and girth. My scrotum had been stretched so much that my two independently constrained balls were now both equally set at very noticeable length from my cock and in perfect position for a puppetry performance. I set the music up on the tape deck and waited out of sight till Patty was ready to introduce my routine.

The music started and I jumped into the middle of the encircling women and began my puppetry. I moved around the room dancing and teasing each lady with my cowboy bobbing and swinging in rhythm with the music and the room fell apart laughing and squealing. They'd never seen anything as silly and erotic before and were transfixed at the amount of movement I could produce in my puppet without a single string attached.

Patty's erotic banter and humour kept the audience at high pitch. She had a way of taping into the collective mood of a group of sexually excited women and add rowdy verbal stimulus to their fun to multiply the outrageous things they'd do with my puppets as I moved around the room.

I had successfully developed a knack of 'reading' women. As I moved around the room I'd stop and 'dance' for those oozing sexuality. The loudest ones were nearly always the ones who'd reach out and attempt to molest my manhood. The initially shy women were always the ones who expressed the most appreciation for an intimate opportunity.

Once my routine was over there were loud cheers and whistles and requests from around the room for permission to touch my puppet.

It was always a real buzz to watch their reactions and I'd happily move around the room slowly allowing everyone an opportunity to touch and play. There would always be a few very horny women who would whisper in my ear her request for a fuck later in the night. I'd wink my interest to encourage their approach after the show. These fucking requests were the cream on the pie for my income from every show.

Patty then announced whether anyone wanted to see another puppet routine. "Yes!" was the loud chorused reply. So while Patty told some very rude jokes, I went out to prepare my Christmas puppet.

With the song ‘Santa Claus is Coming to Town’, I reappeared this time with my Santa cock and balls and with a Santa hat on my head and did another routine. However, this time when the music finished I removed Santa’s hat from my cock and Patty announced that Santa was about to cum – “but only for those girls who have been very good Ho, Ho Ho’s!” she shouted.

As the alcoholic levels had now risen to bursting point the comments around the room became extremely erotic. “I’ve been very good Santa, cum for me!” was one funny comment that brought forth some giggles as the woman lifted her skirt to reveal her juicy twat.

“All those ladies who’ve been very good girls and who’d like to see Santa cum, please move over here,” Patty announced and most of the room grabbed their chairs and moved into the one area.

“On the count of TEN, Santa will cum out of his chimney,” Patty laughed. “One… Two… Three….” and everyone began to join in on the count! As she got to “Nine….TEN!” I let forth my spray of Santa snow all over the gathered throng of ‘Good Girls’. There were squeals and laughter as some women ducked for cover while others happily stood and let Santa’s snow rain down on them.

My knees went a bit wobbly as I regained my composure and moved toward my cheering audience. “Would anyone like to pull Santa’s sleigh?” I enquired as I thrust my cock directly into the middle of the throng of women. I could feel my loins still humping and knew I was about to blow again. Hands came from everywhere and as they took hold of my cock, I came again with another blow of hot cum. I wasn’t too sure if I had one last ‘bolt in my barrel’ but asked again for any volunteers to pull Santa’s sleigh.

As everyone was now fully aware of my meaning I was inundated with women gathered around me pawing every inch of my naked body and I came with one final flourish. The sensuality of feeling my body orgasm affected many of the women and some had their skirts up around their waists and began to masturbate where they stood, while others sat back down and began touching themselves.

By this stage at most parties everyone had lost all inhibitions and suggestions and requests could go in any direction. Requests to suck my cock were a staple, but butt and cunt fucking followed a close second. My ejaculation performance always was requested as it had usually been the main attraction anticipated amongst guests prior to each party.

As the hostess was satisfied she had sold her quota of sex toys, she announced that Patty and I would give a demonstration of as many sex positions as the women could suggest. We moved to our dressing room to prepare for the finale to the evening’s entertainment. As I had blown my load I decided to use my erection injection to get my cock

in shape for the next part of our show.

When we reappeared ready for the fucking demonstrations, there was a collective 'Oooo!' when it was noticed that I was fully erect again.

By now the party was HOT! Some women were still frigging themselves, while others were sitting very tipsy in their chairs with their clothes in total disarray and semi naked.

Some of the positions requested brought everyone to tears. But as my cock was still very rigid Patty asked whether anyone in the audience would like to participate in the demonstrations of fucking positions. Immediately, three women jumped out of their seats. They each requested a particular fucking position and I dutifully performed it with them, changing condoms as I moved between each woman. One woman was obviously a gymnast as she stood on one leg and placed the other over my shoulder as I fucked her in a standing position. This position gained the most enthusiastic response from our audience.

I only fucked these women as a performance piece and not with an intention to give them an orgasm. However, sometimes the energy in the room and her orgasmic ease would result in one or two of my volunteers reaching a screaming orgasm on stage. This further fueled the female energy in the room. The sound of a friend enjoying herself so vivaciously would bring other eager volunteers onto the stage thinking, "I'll have what she's having, please!"

I was still firmly erect, and the hostess announced that the lucky door prize would be an immediate full fucking session and the winner was welcome to take it, donate it or sell it.

The ticket was drawn and as luck would have it, it was won by a woman who had been frigging herself quietly in the background for most of the fucking show. She was excited to win and we went into the bedroom and I fucked her till she had enjoyed numerous orgasms. "The best sex I've had in ages," she told me as we parted. By the time we had finished most of the women had left and only Patty and the hostess and a few others were still sitting around chatting and drinking.

One of the women remaining asked if she could book me then and there for a session back at her place that night. She was obviously extremely horny as she agreed to pay well over the 'going rate' for this late-night service. I agreed and arranged to meet her one hour later. I knew I was going to need another injection, but the money was good and I was still horny from all the fucking female energy at that party that I didn't care. I was completely electrified and my whole body was still buzzing.

Patty had kindly given out both our business cards to everyone as

they left as we drove home I'd received phone calls for four bookings for the following day for simple one hour fucking sessions.

She seemed very happy with the way the night had gone and the hostess had booked her again for another sex toy party the following weekend. She asked if I'd be available and I agreed.

I sensed she was also buzzing with erotic energy and knew I had another appointment in the next hour, but asked if I would like to 'sleep over' at her house after I'd finished. I agreed and she gave me the key to her front door.

My fucking appointment went well and I managed to satisfy my client a few times before she fell asleep in a sex-charged and alcohol induced stupor. I let myself out but my cock was now feeling the pain from so much action that night. When I got back to Patty's I was relieved that she was asleep, so I snuggled in beside her and quickly fell asleep myself.

I woke later in the morning with Patty sucking my cock and playing with my balls. As I stirred so did my cock and I was ready to satisfy her almost immediately. She was as impressed as I was with my libido and we fucked each other solid for the next hour. I knew I couldn't cum in her as I had four fucking appointments that afternoon and needed my energy. She understood, so I gave her an extra special dose of cunnilingus and vaginal massage. She enjoyed over half an hour riding an orgasmic wave that left her energized and ready for the day.

The remainder of the day flew by as I raced from one appointment to the next. I needed another two needles that day to completely satisfy each of my clients, but was well paid for my efforts.

However, my body was feeling the pressure and I recognized my cock needed a few days of rest before I'd be able to perform again. I spent those days either at work as a TV journalist or as I did with any of my free time, running and swimming and training for my many sporting activities.

CHAPTER 55
Another Harem

The week had passed quickly with the sex toy party and a further three escort jobs on top of the four the following day. I had received a dozen phone calls from women at Robyn's party who wanted to book me for their own parties or as an escort to a function or just an hour or two of pleasuring. I had two confirmed parties by the end of the week for later in the month and three others had booked me for escort work in the following week. So I was becoming a very busy Naked Knight.

In addition I was still working part time with Channel 7 News as a journalist through the day. Again, it always intrigued me that not a signal client ever recognized me from my appearances on the nightly news. Well at least they never indicated that they had!

I was truly amazed, but unconcerned even if I had been recognized. I had nothing to hide! I was working legally as an escort and entertainer and no one was ever coerced against their free will. I also felt that I was satisfying a true need in society, much in line with the echoing feminist philosophy of my butterfly and friend Janice.

I sincerely enjoyed pleasuring women, irrespective of the fact that I was rarely sexually satisfied during the appointment. I often questioned my reasons for enjoying my work. It seemed less about the money, but more about the pleasure I could create that motivated me. I used my psychology studies to psychoanalyze myself. All I could assess was that the experience of my childhood abuse created in me a need to have control over my sexuality when it came to relationships with women.

That female teacher many years ago had used my body against my will for her sexual satisfaction. Now, I had a choice to use my body to give pleasure to women.

Irrespective of my motivations, one thing I knew for certain, was that women enjoyed my talents and I enjoyed sharing them. I never saw sex in a negative light. To me sex was a gift to share and please others!

Friday rolled around and Patty and I did another of her sex toy parties. This one wasn't as wild as the previous one, but I did manage to complete the Santa cums routine with two ejaculations, fucked five women in the performance fucks and also fully satisfied the winner of the lucky door raffle plus the hostess. The hostess had admitted wanting me to fuck her the previous week, but wasn't sure how to ask. She seemed well pleased with her orgasms and paid me well, plus she

booked Patty and I again for the next four weekends for her regular sex toy parties.

Another three bookings from the party followed on Saturday for purely one hour fucking appointments. These sex toy parties were proving to be a gold mine for simple sex appointments. The one hour fucking appointments were easy money as each client was well aroused from the party the night before. They didn't need time to establish trust and to relax nerves. They had seen me and knew my talents and were often – very – ready to be totally satisfied. I had complete confidence in my abilities to satisfy almost any woman and I didn't need to lose any of my essence in the process. I could also easily move to another of these bookings immediately afterwards.

On the Saturday night I returned to Robyn's place to meet her 'collective' friends. I purposely arrived slightly late so that I could meet them all at the same time.

Robyn, Veronica (Ronnie) and Virginia (Ginni) were joined by two other women – Vicki and Charlotte (Charli). Their ages, I was to discover ranged from 55 down to 35. Vicki was the eldest and Charlotte the youngest.

They all looked me up and down, with what seemed at the time, typical lesbian cynicism. I did feel quite uncomfortable until Robyn invited me to sit next to her. She introduced me formally to her group, although I knew they would have discussed me in detail prior to this. They were all very intrigued to hear about my marriage to Fran and my 'lesbian' relationship. I told them about my many lesbian friends that I'd met through Fran. I also detailed my extensive sexual 'training' with the bisexual 'harem'. Again, eyebrows were raised with interest. I felt they were beginning to get a sense that I wasn't a 'blokey' bloke and had a wealth of experience and sensitivities for females. However, I was forthright in my belief in equality of the sexes but not by the current feminist philosophy of Affirmative Action. Ooops! Like that frog in the well, it was 'two steps up, one step back'. But I was making progress!

I was as equally intrigued by their 'collective' history and how they saw me fitting in with them. I was fascinated to learn that not one of them had a brother. What an amazing coincidence to the women in my 'harem' at the college – or was it? They had 'introduced' a few men to their collective in the past, but none had proved successful.

They were forthright in how they saw my contribution to their collective. Despite their fancy words, I was basically being welcomed as the 'standby cock'. I'm sure they sensed that I genuinely enjoyed the company of women. A lot of feminine 'sixth sensing' was floating backward and forward between us. I had inherited my sixth sense

from my mother and it was further developed in my formative years surrounded by females at the girls' college and then in my life as a male escort and entertainer. I felt I understood the female psyche, albeit I could be wrong on many occasions, but I got it right as many times as any woman would in the same circumstances.

After about two hours of fervent conversation and the occasional humorous banter I was asked if I'd mind adjourning to the kitchen for a few minutes while they discussed my 'credentials'. I had virtually decided that if they accepted me into their group, I'd be keen to trial it as well. I was intrigued by their mature approach to their sexuality and sense of fun. They also seemed like interesting people individually from the little I had gleaned about them. After my many extraordinary years of mind-blowing pleasures with my college harem, I was keen to find something similar again.

The vote was taken and I was in – conditionally for the first month. I accepted their invitation and we cracked open a few bottles of champagne (left over from the Melbourne Cup party) and enjoyed a few more hours of light-hearted conversations and laughter.

The collective met informally once or twice each week and there was no expectation to attend every get together. There was never any expected agenda to these meetings and sex wasn't necessarily a primo item. They might occasionally have an intellectual discourse on an assigned topic or book as part of the evening get together. In addition to work and other commitments and as is common with women, periods and associated discomfort often meant they couldn't or weren't interested in attending every time.

The next gathering was again at Robyn's place the following Tuesday evening. After my work at Channel 7, I had an early evening escort appointment that was booked by the client specifically as just one-hour of sexual pleasuring. These appointments sometimes went longer and depending on any commitments afterwards I'd not worry if they stretched beyond the one hour. It would depend on how much I was enjoying the appointment as much my client's orgasmic waves. I never liked to interrupt a woman when she was enjoying a journey of orgasmic bliss. If possible I would keep her on that orgasmic wave for as long as she continued to enjoy the ride.

However, on this night, my appointment was a new client and these often took longer than one hour, as there is the initial nervousness to overcome and it takes time to develop trust. Often, only when a woman felt comfortable in my care and my genuine concern for her needs, was she able to experience her bliss.

This was the case on this night. My client was extremely nervous and confessed that she had suffered from previous sexual abuse. I was able to bring her to a minor orgasm with a yoni massage by the end of

the hour, but she was keen to experience full penetration. I had to apologize to her that I had another appointment. I offered her a larger discount than normal for a regular client if she'd like to return another night. She was happy with this and booked again for the following evening.

I arrived at Robyn's half an hour late and everyone was there and had been drinking and chatting cheerfully. There didn't seem too much concern for my tardiness when I explained my circumstances. In fact, I think I scored some major 'brownie points' for expressing my concern for my client's orgasmic pleasures.

As I had interrupted the flow for the evening, I took a seat and waited to see how this was going to play out. Robyn was engaged with Ronnie in some casual kissing and touching, but told me to make myself at home and help myself to a drink from the kitchen. I grabbed a glass of wine from the fridge and when I returned everyone, except Charli was involved with some form of chat or play with another. I sat down next to Charli. She was a little younger than me but we were able to chat inconsequently about her work as a media consultant.

She told me more about her life history and I shared more of mine. Charli's title of 'media consultant' was as creative editor for an adult magazine. She had begun as a model in the adult industry and as she aged had moved more into the creative side of the business. She insisted that her modeling only ever involved simulated sex.

She was intrigued to know the name of the college where I had taught. When I told her, she smiled broadly. "No way!" she shouted. "A colleague from work went to that school and had told me about a male teacher who taught her much more than was on the academic curriculum. I asked Charli her name, but she didn't know her maiden name. She said her friend had told her that my 'tuition' was the most valuable thing she had learnt at school. From what Charli told me, I had recognized the special 'extra curricula sex education' class Janice and I had taught. Charli said she'd tell her friend I was in town and was certain she'd want to meet me.

Charli had attended a Presbyterian girls' college and said there would have been no way that course could have been taught there. We both laughed at her assessment!

By this time we had broached each other's 'personal space' and were touching in a familiar fashion. I was becoming aroused by her and I could tell Charli was feeling very comfortable in my company.

I made no moves and considered that as the 'odd man out' in this collective I should wait for subtle directions about my involvement. The 'heat' in the room was building as two women had already reached an orgasm and were now returning the favour

for their partner. Charli was showing definite signs of frustration,

so I took her hand and kissed it gently with the formality of a gentleman greeting a lady of refinement. She laughed in recognition of my invitation and kissed me on the lips.

This was her signal of acceptance for foreplay and she moved my hand under her blouse to caress her breast. I responded instinctively and removed her top and kissed her breasts. She responded with equal instinct and began removing my shirt and pants. We were soon both naked. I donned a condom and we interlocked our bodies in a passionate embrace.

She reached a wonderful orgasm and we then just held each other in a warm naked embrace. I was unsure what the remainder of the night might involve so I held my ejaculation and it proved a wise decision. As Charli's passion was subsiding, we were joined by Ronni and Ginni. They had sensed Charli's need for feminine compassion and both embraced her and began kissing her all over. Charli relaxed back onto the floor and spread her limbs in a star shape and absorbed their attention. I sat back on the divan and sipped on my wine and watched this beautiful naked threesome writhing in passion before me.

My erection was still firm and prominent and all the women occasionally glanced in my direction, but said nothing.

Gradually, passions subsided in the room and one by one each woman regained her composure and continued drinking and chatting amongst themselves. A couple of the women joined me on the divan sitting either side of me and asked me how I was feeling. My erection had subsided and I was in a good mood and returned their casual banter. I was genuinely enjoying myself in their company.

I have always been attracted to intelligent, attractive women who are open and honest about their sexual energy. I am very comfortable with my masculinity and will respond respectfully to a sexual advance as a healthy, mature, sexually active male. However, I am equally comfortable expressing my feminine nature when in the company of women.

I was to learn later that my indifference to 'getting laid' that evening impressed those in the collective who were still unsure about me. They apparently were impressed with my ability to enjoy their company, even allowing for the fact that I had been extremely aroused, without the need to orgasm.

CHAPTER 56
Business Keeps On Improving

Robyn rang me the next morning before I headed off to work and asked if I would like to meet her after my escort appointment that evening.

The woman I had to hold over from the night before turned up anxious for plenty of fucking fun. She had well and truly relaxed and was very comfortable to enjoy the pleasures I poured upon her. As I was aware of her early sexual abuse I began her session slowly with another yoni massage but she was obviously anxious to maximize her one-hour of cock. After just ten minutes she asked if she could fuck me.

She preferred the doggy position and I mounted her and gradually gave her every inch of my cock. She began masturbating her clit and the combination resulted in an almost immediate orgasm. As her cunt relaxed from her first orgasm we continued till she came again, with slightly more intensity. I then rolled her onto her back, positioned her legs over my shoulders and took up my tried and true fucking position. Immediately, she exploded and began crying. I was concerned and sat beside her. “Please don’t stop,” she implored. “I’m OK! It’s just so beautiful.”

I resumed the previous position with her and she continued to massage her clit. I could feel her vaginal cavity building for what seemed like an ejaculation. Curious, I quietly whispered, “Have you ejaculated before?” “No, never, Michael!” she moaned back. “Well you’re about to,” I assured her and with a few strong thrusts she came with an almighty scream and sprayed all over me. “Oh, God, I’m sorry Michael,” she cried.

I assured her it was perfectly normal and assured her she would ejaculate again very soon, if she just relaxed and enjoyed the sensations coursing through her body. I then inserted my two middle fingers into her vagina and stimulated her Skene’s Gland. She exploded again, this time her cum sprayed everywhere and over both of us in a chaotic spurt of female fluids.

She was exhausted and happy to just relax and recover till it was time for her appointment to end. She booked another one hour for the next night, before she left.

I arrived at Robyn’s right on time and we shared a glass of wine while she outlined her vision for my services to her business interests.

Apparently, Robyn owned a number of women’s hairdressing salons throughout the Gold Coast and Brisbane and was looking to

expand interstate and into New Zealand. She was a self-made millionaire and rightly proud of her business acumen. Her greatest asset was her ability to 'read' people and employ good staff to manage her salons.

"It's also important that you treat good staff well," she told me. As a result she entertained her staff and business associate's regularly, hence the Melbourne Cup party.

"Woman are sexual creatures, Michael. We need to occasionally feel in control of our sexuality without being intimidated by patriarchy. And that's where I believe you will be a wonderful asset for me and my businesses."

Robyn's insight had seen something in me that only I knew existed. "You seem to be an insightful person, Michael, and know how to treat women and respect their rights to enjoy their sexuality. You facilitate a woman's right to explore her most basic desires without judging her or requiring her to please you in return. That's a powerful gift!"

She went on to explain that she wanted me to be her feature entertainer for all future business promotions and staff parties. Robyn summed up her philosophy by saying, "Freedom to enjoy their sexuality is the most valued pleasure all women appreciate."

"Are you interested?" she concluded.

I was keen to know exactly what type of entertainment she required of me and what recompense was offered. She replied that she was offering to pay me double what I now charge per appointment or party. My duties would be similar to what I now do, plus other agreed activities and in consultation, whatever else I thought appropriate. I didn't need to end my own businesses as she'd always give me at least two weeks notice for any booking. But there was an addendum. I needed to be available within a reasonable timeframe to service the personal needs of her important associates.

She added, that if I chose to join her, she was reasonably certain she could convince the 'collective' to give me their time, knowledge and experience to refine any of my current skills and talents that I chose. They would also teach me other skills, to further improve my abilities to pleasure women.

That offer was the clincher, even though she 'had me at Hello!'

"I'm in!" I told her. "When do I start?"

"You've already started," she said. At that the other women from the 'collective' filed out with broad grins on their faces. They each kissed me passionately on the lips and said 'welcome to our collective, Michael'.

We all sat down together and discussed my range of tricks I used at parties. They were curious about my ejaculation talent. "We'd love

to know how you do that, Michael, if you don't mind sharing some of your secrets, we've got a few ideas we'd also like to share with you" Sam laughed. "I'd like to be able to control my ejaculations as well." She laughed even louder.

I keenly anticipated our gathering the following Friday.

The group had predetermined that to ease some of their doubts about involving a male entertainer in their collective that they would like to see some of the performances I did for my party bookings. Robyn suggested my ejaculation trick, but I thought it would need to be left till last if they were still keen to see other tricks.

In addition to my sporting talents, I had become quite a proficient dancer and regularly did jazz ballet and ballroom classes. I was also a very proficient linedancer and competed in national competitions.

I had incorporated my dancing skills into my party bookings and proceeded to give them a brief strip tease dance routine, without music. Once naked I suggested my dick tricks. These always bemused women and bisexual women seemed to particularly enjoy the ridiculousness of the puppets male genitals can produce. I also mentioned my puppet tricks, but as I didn't have my kit with me, I wouldn't be able to show them. I did briefly describe the puppet show and they seemed intrigued and keen to see it one day.

They were happy to see my dick tricks though. However, as I didn't have my penis pump with me, I had to go to plan B for my warm up routine. This involved stretching and arousing my cock and pulling on my balls to increase their malleability. This alone caused them to break up into fits of laughter, so I knew I was on a winner with this group.

I ran through my repertoire fairly quickly and invited each of them to have a go at producing one or two of the easier tricks. Vicki, the eldest, I sensed was lesbian and although she had little interest in my genitals, saw it possibly as a way of demystifying her masculine nature. Watching Vicki's enjoyment with my 'puppets' brought everyone to laughter. Some ladies were rolling on the floor in fits when Vicki stooped down to enthusiastically take a grip and nibble on my 'hamburger'.

I was having a ball too as their laughter was genuine and infectious and I was under no pressure as I might be in a performance situation at a hen's night.

Gradually, the game gave way to some further foreplay between two or three women. I sat and observed, rather than make any unwelcomed moves this early in my induction. I began self-pleasuring myself as I watched the intensity between women grow and listened as their orgasmic moans began.

tI had been a couple of days since I had enjoyed an ejaculation so

I was well 'back-up' and I could feel the intensity in my groin. Robyn 'sensed' my tensions and came over and sat next to me. She asked if I was OK. I explained my situation. A 'thought bubble' flashed above her head and she immediately asked if I could now demonstrate my ejaculation trick for the girls.

"OK Michael show them your fucking amazing orgasmic skills." She announced. It didn't take me long as I was way too horny for my own sanity. I got them to do the countdown from ten. They all laughed at this request but looked at each other and started counting….slowly. I had to join them in the count to up the pace slightly as my load was on its way.

As the count neared 'ONE', I compressed my pelvic muscles a few times then released with a thrust. I shot my globs of hot cum all the way across the room covering most of the women sitting there. They were all startled and ducked for cover as my cum sprayed down on them like a rainstorm. I came again with another full load that sprayed out to again cover all of them. My next few spurts went harmlessly into the air. My orgasmic wave continued for another few pumps as I completed my performance.

"Holy shit! How did you do that Michael," Vicki shouted. "Fuck me, I've never seen anything like it," Charli giggled. "That's fucking amazing, Michael. How long does it take before you could do that again?" Vicki asked.

The questions kept coming thick and fast. I couldn't answer any of them at the time, as my eyes had rolled back in my head and I was till reeling from my body-shaking ejaculation. My pelvic muscles were also still pulsating in the final throws of orgasm. "Give him a break girls, he's only a man, remember?" Robyn joked.

Veronica, kindly came over and began massaging my balls to reduce the aching I was experiencing after releasing their massive load. "I've done this before Michael," she smiling assured me.

Her warm hands and even warmer company brought me back quickly and we sat together while she continued to massage my balls and play with my limp cock.

The others then moved over and sat around me and on the floor in front. Charlotte relieved Veronica of my balls as she sat between my legs and continued with a wonderful technique, while Veronica continued to play with my cock and occasionally stoop over to suck the remaining juices from the tip.

We all sat around and chatted for another hour or so. I found out much about their particular sexual likes and dislikes, fantasies and perversions. I also learnt that Veronica and Vicki both ejaculated and there was the occasionally squirting contest between them with everyone betting on the winner. I was told that I was now an official

entrant in the next squirting contest but there would be a handicap system used to equate male and female propensities to give everyone a fair chance of winning.

It seemed that the frog in the well had finally jumped free and similarly I was now being groomed as a ‘full time’ member of the collective. Equally, I was enjoying the company of these women. I felt I had a similar sense of humour and sensitivity and equal sexual intensity as the women in this group and I was feeling comfortable to be inducted into their collective.

My next decision was how to juggle priorities with all these new opportunities?

CHAPTER 57
Escort Clients Type A

Most of my escort clients were married women looking for a 'one-night-stand'. Many were bereft of orgasmic pleasures in their relationships, which had become mundane and repetitive. He'd cum, he'd fall asleep and she'd then wank herself.

Out of desperation they'd book an appointment with me in the hope of enjoying a therapeutic orgasm and an opportunity to reassure themselves of their sexuality.

Most of these were daytime appointments and they'd come to me. We'd chat and relax and enjoy a drink. Often they'd fill their appointment with chatting and extend so that they could enjoy their original reason for booking – sexual satisfaction.

A typical client was Rosanne!

She was in her mid 30's and been married for 15 years. She had two teenager kids and worked part time as a nurse at the Gold Coast Hospital. She still loved her husband, but their sex life was virtually non-existent. He was a workaholic and had his own building business. She admitted that she 'faked' orgasms regularly so as not to hurt her husband's feelings. She lamented that she had never experienced a 'real' orgasm in her life. Many of her nursing colleagues often talked about orgasms but she found it difficult to believe them.

She was very nervous at our first appointment and felt both guilty and unsure whether she was doing the right thing.

I assured her that female orgasms were real and suggested she enjoy a yoni massage to ease both her feelings of guilt and skepticism. She seemed pleased with this option as it made her feel that she wasn't really 'cheating' on her husband.

I stayed clothed for the yoni massage as I felt she would feel more comfortable.

After an hour of gentle stimulation of her yoni, she had still not achieved an orgasm. However, I offered to extend her appointment at no charge as I could sense her vagina becoming aroused. She obviously was feeling something as well and thanked me for the offer and we continued.

Within another ten minutes she had achieved her 'very first' orgasm in her life. She was overwhelmed with enjoyment and continually kept saying "Oh, thank you, thank you, Michael." I suggested she lay back and relax for a few minutes as I knew she had only just begun her exquisite journey.

I continued to massage her yoni and by the end of the second

hour she had achieved multiple orgasms and was hot and flushed and began to cry.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "I could not believe I could ever feel this way."

As with all my clients I always ended each appointment with a warm embrace to bond the wondrous emotions each woman had enjoyed with me. It gave me and I'm sure my client, a sense of emotional connection and didn't make the experience seem simply physical.

Rosanne asked if I was available the following day as she now desperately wanted to know if she could feel this way with sexual intercourse.

When we began to get undressed for her appointment the following day she became a little agitated as I stood in front of her. I immediately recognized a look I had seem on many client's faces. She was intimidated by the size of my cock.

My normal response to this reaction was to get her to just hold my cock in her hands and feel the soft texture of the skin. As my cock then grew in her hands there was a sense of relaxation that this 'thing' wasn't going to hurt them.

This tactic seemed to reassure Rosanne also. I then encouraged her to just fondle and play with my cock and balls as I stood passively with her. I'd explain that she was in control of this appointment and she could decide what she wanted to do with my cock.

Gradually, her fears were eased and I laid her down on the bed and began to gently massage her yoni. With the continued reassurance that I'd ask her before I took the next step we proceeded.

After about fifteen minutes she was completely aroused and asked if I would 'fuck' her. I slid on a condom and some lubricant and began to slowly penetrate her, now very moist, cunt.

Gradually her cunt invited me further and further within and I moved her legs over my shoulders. In this position I could massage her g-spot with the hood of my cock and I continued slowly thrusting till her hips began to thrust in rhythm with mine. Her breath quickened and her neck and breasts flushed. I knew her orgasm was imminent so I increased the pace and depths of my thrusts.

Finally, her vagina ballooned then compressed around my cock and she exploded and groaned with that all-familiar feminine tone. Without pausing this time, I slowly continued my thrusting and she came again and then again. Each time her groans intensified and she again began to sob, then laugh and then cry. Her emotions were running free and so was her sexual ecstasy.

As I slowly withdrew my cock from inside her, she gasped at the sensation of release and then fell silent and still. Her eyes were closed

but under her eyelids her eyes were dancing. Her face was very flushed and a broad smile began to beam.

I tenderly ran my fingers over her labia and around the hood of her clit and she let out a slow expressive sigh. I continued this massage for quite a while until she regained her composure.

As we sat and chatted before she left, she again thanked me profusely. “What a talent you have, Michael. Thank you so much! I’d like to make a regular booking when you have time free.”

Rosanne became a semi regular client and would book approximately once a fortnight, depending on her shifts at work. Over the ensuing months that I saw her, her whole mood changed. She told me her marriage had improved as she was now able to achieve the occasional ‘real’ orgasm with her husband and their relationship had solidified because of it.

This type of reaction from many clients in similar circumstances was very common. I gained great strength from the knowledge that I was doing something worthwhile.

CHAPTER 58
Escort Client Type B

The other type of client I saw while working as an escort were the holiday girls, away from home for a 'good' time.

Many were young and in their 20's and keen to just 'get their rocks off'.

I'd often get groups of women with these bookings. Typical were the sporting groups celebrating their end-of-season on the Gold Coast.

Gilda, was typical of this type of client.

She was part of a women's netball team travelling to the Gold Coast for a major tournament.

Gilda, had long blond hair and piercing blue eyes. She was an extremely attractive, single, tall and slim woman in her mid 20's. She was the star player for a Sydney based netball team. The team were competing in a national tournament that was being hosted on the Gold Coast.

Gilda had booked an appointment with me the night her team had arrived on the Gold Coast. She was a vivacious and very sexually charged woman who craved constant sexual gratification. She believed good sex made her play better and was keen to start this tournament on a 'high' note.

We met at a Broadbeach wine bar and enjoyed a couple of drinks before she invited me back to her hotel room. I hadn't anticipated that she was sharing her unit with two other girls from her team. However, she had her own room, while the other two shared.

When we got to her room, most of her team had gathered in her unit for drinks before heading out for dinner. She was totally unperturbed by their presence and casually introduced me as her 'date' for the night and we adjourned to her bedroom, amidst chuckles and rowdy comments from her team mates.

Gilda, didn't need 'warming' for sex. Once I was naked she pushed me onto her bed and began sucking my cock and balls. I was a little bemused by her haste, but hell, she was paying for my time and obviously didn't want to waste any of it.

She seemed totally unconcerned by my size and at one stage almost had my complete shaft down her throat.

I sensed Gilda had German origins. Her features and demeanor were very direct, but not obnoxious, as some can be.

She then asked me to give her cunnilingus and laid down next to me and opened her legs invitingly. She had a delicious looking cunt and was fully shaved. As a cunt connoisseur, I had no objections to

this invitation and enjoyed a tasty aperitif of her quim juice. She was very appreciative of my tongue talents and said so.

I offered to give her a yoni massage to get her aroused, but she declined my offer requesting that I fuck her straight away.

I could tell by the volume of quim juice flowing freely from her cunt that she was well and truly ready, so mounted her and began to slowly insert my engorged cock into her ravenous cunt.

My entry was smooth and unobstructed and she almost sucked me fully in with her vitality. She then grabbed both cheeks of my arse and pulled me even deeper inside her. I hadn't had so much of my cock buried inside a cunt for a long, long time and her vaginal voracity slightly shocked me.

She exploded almost immediately! However, without taking a breath, she wrapped both her legs around my waist and began thrusting. Her hot pulsing cunt felt extremely engaging, wrapped around the full length of my shaft. Her energy was very infectious and I felt I was losing my normal 'control' and feared I might blow my wad very quickly.

She came again and then again and was now screaming at full pitch with pleasure. I then lost it and blew two ballsy barrelful's of cum into her and felt my tensions ease totally.

I fell on top of her but took most of my weight on my elbows. With her legs still wrapped around my waist, she then wrapped both arms around my chest and squeezed me tight against her breasts.

"Fantastic fuck! Thanks mate!" She whispered in my ear as she kissed my cheek. "Can you hang around for a while? I'd enjoy some more fucking when you're ready," she queried, teasingly.

I had no more appointments that night, so agreed to her request.

We moved out into the lounge room in her unit and she poured me a drink. Her team mates had long left for dinner so we had the place to ourselves. We didn't bother getting dressed and sat naked next to each other chatting and drinking for another half hour or so.

As I felt my energy returning, I was about to ask whether she'd like to resume her fucking fun, when the door swung open and the rest of her netball team rolled in. All my clothes were still in her bedroom, so I had no way of getting dressed, as eight or nine women filed in.

When they saw Gilda and I sitting naked on the coach, they began to taunt her about her fucking 'workout' philosophy before a big game.

She took their taunts in good humour and then introduced me around. As I stood up to shake hands with everyone my flaccid cock unfurled in front of them and they laughed and wolf-whistled.

"Wow! You got a winner here Gilda!" they laughed.

“I can recommend my pre-game workout, girls. It always works for me.” She said, returning their taunts.

As they teased each other, I moved toward Gilda’s bedroom to get dressed and leave.

“Oh, I’m sorry Michael, please don’t be offended.” Gilda implored as she took my arm as I was about to pass her. “Can you stay for a few hours, I’m sure the girls here would appreciate your company as much as I already have?”

One of the others then chimed in, “Yeah stay, we’d appreciate some male company tonight.”

I smiled and agreed and sat back down next to Gilda. She then began to regale her team mates on the wonderful fuck she had just enjoyed with me, as if she was talking about a dinner she’d just eaten. She left nothing out in the description either, right down to the multiple orgasms she’d enjoyed with my ‘big’ cock deep inside her.

I could sense that Gilda had a reputation for fucking, judging by the casual interest the others were showing. She was very descriptive, of just how good our fucking was and they were keenly interested.

I sat with these women for another hour as they asked me a myriad of questions about my ‘profession’ and type of women who booked my services. As the alcohol relaxed everyone, I shared more and more of my work as an escort, yoni masseur, male entertainer and journalist. Gradually, they become totally entranced and I became the centre of attention.

They were obviously impressed and intrigued with my comfort to stay naked amongst them and mentioned it a few times. “Don’t you feel uneasy sitting naked with us?” I offered to get dressed, which they flatly refused and told them that I had nothing to hide and had always felt comfortable amongst women.

They were an entertaining group of young women and I was enjoying their company as much as they seemed to be enjoying mine.

As the evening ended and they needed to get to bed for their big game the next day, I was asked if I would like to come and watch them play. I only had one escort job the next day and as I was enjoying their company I agreed.

I managed to get to a few of their games over the following week and we would head back to the hotel for some celebratory drinks afterwards.

Gilda booked me for two more pre-game ‘workouts’ over the week and fucked the ‘living daylights’ out of me every time. What a woman! She had stamina to burn! I also got to meet the whole team again many times. They all exuded indifference to my nakedness as I sat and chatted with them while recovering from Gilda’s sexual gymnastics. Eventually, one or two would sit and fondle and play with

my cock, while we kept chatting together.

Although my naked deportment, in these situations, sometimes opened me to ridicule by a woman, I found from experience that the subtle sensuality of my nudity in these groups would eventually overwhelm their psyche and I'd often get a few of these women booking an appointment. It proved to be a wonderful form of 'self-promotion'. I would always offer to get dressed, so was not offending anyone and I certainly wasn't concerned what the prissy ones thought about me.

The tournament was an event open to all senior netball teams from around Australia. They won it easily and a healthy cheque as prizemoney – Gilda was the star. Her pre-game philosophy had worked again! They came to regard me as the team 'lucky charm' as every time I watched them they won.

So, on the final night before they were to fly home to Sydney, we had a huge party. They booked me for the whole night and took me to dinner and we ended up on the beach for a late night skinnydip. They then bundled me into the women's change room at the beach and we all showered together. My cock was cleaned by multiple mouths under the showers as we laughed ourselves silly.

Their hotel was across the road from the beach and someone offered the dare that no one dress to get back to their room. We darted naked across the road with our clothing under our arms. Car horns hooted at this stream of naked women as we all scampered, laughing and joking through the traffic and into the hotel lobby and the lifts, up to their room.

We all fell into a laughing tangle of arms, legs, boobs, cunts and one cock, onto the floor in Gilda's unit.

There was a real erotic energy in the air as we gathered our breath and grabbed a glass of champagne to celebrate their victory.

Over the remainder of the night and into the early hours, I went through my whole naked entertainment repertoire, fucked Gilda multiple times and many of her team mates as well.

As morning dawned I woke to find myself, tangled up with three naked women, in a large king-size bed, in a unit I didn't recognize.

I waved them goodbye at the Gold Coast airport later that afternoon and had a smile on my face for days afterwards and a generous tip in my pocket.

CHAPTER 59
Escort Clients Type C

Another type of holidaying client I saw was the businesswoman on work assignment in Brisbane or the Gold Coast.

Preea, was a typical, but very special example of this client.

She was a corporate lawyer for a large legal conglomerate and based in Melbourne. She was a tall, gorgeous brunette, aged in her mid 30's and beautifully manicured in every way. She was a career woman, no children and I was to learn had no significant other. Although very feminine in her appearance, she exuded a no-nonsense attitude and I was to learn, suffered fools poorly. As I got to know her I likened her to a chocolate éclair, with a sweet but firm exterior but gooey soft interior.

She was in Brisbane as legal representative for an auditor, charged with illegal practice.

She initially booked me just for a half hour appointment and we met at the coffee shop in her hotel lobby.

We just chatted during the whole appointment and then she left, which was unusual. She then rang me the following day and booked me again for a dinner date she was having with her client at a very expensive restaurant. She said she booked my services as she needed someone with intelligence and presentation. I must have satisfied those credentials at our initial meeting.

I wore a tailor-made suit and picked her up at her hotel lobby. We taxied to the restaurant and on the way, she gave me some details of the reason for the dinner. She explained she just needed me to help with the ambiance of the dinner, so that she could get to know her client better.

The dinner was marvelous. Beautiful food, amazing wines and the conversation seemed to flow smoothly. I could tell she was impressed with my general knowledge and ease of conversation. As a journalist, I had developed a talent to listen and let people talk then respond when appropriate. You learn so much about people that way.

Her client was accompanied by his de facto partner. She was very attractive but at least 20 years younger than him.

After dinner we caught a taxi back to her hotel and I assumed that was to be the end of the evening. However, she said she'd like to extend the booking and asked me up to her apartment.

When I entered her room, her mood changed dramatically. Gone was the firm exterior and suddenly the gooey soft interior was running free.

She complimented me on my demeanor at dinner and was impressed by my worldly-wisdom and said I'd helped satisfy all her business needs. She asked me if I'd now be willing to satisfy her 'other' needs?

As a male escort, she knew her question to me was rhetorical!

She didn't wait for my answer – my smile did that!

She started undressing me, peeling off my tie, coat and shirt. I then took off my shoes and then as she raised her arms I peeled her dress over her head. I then moved behind her and undid her bra and slid her panties down to her ankles, she kicked off her shoes and panties with the same movement and stood there naked before me. She then moved toward me and undid my belt and the fly on my trousers and slid them and my jocks down to the floor together.

My cock was already semi-erect as it bounced free from my jocks as she removed them. She smiled broadly at the sight of my cock and grabbed it with both hands pulling me close to her and pressing her breasts against my chest.

Her expensive perfume filled my nostrils and her flesh felt like satin against mine. As our bodies melted together, she pressed her lips against mine and gave me a kiss that tingled my spine. This kind of intimacy always got my juices flowing and I could feel my cock filling with blood, expanding and edging upwards against her tummy. She eased her grip on my cock and placed both hands around my balls and pressed her body even tighter against mine.

"Will you fuck me know?" she whispered in my ear.

Again, the question was rhetorical!

I took her hand and we walked to the bedroom. She dimmed the lights and turned on some soft music with a remote control next to her bed. She then smiled at me as she laid down on the bed and opened herself to me.

As she was preparing the ambiance in the room, I'd slipped on a condom. I moved onto the bed and starting kissing and applying passionate oral kindness to every inch of her cunt.

She responded instinctively and immediately to this adoring attention and began to sigh and moan with feminine concord.

I continued my adoration to her charming yoni and began an internal massage on her g-spot.

She became still and I could tell she was concentrating every ounce of her being to absorb the exquisite attention she was receiving. I continued her yoni massage, utilizing my oral and tactile skills. Gradually her hips began a slow rhythmic dance, which intensified and quickened in synchronicity with my attention to her yoni.

I knew from her vaginal responses when she was about to orgasm and with my hand still massaging her g-spot I moved up and kissed

her passionately on her lips.

She came in a rush and let out that deep, innate, orgasmic female groan that would always engulfed my every sense.

While she continued to pulse, I slid my cock into her warm cunt and remained still inside her as her wave of bliss continued. As her ‘waves’ widened, I began to slowly pulsate the hood of my cock against her g-spot and tenderly massaged her clitoris with my thumb.

She began to weep as her bliss reignited. Her nipples became fully erect and her face flushed.

I continued fucking her till I could feel her energy gradually subside and then again laid still inside her.

As she slowly opened her eyes I kissed her forehead, then her eyelids and then softly kissed her on the lips.

She began to beam with a beautiful smile filling her face and thanked me, twice.

“That was amazing, Michael!”

I laid on top of her with my weight on my elbows and we stayed like this for some time, till she became fully aware. I then slowly eased my cock from inside her and laid next to her.

By now it was nearing midnight and I had a busy day ahead, with two escort jobs and some training for a half marathon event I was entering, so made my apologies. She paid me handsomely and assured me she would be making contact again.

I saw Preea almost every second night for the remainder of the two weeks she was in Brisbane and we became very good friends. I have always been attracted to intelligent women and although I knew there would never be a relationship between us, I was highly attracted to her and enjoyed every moment I spent with her.

We stayed in contact for a few years after that but gradually contact stopped as we both moved into other relationships.

CHAPTER 60
Schoolgirl Fantasies Come True

I felt Patty's business options were limited but they did generate plenty of easy sex work. So, I decided that if she was happy to use me on the occasions I was available then I'd continue with her. It was obvious that Robyn's business proposal needed the highest priority and her business bookings would obviously coordinate with my membership of the 'collective'. I suspected they wouldn't be that frequent so I could still operate my own business easily as I could decide whether to accept a booking given Robyn's promise of a two - week window.

The only other decision was whether to continue working for Channel 7. I now had the potential to make more than enough income purely from my erotic activities. However, nothing was 'set in stone', so I decided to wait six months and decide then.

One thing was certain…. I had no time for a social life!

Charli rang me the following day and said her friend's maiden name was Sue Thompson and she would love to catch up. I immediately recognized Sue's name. Although not one of my maths students at the college, I had remembered her as one of the boarders at the college who Janice had involved in our extra-curricular sessions. Sue had returned a few times for the special sessions Janice arranged for a select few girls and that's why she stood out in my memory.

I told Charli that I had lunch free, if it was convenient and it was agreed we'd meet at a cafe that day.

When I saw Sue, I immediately recognized her face. She hadn't changed much, just more developed and very shapely. It seemed Sue was divorced and had taken up modeling on the Gold Coast and occasionally worked for Charli. Sue immediately wrapped her arms around me, as if we were long lost lovers and kissed me square on the lips with a lingering kiss. I was a little stunned as in my eyes she was still my student.

Within a half hour of chat, my perceptions of Sue had changed totally. I no longer saw her as a teenage girl, but recognized the very mature adult woman she now was.

She asked me whether I was aware that every girl in the college wanted to fuck me? "You were the subject of many midnight wet-dreams, Michael, did you realise that?" I smiled and deferred comment. I had been aware that girls were keen on me. They were too young and sexually unsophisticated to feign pretenses and it was

patently obvious. But I hadn't realized that these fantasies were so intense.

"I returned to your special sex ed classes many times hoping that during your erection lessons, you might have chosen one of us, and in particular me, to share your amazing tool." Her laughing admission made both Charli and I laugh too.

I sensed that Sue wasn't aware of the 'sexual commune' that had brought Charli and myself together. As the girls were about to leave to return to work, Sue asked if I'd like to join her for dinner at her place that night, "To reminisce." She casually added, "Would you like to come too Charli?" Charli thanked her but declined, which I could see was a relief for Sue.

I did have an escort booking for the afternoon, but felt confident I'd be able to make it. Three women had booked me to escort them to the Gold Coast races. The escort job went to plan and other than a regular 'clit tickle' under each of their skirts in the crowded public grandstands, nothing else was required. I never got a chance to place a bet, my hands were always busy and wet.

I arrived at Sue's on time and we sat and had a drink and casually chatted. As we began the meal, Sue asked what I now did for work. When I explained my male escort work, she was a little taken aback. She still saw me as her 'upright' and trusted teacher. However, as she absorbed the information I explained the type of bookings and how my 'abilities' with her sex ed sessions had prepared me well for this work. I sensed she was becoming very comfortable with this knowledge as it 'conveniently' coincided with her plans for the evening.

As the meal progressed, she became more frank in her questions and mockingly insisted I refresh her memory of some of those skills.

The few years difference between us at the college was slightly significant then, but now was nothing and we were now complete equals, sexually.

She was more than ready to finally enjoy my cock. As we began I sensed she felt her teenage fantasies had finally been satisfied and she came within minutes of our sexual union. I was as aroused also, as this was now the first time I had fucked one of my school students and the images and fantasies for me were mind-blowing too. I held my ejaculation for as long as I could and after what seemed like Sue's umpteenth orgasm, I shot my load, full and complete into her sweet cunt. As I did she came again, but this time with a guttural moan that sent shivers through my spine. It was the kind of sound from a woman that ignites every primal bone in a man's body.

Whew! I was totally spent and rolled back next to her as she started to giggle and cry all at the same time. I had heard this reaction

many times and it didn't concern me, as I knew her cry was one of true bliss.

"Thank you Michael! I've waited a long time to satisfy that fantasy. It still feels rather strange to have finally fucked my teacher, but I hope that's not the last time I do, either," she smiled as she took my spent balls in her hand.

It wasn't the last time we fucked each other, not by a long shot!

It seemed in my life, that as one fucking door opened, many more followed.

Sue had also kept in contact with her school friends, many of whom were also ex-students of mine. Occasionally, one of them would be holidaying on the Gold Coast and the three of us would meet to chat about their school experiences with me. Sometimes these reunions would extend to a hotel bedroom.

Around this time I had built a large five-bedroom home for myself on South Stradbroke Island. My home was amongst a few other permanent dwellings that were used mainly as holiday homes over Christmas and Easter, on what otherwise was a 30 kilometre long deserted island. I was the only permanent resident so I had absolute privacy and would often stroll naked from my place across the sand dunes to the beach without seeing another soul the whole day.

My bisexual collective pals were regular visitors, whenever everyone could find the time to enjoy an extended commune together. There was always plenty of room for them to 'crash' after a particularly energetic evening. We'd all often head down to the beach the next morning, all totally free and unfettered by clothing and enjoy a quixotic morning in the sun.

As the only transport from the mainland to the island was by private vessels, I had complete control over who could visit. Whenever an escort client was unable to find a suitable venue for their own discrete privacy I would offer to pick them up in my boat and host their appointment at my place at extra cost, of course.

Repeat clients often booked extended appointments so that they could enjoy the solitude and privacy to enjoy outdoor pleasuring on a blanket in the sun and fresh air. This proved a highly popular option for many clients. Once they felt comfortable to totally relax they would open themselves even more so to enjoy my pleasuring on them. The opportunity to explore their many fantasies on this island of sexual pleasures proved irresistible and I would play out many roles to satisfy them.

CHAPTER 61
My He Whoring Goes Full Time

By this time I had quit my job with Channel 7 and moved into publishing a nude lifestyle magazine. I often had copies of my magazine around my home and when clients realized my other profession a few asked if I would photograph them to satisfy a fantasy. I entered a few of these images into the Gold Coast Erotic Art Exhibition and won a few awards and sold many.

Robyn's business propositions had also developed extensively.

She hosted business 'parties' for her clients and staff on themed days, such as Easter, Valentine's Day, Mothers' Day, International Women's Day, and so on. She occasionally rewarded a valued staff member with the offer of a private appointment with me. She'd only use this 'reward' when she was sure the recipient would be very receptive to this type of 'reward'. Not all availed themselves of the offer. One or two used their boss's bonus as a gift certificate for a friend or relative whom they felt would more appreciate the sexual services.

Robyn's themed parties were always outstanding successes. She had a way of organizing parties to fully satisfy and tantalise all her guests. She didn't always call on my orgasmic talents at these parties and often chose to alternate my various talents, depending on who her guests were.

However, I was always called upon to fuck at least a few of her 'special' guests at the end of each party. My erection injection needles proved very handy at all these parties.

My favourite jobs were the holiday weekends she'd occasionally organize at some spectacular destination. We visited exotic locations such as a Pacific Island resort or she'd book a whole Great Barrier Reef Island for a small group of her most prized clients. As well as her team-building activities she'd treat them to a weekend that included some unsurpassed erotic pleasures. I was often kept busy giving yoni massages and occasionally satisfying those clients who requested sexual intimacy.

Some of her 'guests' became regulars at many of her parties or island getaways and I got to know many of them on a very personal basis. I always kept Robyn informed of her guests who had booked me for private escort work in the intervening weeks. I didn't want to cause friction amongst these women by keeping these intimacies a secret from each other. When everyone knew of these disclosures there was no problems and often warm friendships developed from

the shared knowledge.

One of my favourite destinations was a small resort on a private Great Barrier Reef island. Robyn would book the whole resort for a weekend.

The resort was an eco-resort, not super luxurious, but very well maintained, neat and comfortable. I always had a private cabin for myself. This was an arrangement to suit any client who needed discretion when utilizing my services. As all her guests were female, there was always the threat of 'gossip' for any indiscretion by a married lady or between friends. The walkway to my cabin was hidden from the main thoroughfares, so anyone coming to or going from my cabin could be assured of secrecy.

Not that this was usually a problem. All guests knew that I was available for almost any sexual service that Robin 'advertised' and it wasn't unusual for me to have a few friends openly sharing their fun with me in my cabin.

Robyn insisted that I be nude the whole time for these weekend retreats, as it set a tone that allowed her guests to feel at ease to do the same.

I had long become adept at distancing myself from any self-modesty in regards to my body. Over the many decades that I had been a male entertainer I had recognized that my main asset was my comfort amongst women. I was a normal guy, but one with aptitude and experience to put most women at ease to enjoy my body and its sexual capabilities. Rather than standing out as different to them, I could integrate into their fun and at the same time openly share my sexuality without any inhibitions.

Robyn had a wicked sense of humour and an extremely erotic imagination. She was keen to exploit my assets to entertain her guests and at the same time improve my attractiveness to them. She suggested I wear some genital jewelry to increase my sensuality and had me 'measured' for a spectacular cock ring and ball rings.

As a circumcised male, the hood of my cock afforded me the opportunity to wear a cock ring. The ring she had designed was a gold band encrusted with small diamonds with a gold ball clasp, which was the size of my largest fingernail. The ball clasp allowed for adjustments in the tightness of the ring around my cock as it grew and swelled, so as to keep it securely in place and at the same time not 'castrate' my hood. Neither Robyn nor myself wanted such an expensive adornment to 'disappear' down any of her guests' throats or cunts during my performances.

The two ball rings were of a similar design but with a wider band that fitted snuggly around each of my testes and clasped just firm enough to make both balls swell to an enriched and rounded shape. In

this bejeweled state my two balls dangled separately and invitingly at a nice equal distance below my cock. When I was fully erect the jewels sparkled like two bouncing baubles adorning a ruby red Christmas tree.

We both cracked up laughing when Robyn first 'installed' all the jewelry in place. However, she was obviously impressed with the finished product!

Robyn was a perfectionist and left nothing to chance. She insisted on testing the effects of the gold ball clasp on a few cunts. The theory was that the ball on the tip of my cock should enticingly stimulate the g-spot of her guests, when I fucked them.

Robyn invited both Virginia and Veronica to join her in the fucking rehearsals. It was also theorized that if I fucked a guest 'doggy-style', then by simply rotating the gold ball to the underside of my hood would also achieve satisfactory stimulation to her g-spot.

To say the theory was successful, would be an understatement. Robyn naturally insisted on 'hers' being the first. She almost came immediately after just a few thrusts in the missionary position and she was left breathless by the effects my jewelry had accomplished. We then rotated the ball to the underside of my cock and performed the experiment 'doggy style' with equal effect. We then repeated the same process with a condom to ascertain whether the vaginal stimulation would be the same. It was!

To satisfy ourselves that this wasn't just a remarkably sweet and unique genital alignment between myself and Robyn, both Ronnie and Ginni 'graciously' volunteered their cunts for the same 'scientific' experiments.

We knew from regular fucking and experimentation between us that each lady had obvious varying differences in labia. However, more importantly for this experiment they also varied considerably in vaginal capacities, such as the tightness and length of their vaginal cavity and more importantly positioning of their g-spots.

The effects were unanimous for all three in both alternative positions! We laughed ourselves silly and following exploratory 'man-handling' and admiration of my jewels, we all settled down to enjoy a few drinks before fully copulating in a mini orgy and multiple exhaustive orgasms for all three ladies.

From this point on I never performed, anywhere, without my jewelry. Due to the amazing immediate effects, both visually and vaginally, my bejeweled masculinity had on women I became known as 'Mystic Mike'.

Most parties started the same way with a Friday evening meet and greet. I would move amongst Robyn's guests attending to their alcoholic needs and offering 'finger foods', dressed only in a waiter's

apron, white collar and red bow tie. I'd engorge my cock prior to all these evening greetings with my usual vacuum pump preparation, so that I had plenty of meat to meet and greet each guest. Robyn had a special apron designed for me that was the right size to discretely cover my 'bejeweled surprise'.

This was the veiled invitation for guests to have a friendly grope while I served them their drink and proved the usual 'ice-breaker' to the entertainment that followed. However, it always amused me when a woman thought she was the 'first' to be so 'naughty'.

It never took long from the first 'unveiling' for a chain reaction of intrigue and excited exploration of my 'jewels' to spread around each group. By the time I had served the first few rounds of drinks my apron had disappeared and my jewels were dangling invitingly for the first ardent lady to test my meat and greet on her sweet spot.

Most of Robyn's guests were staff from her hairdressing salons, whom she was rewarding for outstanding service to her clientele and her business. I asked her once whether she would like me to organize other male entertainers for her parties. She was adamant that these events were primarily meant as a 'team building' opportunity for her staff and business colleagues. My entertainment was intended to be a simple but pleasant distraction for those who desired some sexual pleasures to add to their weekend fun.

She emphasized that my abilities to both relax and entertain and my sensitivity to respect their rights to decide if, when and where they'd partake in such distractions was my unique talent. She didn't want to introduce any other conflicting possibilities into this successful formula.

Robyn's unwritten maxim, 'what happens on the island, stays on the island' was the feature for all these parties. This gave her guests, single or in relationships, the freedom to decide what sexual pleasures they'd enjoy and to what extent they'd enjoy them. They knew that any tempting peccadilloes would not follow them home.

A staple at every party was a full performance sex service for one lucky guest. Robyn always offered this opportunity to her best performing staff member from her salons. Not everyone took up her offer, but most did with relish.

However, as this was always someone different for each party, Robyn would tease me and never tell me who my 'performance fuck buddy' was for each party. As I moved around during my dance routines I was supposed to pick one lady to accompany me on the 'stage' to perform an intense session of sexual pleasuring.

There were always willing volunteers for this performance, but often my 'stooge' would be the woman I'd least expect who was quietly and expectantly awaiting her turn to play with my jewelry as I

moved from one woman to the next. I rarely managed to pick the right lady and Robyn would subtly signal from the 'wings' to keep moving, until I located my performing partner.

There were always a few women who were keen to participate in some sexual gymnastics as a 'show' for her friends. I'd quickly slip on a condom and give them a few playful thrusts so as not to embarrass her in front of her friends.

The reactions of each woman as she felt the gold ball on the tip of my cock hit her g-spot never ceased to amaze me. To a woman, every one reacted the same! Her eyes would bulge and mouth fall open as she momentarily lost her breathe with the intense stimulation inside her cunt. The reactions were similar to the scene in 'When Harry Met Sally' as she simulates orgasm in the restaurant. Every woman in Robyn's groups would silently whisper, "I'll have what she's having, please", and I'd be in constant demand for more playful thrusts as I moved around the room.

Robyn had hit on a good idea with the jewelry and she knew it. I could see her smiles from across the room as I played my part in entertaining her guests.

These women were usually in their 20's and 30's and either single or recently married young women. At this age, women are usually quite conservative in their sexuality and have been accustomed to being pursued. Most women don't discover their innate erotic desires until their late 30's and 40's, so it was always a challenge to find the 'erotic triggers' for these groups.

Robyn and I would often meet to discuss varying ideas to ensure the entertainment would be suitable for these groups. I would often suggest an idea that I had discovered from many of the friendly ladies at Patty's parties. Although Patty's groups mainly consisted of middle-aged women, there were always a good percentage of young women who provided great ideas for some of the popular tricks I could use at Robyn's events.

One form of entertainment that seemed to please all age groups was surprisingly, linedancing. The popular concept of linedancing as a repetitive, slow and boring dance was quickly shattered when I took groups of women through a routine set to a popular rock song of the era.

I'd dress in my leather cowboy chaps, cowboy hat and bandana.

As part of the entertainment, I'd appear firing imitation guns to get everyone's attention and then do the linedance in full with my 'guns' dangling as I danced. It always got a great reception at every party.

After the partygoers had seen how 'modern' the moves were, I'd invite them all to line up in front of me and I'd take them through a

basic routine and mirror all moves so that I could face everyone as I taught the dance. This also, added much mirth to the instructional steps as my ‘pistol and ammo’ bounced in tune with each step.

At the end of the evening, I’d do my trademark linedance routine to finish with both guns blazing as I shot my ‘groin gun’ at my audience.

Everyone saw linedancing from a totally different perspective after my routine.

So, with our combined ideas Robyn and I always managed to produce a great show for her parties.

Once a group of women realized I was having as much fun as them and offered them carte blanche permission to explore any fantasy with my body during Robyn’s more intimate parties, it was amazing how liberated and erotically extreme women would become.

I had developed a performance routine at all parties to entertain women, not just with my body, but with my sense of humour. I had learnt from Patty how much more sexually liberated women become when we are laughing, both at each other and their normally unexploited and outrageous sexual energy.

Sexual hunger is the one factor all humans have in common and by demonstrating my own uninhibited eroticism and establishing a safe space for them to release their own sexual desires with me, the party really moved into top gear.

CHAPTER 62
He Whoring at Full Throttle

My admiration for women in general grew from these parties, as no one ever treated me with disrespect or abused my intimate open-invitation offers. I believe that Toni's early training of me as a naïve young man and then my 'hypnotic' stripping performances, followed by my experience of sexually educating young women at the convent college instilled in me a basic confidence with my body. This comfort at utilizing my nakedness to educate and entertain females, young and old, gave me the assurance to share this fun and at the same time be 'one' with women.

I'd often experience 'out-of-body' sensations at many of these parties. I could feel myself performing and relishing the joyful faces gathered around me and at the same time be amongst these same women, laughing, lusting, pointing and joking amongst them, at the outrageous, happy, horny performer.

Similar to Patty's talents at encouraging women to 'let go', Robyn has a similar technique with her guests. As the managing director and owner of the business, she held a powerful influence over these groups of women. As she let her hair down, so did they! She would encouraged everyone to take as much liberty with my body as their fantasies allowed and I joined her enthusiastic encouragement by often taking a guest by her hands and sharing an erotic comment or two as she became VERY familiar with my body.

Cock sucking, not surprisingly with the attraction of my sparkling jewelry, was always popular. I'd often have two or three women gathering to take their turn to fill their mouths full of as much of my cock as they could swallow. There were always at least one or two alpha females at every party who took pride in taking every last inch of my cock down their throats, to a chorus of cheers and erotic comments. Plus, there were always many different 'condiments' used to add some tang to my man-meat. Champagne was always popular, but occasionally some honey or whipped cream would be slathered over the tip of my cock to 'make the medicine go down'.

The one performance I was always called upon to perform was my 'hothead' ejaculation. This trick was usually the number one request I'd get when booking a party with Patty or on my own. The party host or the special guest was usually signaled out to receive the shower of cum or to have the 'honour' of directing my cock in the direction of her choice, usually at her bridesmaids or close friends.

At Robyn's weekend events, I'd do this performance once or twice

a day, depending on the schedule of entertainment she had programmed. Robyn usually offered the position of 'ejaculation assistant' to her most prized guest.

Over these weekend events, it became normal practice for me to fuck a couple of women every day as well as perform the many simulated sex scenes and explosive ejaculation highlight for guests during my evening performances. In addition, I'd be booked for a minimum of three to four yoni massage sessions, one or two of which would require 'full service' and count in that daily fucking tally.

I had complete control over my arousal and never blew my wad until required, so never had any problem completing my 'assignments'.

During my whole whoring career I never underestimated that tender moment for each woman as she prepared herself emotionally and fully exposed her most prized possession in her nervous hope of exquisite pleasure.

I believe my sensitivity toward each woman in these situations, partly explained why my escort appointments included so many regular clients.

Although I'd like to boast that I always satisfied EVERY client, it wouldn't be true. Some women were unable to climax in these circumstances and I understood the many and varied reasons for these personal issues. Sometimes, the physicality of my cock and her cunt just didn't match. Overweight women were sometimes difficult to satisfy. Their size and lack of flexibility made positioning of my cock to their sensitive areas almost impossible for a vaginal orgasm, but they could usually manage a clitoral climax. However, I always had a 100 percent success rate for multiple vaginal and clitoral orgasms for every client during yoni massage sessions.

Although these weekends were always an exhausting orgy of sex for me, they were an amazing amount of fun and I always looked forward to them. I met a myriad array of personalities and had some extraordinary conversations with many of these women. However, I'd also always need a few days of 'rest and recuperation' afterwards.

Robyn and I gradually formed a very close friendship. There was an 'understanding' between us that this was a business arrangement, as well as a sexual friendship, but would never develop into anything deeper. She valued my sexual capabilities but when she became aware of my Doctorate qualifications, she was totally surprised. She had never had recourse to enquire about my academic qualifications… after all what could a Doctorate in Pure Mathematics offer her and her clients?

However, once she appreciated that I had a brain as well as a body, her attitude to me changed. As I had also owned a successful

international publishing business she began to include me in some of her business discussions. However, she was very careful not to let me get too close to her operation and I understood her caution.

One thing that did change was the energy she bought to our fucking friendship. She now saw me in a new light and like most women became much more aroused by the fantasy that my total masculinity promised.

I came to understand her every mannerism when she wanted to fuck me. It could be something as simple as the way she looked at me when we were amongst her female guests, or it could simply be the way she touched me as she glided past during her busy socializing in a crowded room. Whatever cue she gave me, I would know that at the end of the night she wanted me back at her place when I'd finished all my other 'duties' with her guests.

She also knew my physical capacities and when I would need to use my erection injections, so she always kept a supply of my injection fluid in her refrigerator – for any personal or party 'emergency'.

CHAPTER 63
He Whore To Therapist

Over the next two decades my He Whoring was interrupted by another committed relationship where I was monogamous. Both my long-term partners were beautiful, delightful ladies, but over time both relationships fell apart either due to 'boring' sex and/or few common interests. I guessed, as this seemed a recurring theme, that the problem was not them, but me. The longer we were together the less sex we shared. At this stage of my life I had enjoyed a long history of being tantalized by very erotically charged women.

However, with each of my long-term relationships, sex died very soon into each relationship – some for obvious reasons, such as one was a lesbian and the other a workaholic. During my periods of monogamy with my partners we drifted into a pattern of sex, at most, twice a year. Sex had become mundane and boring!

Near the end of my last long-term relationship, I developed aggressive prostate cancer! Research is inconclusive, but there does seem to be a link between a poor sex life and prostate cancer in men. I had gone from an active sex life to zero in the previous ten years and I'm certain it was the cause for my cancer.

One of the many side-effects of radical prostate surgery is erectile dysfunction. Despite an excellent surgeon, most of the nerves to my cock had been destroyed during the operation. I couldn't complain, as without surgery I wouldn't have been alive. However, I now needed a prosthetic to enable an erection to satisfy a partner. This operation had another unfortunate side-effect in that it considerably reduced the size and girth of my cock.

Fortunately, due to my 'starting point' before the operation, I now had a 'normal' size cock and still ample left to satisfy women. I also no longer ejaculated and had little penile sensitivity, so sex wasn't stimulating at all. However, I could now offer my sexual partner a rock-hard erection, for as long as she required, without any effort on my part.

It wasn't all bad!

So, although my sexual capabilities remained after my treatment, I decided my days as a He Whore were finished and I lamented it not!

To many this may sound depressing, but it really didn't worry me that much. I had enjoyed an extraordinary sex life, enough for ten men.

Also, despite my lack of sensations, I could still enjoy giving pleasure to women!

None of the skills I had developed over the previous four decades in pleasing women were lost. So, I decided to concentrate on being the best yoni massage therapist I could be as I knew there was an aching need for this therapy in society.

This was now a new century and a totally different sexual climate. Political correctness was rife as was rabid conservatism. However, as with all periods of prohibition, a thriving underground develops. So, it was with yoni massage therapy.

What had once been a service offered by the medical profession up until the late 1950's, was now undertaken by 'professionals' such as myself. Intriguingly, most yoni massage therapists were female, which, in itself, could be material for another book. As I was one of a few male therapists offering this service, I had limited competition for this service and gradually built up a good clientele.

I promoted my therapeutic service initially via my website; vaginations.com. However, I found that this site limited my client base and decided to expand via another site; yonimassages.com.

My greatest joy was to offer sexual healing and orgasmic delight through my therapy and watch women glow and grow.

I met so many wonderful people through this therapeutic service.

Around half of my yoni massage clients suffered from either physical or emotional distress. Physical symptoms included menstrual or menopausal pain or issues caused by emotional distress from rape or physical abuse earlier in their lives.

The other half of clients just wanted to realise a satisfactory sexual experience and possible multiple orgasms.

As I concentrated more of my emotional energy into each therapy session, I established an amazing connection with each client and achieved wonderful orgasmic results for each woman. In my previous career as a male escort offering yoni massage as an option, I was often requested to complete a therapy session with penetrative sex. This, not unexpectedly, was an obvious expectation for a woman when hiring my services as a sex worker. However, in the many years promoting myself exclusively as a genuine yoni massage therapist after my cancer, I only needed to utilize my cock on a very few occasions to complete a therapy session.

My range of yoni massage clients varied considerably.

Some of those who stand out in my memory, include, Trudy, a woman in her late 30's who, like many women, was a 'giver' during sex and never made her needs felt. Hence, she was continually dissatisfied during sex, as her partners would climax quickly leaving her 'high and dry'. She had got to a stage in her life that she seriously doubted she could orgasm, other than by self-stimulation. She desperately wanted to have a family and was aware of her 'body clock

ticking'.

Like many clients, she booked a yoni massage – as a 'last resort'.

Trudy preferred the therapy in her home. I would always sit and chat with every client prior to therapy. Although there is usually an email dialogue prior to a booking, there are always many more questions that are asked when we first met 'in the flesh'. Once, she was relaxed and at ease to have me in her home, we adjourned to her bedroom. She had set up candles, soft music and dim lights to create an erotic atmosphere, similar to the one I used in my studio.

Within half an hour I could feel her body pulsating as the effects of the sensual stimulation of her yoni intensified. Her vaginal cavity had expanded considerably, much more than I was accustomed to with most women and not long after she climaxed with a force that surprised her.

I maintained a connection, using my hands, between her heart chakra and her yoni chakra for some time after her initial orgasm. By doing this I could 'feel' her energy and balance it with mine.

Gradually, her yoni began to open even further and in these circumstances I would ask a client if she would like me to engorge her with my fist. Although still in a state of bliss from her waves of orgasms, she nodded and I continued and enhanced the slow process of an internal massage of her yoni.

Eventually, my whole fist engorged her! Her extent of vaginal expansion was unusual in a woman who had never given birth and hence I was cautious not to hurt her. I then began stimulating her g-spot with the knuckle of my thumb, while I gently continued my massage of her whole vaginal cavity with my fist. Her whole body began to 'pulse' on my fist as I began a slightly more intense thrusting motion.

Within a few minutes of this intense stimulation she experienced the most amazing orgasm and began to weep uncontrollably. I continued the massage for another half hour as she experienced orgasm after orgasm, each more intense than the previous one.

Finally, I could feel her whole body and her yoni relax. I slowly withdrew my fist and continued a tender stimulation of her clitoral hood and labia as she slowly recovered. She shivered with each slow sensual stroke as each aroused nerve ending in her highly sensitive tissue 'pinged' with delight.

As was usual with all my clients after a therapy session, I held her in a naked embrace and her sweaty, pink breasts melded into my chest.

She then looked me in the eye and said, "I could feel your energy washing over me…. That was so, so amazing! Thank you Michael!"

As we sat and discussed her sensations she said she felt as though

she had left her body during her orgasmic bliss and had been hovering over her bed watching herself in amazement as she continually climaxed.

Trudy, was aching to find a 'special' man with whom she could 'connect' and knew that without an ability to 'connect' sexually with him, that man would never appear in her life.

She booked a half dozen more appointments and came to my studio for many of them. She eventually met a man and they 'connected'. She rang me the following day after their 'first date' and excitedly told me, "I've found him!"

Another one of my 'special' clients, was Macey who had suffered from vaginismus, a constriction of the vaginal opening during penetration, as a result of ongoing rape as a 20 year-old who was virginal at the first abuse. She subsequently suffered incredible pain whenever she and her various boyfriends indulged in sex. She had seen numerous medical specialists, none of whom could offer a cure to her condition. This problem had caused her personal and physical anguish and caused the breakdown in her few relationships.

She sought out my services as a 'last resort'. Together we pinpointed a specific physical constriction along the edge of her vaginal opening. It seemed to me at the time that this sensitive tissue was the remnants of her torn hymen. From her very first therapy session she experienced exquisite orgasmic pleasure – a sensation she had never known. During subsequent sessions of sensitive yoni massage therapy I was able to totally eliminate her apprehension and fear of penetration and the pain associated with the constriction of her vaginal opening.

Incorporated in her treatment it became obvious that she needed to feel 'safe' when confronted by an erect cock and through ongoing dialogue we determined that she needed to feel 'safe' to hold and caress a cock.

My years as a sex educator of young women, regarding male genitalia and utilizing my own body as a teaching resource, became relevant once again. I sensitively 'introduced' her to the tactile sensation of an erect cock to give her a sense of safety and familiarity with this longed for sexual object that fueled many of her masturbatory fantasies. She was amazed that this object that had previously caused her such pain and fear could feel so soft, yet also powerful in her hands.

She finally requested penile penetration to convince herself that she could enjoy satisfying sexual pleasure without pain. With sensitive care and a cooperative use of my body, over a few sessions, she found she could experience not just penetration by a fully erect cock – but also exquisite pleasure.

During our last few sessions she felt she needed to be assured that she could be in 'control' of a sexual liaison with a man. She also expressed a need to fully satiate a few of her more persistent erotic fantasies. She requested I teach her techniques to sexually stimulate a flaccid cock and then enjoy complete intimacy, in various sex positions.

I remembered the timidity of my young students when first presented with my cock and how I could diffuse their shyness by a smile of reassurance of my understanding and ease with their yearnings, or simply by just holding her hands. This familiarity of connection between a male and female opens an exchange of sexual energy. Innate female desires are soon released in this cocoon of trust and intimacy and true sexual feelings can be released and enjoyed without uncertainties.

This was the approach I used in all therapy sessions with this young woman. She had experienced true abuse of trust with a man and now needed gentle, regular assurance by a male that she was in a safe space and could absolutely enjoy all that her mind and body desired.

Subsequent to the end of her therapy, she met a man and fell in love and was able to happily consummate her relationship and eventually marry him. I was invited to their wedding and I remain in touch with her to this day.

It was a genuine pleasure to see the transformation in each woman after her yoni massage therapy session. Due to the intensity of both emotional and physical pleasure a woman would enjoy during this unique therapy I would always make a point of contacting her the following day to check on them. It wasn't unusual for a woman to both cry with joy and laughter simultaneously during her wave of multiple orgasmic delight. This sensation unlocked many emotional memories and could trigger genuine healing if treated sensitively.

Some clients would book return appointments until she felt her healing complete.

I made many genuine friendships through this therapy and was privileged to attend a few other weddings of my clients. They were 'eternally' grateful that I had helped to heal wounds that had held them back from true emotional commitment with a man.

What have I learnt from 40 years as a He Whore?

Well, I now know that women are no different to men in regards to sexual appetites. Women disguise their need for sex but are much more voracious.

I learnt that how you treat others is how you'll eventually be treated yourself…. the old adage 'what goes round, comes round!' is true. I'm a firm believer in Karma and have a deep spiritual sense that

all living creatures, past, present and future, merge into this entity we call God!

Throughout my life I have tried to be more of a ‘giver’ than a ‘taker’ and make this world a slightly better place by using my mind, body and spirit to put a smile on someone’s face, whenever I could.

Although it might be a surprise to some, I regard myself as a committed Christian and as Christians will attest, “Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your strength and with all your mind; AND love your neighbour as yourself.”

Thank you my Butterflies!

notes

Note

1

Wojtyla, Karol (1993). *Love and Responsibility*. Pauline Books & Media. ISBN 978-0-8198-4558-0.